April 24, 1963

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SIX-PAGE SECTION

Princess Alexandra souvenir album

ELIZABETH TAYLOR: THE WHOLE TRUTH

By Hedda Hopper

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• Famous Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper, who tells all about screen stars in her autobiography, "The Whole Truth and Nothing But" (which begins on page 15), is reticent about one detail of her own life.

SHE will not disclose her age.

Many other fascinating facts are known about her.

She was born in the Pennsylvania railroad town of Altoona, to David and Margaret Furry.

She was one of nine children.

Her mother named her Elda, after a character in a book.

Her famous surname came when she became the fifth wife of DeWolf Hopper.

Her husband's short memory—and long list of ex-wives—gave Mrs. Hopper a new christian name.

The earlier Mrs. Hoppers had names similar to Elda. They were Ella, Ida, Edna, and Nella.

It seems that Mr. Hopper frequently called his new wife by a wrong name.

Finally they settled on Hedda.

Before becoming a writer, Hedda Hopper was a chorus-girl and a film actress.

Her son, by the way, is well known to many Australian TV-viewers.

He is William Hopper, who plays the role of private detective Paul Drake in the "Perry Mason" series.

Our Cover

• Elizabeth Taylor, bejewelled for an evening engagement. The film star's life and loves are discussed by columnist Hedda Hopper in the first instalment (see page 15) of her autobiography, "The Whole Truth and Nothing But."

TWO of our short stories in this issue are by well-known American writers.

"One O'Clock in the Morning" (see pages 30-31) was written by Charles Jackson, the author of the sensational novel "Lost Weekend."

The short story is a study of a young girl, pointing up the moral that parents can only guide their children's lives, not direct them.

Not so serious is our other story, "So Pass the Days," by popular Max Shulman (remember his hilarious "I Was a Teenage Dwarf" short story that appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly in June, 1959?).

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The Lovers of Verona

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17 APR 1963
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

● **Sydney artist Cedric Flower designed the sets and costumes for "Romeo and Juliet," which the Sydney University Players will present for a season at the Union Theatre, Sydney University, from April 18.**

It is the first time the University has produced Shakespeare's famous tragedy about the young lovers from rival families in Verona—Juliet, a Capulet, and Romeo, a Montague—whose happiness is ruined by old hatreds.

The title roles are played by part-time Arts student Rosemary Gerrett and Arthur Dignam, Arts III.

Producer is Edmund Allison, of the New Theatre, Sydney. Peter Butler has composed music specially for the production, scoring for lutes, oboes, and recorders.

To publicise their "Romeo and Juliet," students are asking: "If you've seen the film ("West Side Story"), why not see the play?"

Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

OPENING SCENE, with the Montagues and Capulets brawling in a Verona street. Juliet, a Capulet, and Romeo, a Montague, marry secretly, but their brief happiness ends in suicide.

ROMEO KILLS TYBALT, Juliet's cousin, played by Jim Hirschfeld, a research science student. This picture and the one at right were taken in the courtyard of the University's Sancta Sophia College.

"STAR-CROSSED LOVERS" Romeo and Juliet, played by students Rosemary Gerrett and Arthur Dignam. The play runs every Thursday, Friday, Saturday until May 4, with matinees April 20 and 27.

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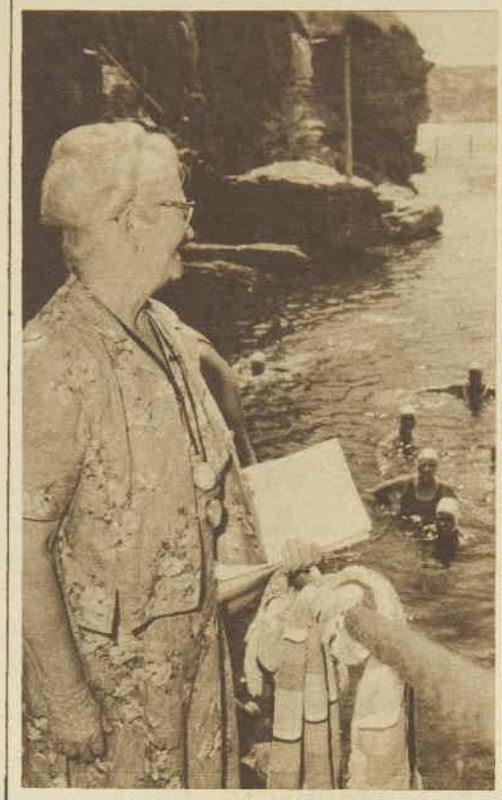
CARNIVAL DAY



MRS. ROSE McIVER, 77, who has been secretary of the ladies' section of the Randwick and Coogee Swimming Club for 44 years, gave up racing two seasons ago.

Motto: "While we live we swim"

SPLASH, they're off! "Swim faster . . ." someone called.

She could have been cheering her mother, grandmother, or even her great-grandmother. It's likely they were all competing.

For it was the annual swimming carnival of the "Married Ladies" section of the Randwick and Coogee Swimming Club in Sydney.

It was held recently at the "ladies only" rock pool at Coogee, where the married members have been holding weekly swimming races for over 30 years.

"More than 40 members swim here every week," said Mrs. Rose McIver, 77, of Coogee. "Great - grandmothers, grandmothers, their daughters, and even their daughters."

Mrs. McIver has been secretary of the club since it was formed 44 years ago. She is also an official and life member of the N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Association.

A great-grandmother, Mrs. McIver said that last summer was the first season that she hadn't entered races at the swimming meetings since they began.

Still teaches

"I've been swimming for so many years," she said, "that now I'd rather watch and time the younger grannies."

Mrs. Mac, whose silver top-knot and happy smile are part of the pool's tradition, still teaches swimming.

Three generations of her own family swim at the pool. There's her daughter, Mrs. Doris Hyde, her granddaughters, Wendy Hyde and Marea Duncan, and two great-grandchildren, Marea's two little boys.

Mrs. Mac remembers when neck-to-knee bathers were the latest fashion.

"I thought I was Christmas dressed up in my blue-and - white - striped suit, matching mob cap, long stockings, and sandshoes."

In those days bathers at the beaches rented bathing-machines or dressing-rooms-on-wheels. The bathers moved the sheds close to the water's edge, emerged for a plunge, and then dashed back to shelter.

"Men and women swam at different ends of Coogee Beach," said Mrs. Mac. "Our rock baths were built for the ladies who didn't like swimming in the surf."

Mrs. Mac has travelled to many different parts of the world and thinks the "ladies only" pool at Coogee is one of the few left.

"Of course, there were many when segregated bathing was the law," she said, "but most of them have closed."

Her husband leased the baths from the local Council 40 years ago, and though the swimming club has taken over the lease everyone calls the pool "McIvers'."

Strictly for ladies, the pool is run by voluntary members of the club and is open to the public.

"We certainly have a cross-section of the public as our regular morning-dippers," said Mrs. Mac.

Some of the nuns from a nearby convent have an early morning swim.

"We've taught five or six of them to swim," said Mrs. Mac, "and they really enjoy it."

Members of the Overweights Club, Sydney, who don't like to swim and sunbake on the beaches, go there for extra privacy.

Others go for health reasons. One woman who used to swim there regularly had a broken neck.

FOUR GENERATIONS. From left: Scott Duncan, 4; Wendy Hyde; Wendy's mother, Mrs. Doris Hyde (a "Miss Coogee" of the 1930s); and Mrs. McIver. Scott's mother, Mrs. Marea Duncan (front), is Wendy's sister.

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AT THE LADIES' POOL

OVER-70s race was won by Mrs. Anne Lonergan, 71 (left), from Mrs. Harper, 73, and Mrs. Galloway, 77, who swims in spectacles.

"FASHION PARADE" of muu-muus made from beach towels. The "models" wore cardboard horns for a true "moo-moo" effect. Models are, front row (from left): Mrs. R. Hearne, Mrs. L. Brook, Mrs. E. Galloway; back row: Mrs. E. Nies, Mrs. A. Gundry, Mrs. A. Lonergan.

"The doctor advised her to expose it to sunlight and salt water," said Mrs. Mac. "And what a pleasant way to get better!"

There's a special enclosure for sunbaking. A few night-club dancers who want an all-over tan go there each day.

"No one is shy for long when they come here. All shapes and sizes — young and old — spend hours sunning and chatting."

The "marrieds" hold their club races every Wednesday (rain or shine) from October till April. But many of them meet there every day for a swim, a gossip, and a cuppa.

"At teabreak time," said Mrs. Mac, "you can't hear yourself think for all the talking and giggling."

By KERRY YATES

But they all take race-time seriously. There are officials to handicap, start, and time the members, and everyone swims a distance according to her ability.

A weekly points-score is kept and the winners receive trophies at annual prize-giving night. There are races for every different stroke, and most members race a couple of times each meeting.

Near the end of every swimming season, the club holds its annual carnival. It's a big day and the only time that husbands are invited to watch — and even swim.

The heavy rain that fell on the morning of the recent carnival didn't alter the gala-day plans.

Fortunately, the rain eased just after lunch, when the first race was about to start.

Young members of the Randwick and Coogee Swimming Club took over as officials for the day. About 50 competed in the 16 events on the programme, and even more came to watch.

Dressed in bathers (some wear special racing costumes), swimming-caps, and carrying a towel over one shoulder, the "champs" gathered at the starting block.

The carnival started with the 25, 33, and 66yd. handicap races, which were followed by the main event of the day — the over-70s race.

The three oldest grandmothers dived from the starting ledge and were cheered to the finishing rope, 25 yards away.

Mrs. Anne Lonergan, 71, of Coogee, won the championship in fine style. She's a life member, which means she has given at least 10 years' active service to the club.

"I can remember my first swim at McIvers'," said Mrs. Lonergan, whose sweet expression makes her seem young. "My mother brought me here when I was only nine years old."

Second place went to Mrs. Harper, 73, who has been swimming in the weekly races for four years. She travels more than 20 miles to the baths from her home at Merrylands.

Mrs. Eva Galloway, at 77 the oldest club member, swam third. She is only months older than Mrs. McIver and is known to everyone as "Lady" Galloway because, "I'm the only lady in the club," she said. "All the rest are larrikins!"

"Lady" Galloway (it's even engraved on the gold life-member's badge she wears on official days) has been with the club for 41 years.

A grandmother, Mrs. Galloway always swims with her glasses on.

"I couldn't see if I was winning otherwise!" she said.

She's been swimming the same freestyle-cum-breaststroke for many years and her times have never altered — no faster, but no slower either.

"Strangers often ask me if I really am a 'Lady'," said "Lady" Galloway. "I simply say, 'Of course.'"

After the over-70s race, the carnival was in full swing. There was an over-60s and an over-50s race, then the breaststroke, backstroke, and butterfly championships.

Two great-grandmothers and six grandmothers competed in a popular "Grandmothers' Handicap." There was a "Mother - and - Daughter" race and a "Ladies versus Gents" relay, in which the husbands were invited to swim against their wives.

Then over the loudspeaker came the announcement: "Now six lovely Hawaiian beauties will perform a water ballet."

The Hawaiian beauties were members of the club's synchronised swimming team, wearing skirts of shredded plastic and leis of plastic flowers.

It was great fun—a perfect skit on a water ballet. They swam fancy strokes, formed stars in the water, and did somersaults—frontwards and backwards.

There was even background music. Mrs. Doris Hyde, who "trained" the team, sang "Lovely Hula Hands" over the loudspeaker —and the spectators joined in.

"Miss Coogee"

Mrs. Hyde, 51, was seven when her mother, Mrs. McIver, formed the swimming club.

"Doris was one of our first members," said Mrs. Mac, "and later became one of our champion swimmers."

Crowned "Miss Coogee" at 20, Mrs. Hyde, now a grandmother, is a life member and never misses the weekly races.

HAWAIIAN BELLES perform an impromptu hula before their water ballet. From left: Mrs. J. Malone, Mrs. M. Jobling, Mrs. A. Hodges, Mrs. J. Thompson, and Mrs. M. Duncan. Mrs. Doris Hyde (at rear) sang a vocal accompaniment to the ballet and the spectators joined in.

Next on the programme was a fashion parade. Six of the oldest grannies modelled the latest in muu-muus along the side of the pool.

The "muu-muus" were two towels joined down the sides and pinned together at the top. For fun the models added horns for a true "moo-moo" effect.

"Lady" Galloway led the parade.

"We're all a lot of sillies," she said. But she enjoyed every minute of it.

The carnival closed with a novelty "Catch the Train" event. Two members of each relay team had to swim across the pool and back, fully dressed.

They paddled through the water wearing underwear, dresses, hats, sandshoes, and even "carried" shopping-bags.

The carnival was a great success and brought yet another racing season for the "marrieds" to a close. But this doesn't mean there's no more swimming — some members swim all the year.

The club meets in winter —one Wednesday a month —for cards, quoits, table tennis, darts, and housie-housie.

And if the weather's fine and the fish are biting, they pack lines and lunch and have a fishing day.

"Our unofficial motto," said Mrs. McIver, "is 'While we live we swim.' And we certainly have a lot of fun, too."

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MRS. JOHN MOORE (above) in the garden of her home on the Kingsdene Estate. She and her husband formerly lived in Bermuda. Latest arrivals on the estate are Mr. and Mrs. Tze Min Yuen and their four daughters from Hong Kong. At right is Mrs. Yuen outside their home, with two daughters, Ursula, aged 13, and Nanette, 4.

Kingsdene Estate is "ideal neighborhood"

● In less than a year the Kingsdene Estate, just off Pennant Hills Road, at Carlingford, N.S.W., has grown up. Originally a collection of attractive ideal homes and home sites, it is now an ideal neighborhood.

By
CAROL HENTY

BRAND-NEW gardens are burgeoning. Children, kittens, and puppies play on the green lawns. Mothers stop and chat to each other on their way to do the shopping or pick their children up from school.

The prevailing atmosphere of the Estate, which is being developed jointly by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Development Pty. Ltd., is one of enthusiastic growth.

This is proved by the fact that already the total value of homes and lots purchased and homes currently being built is £610,000.

More building

With 11 new houses nearly completed, more are being started, and building is moving apace with the trees and the shrubs in the reserves and parks which dot the estate.

"We're mostly young married people here," said Mrs. Peter Brown. "Children and gardening are our main interests. Why, in this street there are 17 children."

Mrs. Brown, her husband, who is in the real-estate business, and their children, Matthew, 3, and Melanie, 18 months, have one of the Carlingford Homes Fair houses on a slope overlooking the rest of the estate.

"This is the first home we've ever owned," she said. "And it is ideal.

"We'd just moved from the country and had been living in a flat in Elizabeth Bay House. We saw this house—and had no second thoughts about buying it.

"The architects have even thought of building a bench in the kitchen high enough to slip the baby's high-chair out of the way."

Even more grateful for a modern, labor-saving new house is attractive Mrs. Ronald Fletcher, who, with her husband and three young children, has moved to Sydney after nine years in Nauru, where her husband was a civil engineer.

"There are no Chinese cooks and houseboys here," she said a little ruefully, "so it's wonderful to have a place I can keep clean quite easily myself.

"My husband has designed houses, so he knew what we wanted. When we saw this we knew it was where we wanted to hang up our hats.

"I love the peace and quiet. You'd hardly believe you were only five minutes from Parramatta, where the children will go to school."

And the neighbors?

Cosmopolitan

"They seem very nice, and people from all over the world have settled here, so it's cosmopolitan."

Cosmopolitan it is.

Mrs. John Moore was born and brought up in Peru, and moved to the Kingsdene Estate from Bermuda, where her husband, an Englishman, worked as an accountant.

"We were living in a rented furnished flat when we first arrived in Sydney," she said. "We were so keen to see the homes on this estate that we were the first to arrive when it opened.

"We bought this one an hour and a half later, so you see we had no idea what the neighbors would be like, simply because there weren't any at that stage.

"We're thrilled with the way everything has developed."

Latest new arrivals in the estate are Mr. and Mrs. Tze Min Yuen and their four daughters. They arrived at the estate almost directly from Hong Kong.

"My husband and I decided to come to Australia for a holiday," said Mrs. Yuen. "I said when we had been in Sydney for two weeks, 'I like it. We should live here.' "

So Mr. Yuen, who has a large construction business in Hong Kong, started an export-import company in Sydney. Mrs. Yuen arranged to have their Hong Kong flat and their weekend house shut and for the girls to leave their schools and fly out to a new home.

"Some people complain that life in Australia is too quiet," she said. "But life here is much better for the children.

"We like peace and quiet and trees and space. Here the children will go to school and learn housework. That they could never do in Hong Kong, where we have four servants."

Mrs. Yuen is also having to learn to do housework and to cook.

A new life

"It is very funny," she said. "At home my husband always complained that he was not allowed to cook. Now he has to, because I have not learned yet."

A very keen gardener on the estate is Mrs. Lindsay Morgan, who was planting spring bulbs with the aid of her son, David, aged 2½.

"Our two girls go to school at Wahroonga," she said. "Being so close was one of our reasons for moving here from Warwick Farm.

"We had looked for a house for quite a while before deciding on this," she said. "And it suits us perfectly."

A KEEN GARDENER. Mrs. Lindsay Morgan, pictured with son David, 2½, has her garden looking as though it has been established for years, instead of a few months. She finds the soil excellent and things have grown quickly.

AT WORK in the kitchen of her home is Mrs. Ronald Fletcher, who formerly lived for nine years in Nauru.

MRS. PETER BROWN in her sitting-room. She finds her estate home ideal. Ironing is "almost a pleasure," because the laundry, like most of the rooms, opens on the courtyard and with a long flex she can iron in the open.

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D. Lace trim on Bertha collar and puff sleeve. Roulet of velvet at front waist. Half belt and buckle at back. 27, 30, 33. **49/11.**

E. Guipure lace trim on sleeves and centre midriff. Half belt at back—tie sash (size 27), half belt with buckle (sizes 30 and 33). **49/11.**

F. Ruffled lace on collar and centre panel sides. Gold Lurex design on front bodice. 27, 30, 33. **49/11.**

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A 'grown-up' Anne at Royal wedding

From DIANA GIBSON, in London

● The biggest surprise at Princess Alexandra's wedding on April 24 will be Princess Anne's first public appearance as a teenage young lady.

PEOPLE who remember the little girl who bounded along the aisle at Princess Margaret's wedding in 1960, grinning at members of the Royal family, will now see a tall, smart 13-year-old with shining fair hair, a rapidly maturing figure, and a self-possessed air.

In her new grown-up role Anne has obtained permission from her mother to stay up for Alex's wonderful pre-wedding party at Windsor Castle wearing a brand-new tight-waisted, full-skirted party dress.

This dress is being specially made and Anne had fittings for it at the same time as her bridesmaid's dress.

Not only is she going to be allowed to attend the dance, but she is going to stay up late, drink one whole glass of champagne, and dance just like the grown-ups.

Because Prince Charles does not fancy himself as a dancing partner to his sister, there is even the chance of a very special young man, a year older than Anne, being asked to keep her company.

Anne is absolutely thrilled, can talk of nothing else, and in anticipation of the great event has even given up ragging with her brother in favor of sewing.

In fact, she's just finishing embroidering a tablecloth for her mother.

A new interest

Ponies are still Anne's great love, but she has of late become very interested in ballet, spending hours watching it on TV.

By now all plans for Alexandra's wedding have been almost finalised.

Decisions have been made on flower decor, and the first briefing of the wedding party took place in the Abbey on April 5.

Down at Windsor members of the Royal family have been supervising tremendous plans for the pre-wedding dance.

The biggest problem to date has been how to light the huge chandeliers in the vaulted roof of Waterloo Chamber.

There has not been a party of this size in the Waterloo Chamber since pre-war days and organisers discovered to their horror that the chandeliers are still lit by small yellow gas jets.

Someone will have to crawl along the rafters and turn on each light by hand with a tiny tap and hope that once they're alight they'll stay so.

This old-fashioned form of lighting has caused great worry to women guests, as gas light is much yellower and softer than electric light and will make carefully chosen color schemes look quite different.

Floral decorations for the party are another great problem. The Royal gardeners at Windsor are finding it difficult to supply the flowers needed, because the cold spring has made everything late in blooming.

This is a problem which is causing even more headaches at St. James' Palace, where Princess Alexandra and Angus Ogilvy will receive their wedding guests after the Abbey ceremony.

Alex and her mother, Princess Marina, have decided on a blossom decor instead of the traditional wedding-reception flowers of tulips, roses, lilies, orchids, etc.

The blossoms will be shaded from the palest pink to deep hues, and will include double cherry, magnolia, camellia, and azalea, which will trail through three big reception-rooms, the Queen Anne Room, and the Throne Room, mingling with pearl-pink rhododendron and occasional dark green camellia leaves.

PRINCESS ANNE, one of Alexandra's bridesmaids, has suddenly emerged from the "little girl" to the poised teenager. She is shown here smiling happily as she drives from London Airport with her mother on the Queen's recent return from her Australian tour.

Late blossoms

The cold weather has meant the blossoms have been even slower to bloom than other flowers, and everyone has been worried that nothing would be ready on time.

Even now, with magnolia, camellia, and rhododendrons earmarked all over the south of England, it will be a terrific job of organisation to have everything perfect on the day.

For instance, branches of double cherry blossom were cut a couple of weeks before the wedding and placed in cool greenhouses to bring them to perfection on April 24.

As there will be more than a dozen huge decorations, the amount of blossoms required was enormous.

They'll be displayed in antique bronze urns and vases which have been collected from all parts of England.

Princess Marina wanted details of the decorations kept secret, but this became more difficult every day as orders for the blossoms were placed with scores of home gardeners and growers in the warmer counties.

NEXT WEEK

● Famous Brand Recipes Book

A 32-page color pull-out, Woolworths cook book, compiled by our Leila Howard Test Kitchen, contains a comprehensive selection of splendid recipes, ranging from soups and savories to desserts and drinks.

This is a book all cooks will want to keep.

● Hedda Hopper--Part 2

Continue "The Whole Truth and Nothing But," the autobiography of famous Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper. In this instalment she tells about the lives and tragic deaths of two ill-starred screen idols—Marilyn Monroe and James Dean.

● Career girl fashions —seven patterns

In a two-page color feature our Fashion Editor, Betty Keep, chooses seven simple designs in current fashion for working-girls on a budget. There are ready-to-use patterns to buy.

● New mystery serial

Begin a tense crime story by Australian author Margot Neville. The serial, "Drop Dead," is an absorbing mystery with a fascinating background of luxurious Sydney life—with a side-glance at its Bohemian way of life.

● Famous author

There's a delightful, if unusual, short story — "The Misfortune of Being Out-of-Date" — by controversial English philosopher Bertrand Russell.

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HANSEN'S

JUNKET TABLETS

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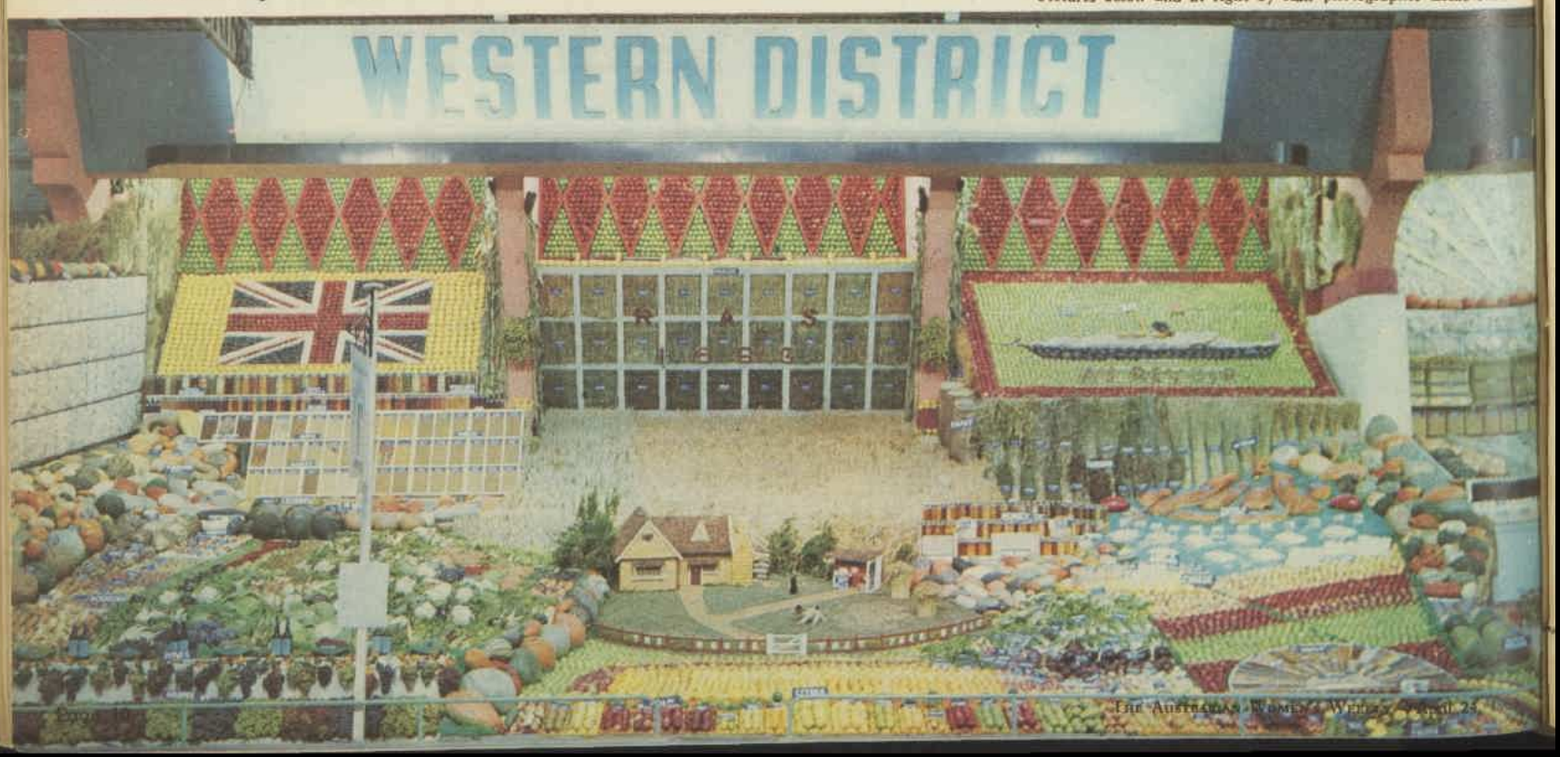
SOUVENIR OF THE SHOW

Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow

THE GRAND PARADE (above) of horses and cattle around the ring is the Show's most spectacular event.

WESTERN DISTRICT won the Commonwealth Districts Competition Shield for the fifth successive year with this exhibit (below), "The House That Jack Built." Six thousand pieces of corn were used to make the house, and the Union Jack and Britannia in the background were made of polished apples.

Pictures below and at right by staff photographer Ernie Nutt



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DEAR TO every little girl's heart are the kewpie dolls, as traditional at the Royal Easter Show as sample bags and sideshow alley. Eight-year-old Donna Duberly, of Ryde, N.S.W., couldn't make up her mind which one to choose from this colorful array.

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THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC RANGE stays clean—while it cooks for you!

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Exclusive to Frigidaire — lets you grill inside the oven without a smatter of spatter! No messy clean-up! And with the Vari-Grill control the Spatter Free Griller gives you fast, smokeless grilling and does steaks as *you* like them — Rare, Medium or Well Done.

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simply fits into your oven. More fun, more flavour, no spatter. Gives you barbecued foods done to a turn — yes, automatically if you want with Frigidaire's exclusive **'Cook-Master'* control** the timer that turns the oven on and off all by itself. No need to stay home as the meal automatically cooks for you.

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SOCIAL

AT PRINCES. From left, Miss Ruth Hosking, of Mudgee, Mr. Tony Ayers, Mr. Clinton Burleigh, and Mrs. Tony Ayers chatting between dances at the Town and Country Ball. Miss Hosking wore a black satin dress and Mrs. Ayers was in a shell-pink lace gown.

AT RIGHT. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ryan admiring raffia rooster, which was one of the amusing rural decorations featured at the Town and Country Ball at Princes, to aid the Smith Family.

ABOVE. Miss Robin Young, of Mosman (on the right), with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Treweeke, pictured with scarecrow, which "greeted" guests on their arrival at the Town and Country Ball at Princes, to aid the Smith Family.

AT LEFT. Miss Tina McFarlane and Miss Prue Carter (on the right) made their debut during Show Week at a coming-out dance in their honor given by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carter, of "Kikiamah," Young, at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

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ROUNDABOUT

AT RANDWICK. From left, Miss Jane Mackay, English visitor Miss Sue Walter, Mrs. John Thompson, of "Ballantyne," Cassilis, and Mrs. Bob Mackay, of "Tinagroo," Scone, at the Australian Jockey Club's Racing Autumn Carnival.

PICKING WINNERS. Mrs. John Toohey, of Woollahra, and her sister-in-law, Miss Marie Toohey (on the right), discussing form in the Members' Enclosure at Randwick.

JUST WED. Mr. Malcolm Campbell, of "Bonada," Mumbill, and his bride, formerly Miss Wendy Gordon, of "Derowie," Cadal, greeting youthful Scottish pipers Ian MacRae (at left) and the bride's brother, Roger Gordon, at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel after their marriage at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Ian and Roger, who are members of the Scots College Pipe Band, piped the young couple from the church. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Gordon, and the bridegroom the son of Mrs. Bruce Campbell and the late Mr. Campbell.

AT RIGHT. Mr. Peter Gebhardt and Miss Christina Wilkinson, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Wilkinson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Wilkinson, of Woollahra, and her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gebhardt, of Melbourne.

AT LEFT. Eye-catching hats on Ladies' Day at Randwick were worn by Mrs. I. A. Listwan, in a coachman-style felt, Mrs. John Laszlo (centre), who chose a swathed turban with a feather pompon, and Mrs. Bruce Minell (at right) in a matador model.

ABOVE. Lord and Lady Angus Montagu leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with their baby son, the Hon. Alexander Montagu, after his christening by Archdeacon Goodwin. Pictured with them are his godparents, Mr. John Calvert, Mrs. W. G. Walkley (couple on the left), Mrs. M. A. Alldritt and Mr. Fred McClure (couple on the right). A christening party at the Australia Hotel followed.

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FATHER

"Thanks for the invitation."

MOTHER

"I can't tell you what an adverbial subordinate clause is just now . . . I'm BUSY!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

"AND what would you like to see in Melbourne?" asked my host and hostess on the last day of my week's holiday.

"The King's Bridge and the building the glass keeps falling out of," I answered promptly.

"USED to keep falling out of," corrected my hostess with resignation.

Anyone who thinks I should be ashamed of this morbid interest in disaster should examine his or her own conscience.

However, I hadn't visited Melbourne since the year Wotan won the Cup (you can look THAT up in your racing calendar), so all the sights were of interest.

The two things that struck me most were (a) more dry-cleaning shops to the block than I had believed possible and (b) capsicums at 2/- to 2/6 for two pounds.

Where I live they are seldom less than 6d. each and, at a recent check, 2lb. would cost 5/-.

I was tempted to bring a bag back to Sydney, but, fond as I am of capsicums, I don't need them by the pound.

★ ★ ★

WHILE I was away my white furniture was painted. The sight was so dazzling that I banished all the small ashtrays to a high cupboard and went to town in search of a big one.

(Household hint for the absent-minded: One big ashtray is safer than lots of little ones.)

After a tour of the glassware departments I am thankful that nobody has ever given me a thirteen-guinea ashtray. I would never have realised what it cost.

Having backed away hurriedly from that table I frowned over another assembly at 69/6. "Aren't there any ordinary glass ashtrays?" I asked.

"There might be some over there," said a salesgirl disdainfully. So there were, at 4/6, and good value, too.

★ ★ ★

YOU wouldn't think that the personality of motelkeepers would have much effect on the comfort of customers. Contact is so brief.

You get your key, hand in a breakfast card, pay the bill, and the rest is privacy.

But after a fair amount of motel experience I've found that a cheerful manager usually means good rooms and a pleasant stay. If the manager and/or office-help is depressed or grumpy there's a better-than-even chance that the shower recess will overflow or the towels may be worn.

Whether the poor spirits are caused by the fact that the place isn't up to scratch or whether it's the other way round I don't know. But I did notice on this trip that the most cordial greeting came from the office which provided a key to the best room I've ever occupied.

FOR some time it looked as if decimal currency would be in the same class as tomorrow—that it would never come.

Now that the Federal Government has set February, 1966, as a target date, it obviously means business. The change will mean trouble and expense to a lot of people, but I belong to one of the two classes which will hail it with unreserved appreciation.

My pleasure in it will be the obvious one of simpler arithmetic. At the other end of the scale are the people who are worth £500,000. They'll be millionaires overnight.

Early announcements carefully referred to "major units" and "minor units." There is bound to be objection from some quarters to the use of "dollar" and "cents." This objection is based on the idea that to abandon pounds, shillings, and pence for dollars is to capitulate to American influence. But there are Hong Kong dollars, Straits dollars, Canadian dollars.

Personally I don't much care how money is spelt as long as I can get my fingers on an adequate supply; but I do look forward to keeping pace with shops which don't provide dockets instead of enduring that sensation of rusty wheels grinding in the brain.

★ ★ ★

NEXT project ought to be the changing of weights and measures to the metric system, but that would present a much bigger problem.

★ ★ ★

THE magazine "Women of China" warns young people against falling in love at first sight, and describes the unhappy plight of a girl who married a handsome doctor. He wanted to take her to the movies, and liked her to dress up and look pretty. "Unity of political thought is the foundation of married love," states the magazine.

Before you waste your sympathy on those
Who seem to be deprived of love's young dream,
Think of the uphill job, the many woes
Of people who must preach the other theme.
On what deaf ears their good advice must fall!
How often, trying to divert romance
To fruitful sessions in the meeting hall,
They must mistake the earnest, ardent glance
For passionate regard for politics
Instead of nature at its ancient tricks.

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Hedda Hopper, famous for fantastic hats and Hollywood gossip, begins her story

In 40 years in Hollywood Hedda Hopper has known three generations of stars. She tells . . .

The whole truth and nothing but

ELIZABETH TAYLOR with Richard Burton. "What's to become of Liz?" asks Hedda Hopper. "I'm not a prophet, but I have my suspicions."

I KNEW Elizabeth Taylor was about to dump Eddie Fisher soon after "Cleopatra" started filming in Rome. Because in 40 years in Hollywood I've told the truth, I wrote the story.

I've known Elizabeth since she was nine years old, innocent and lovely as a day in spring. I liked, and pitied, her from the start, when her mother, bursting with ambition, brought her to sing for me.

Mrs. Sara Taylor was an actress from Iowa who had never got over Broadway. She wanted to have a glamorous life again through her child. She had the idea at first that Elizabeth could be turned into another Deanna Durbin.

"Now sing for Miss Hopper," she commanded her daughter as soon as our introductions were over and we were sitting by the baby grand in my living-room.

"Do you play the accompaniment?" I asked. "I can't."

"No, but she can sing without any. Elizabeth!"

It struck me as a terrifying thing to ask a little child to do for a stranger. But in a quivering voice, half swooning with fright, this lovely, shy creature with enormous violet eyes piped her way through her song. It was one of the most painful ordeals I've ever witnessed.

Once the family was settled in Hollywood, Mrs. Taylor manoeuvred a film contract for her daughter.

She was given a bit part in "Lassie Come Home," then blossomed in "National Velvet," with Mickey Rooney.

I remember the day she cinched in her belt, which showed her charms to perfection, and Mickey turned to me and said: "Why, she is a woman!"

"She's a child"

"She is 14," I replied. He started toward her. I caught him by the seat of the pants. "Lay a hand on her, and you will have to answer to me. She is a child."

As the years went by, I saw Elizabeth through many romances and four marriages, starting with Nicky Hilton, son of millionaire hotel owner Conrad Hilton. Nicky was a boy, and I don't believe he'd had too much experience.

On their European honeymoon he left her too much alone, though everyone wanted to meet his beautiful bride. When she came home, she took a second-storey apartment.

Before she had a chance to sort out what had happened to her, the parade of suitors began — married men, stars. Did any of them love her and try to help? No. They did not.

I'm making no excuses for her, but I'm trying to be objective.

Then she was put into another picture. She was exhausted from working too hard and too fast in the rat-race of the sound stages.

Thus it went from one man to another, one picture to another, until she fell in love with Michael Wilding, who was 20 years older than she. Was she unconsciously looking for a strong father? She loved her own, but he didn't stand up to his wife.

Elizabeth sat on my settee the night she came in with Michael Wilding.

What was to be said was for their ears only. "Elizabeth, I don't think you know what you're getting into. In the first place, he's too old for you. And too set in his ways.

"Are you denying it, Michael?" He sat there with eyes downcast.

I turned to Liz. "Do you know what kind of life you'll have?" He could have got up and hit me, but he sat still.

"I love him," she exclaimed.

"You don't know what love is. You don't know what you're talking about. He's sophisticated, he's gracious, but I beg you not to marry him."

She didn't listen then or later. She drove Wilding into marriage.

"I am too old for you," he'd argue. "It will never last, Elizabeth."

"I love you"

"I love you, and you're going to marry me, that's all," she would say.

From that marriage came two sons, Michael and Christopher. After each birth she had to go back to work too soon. Before she could face the cameras, she had to take off pounds in a hurry, just as Judy Garland did, and it weakened her health.

I knew the marriage was over when Mike started to criticise her in public—before strangers.

Then along came Michael Todd, who taught her an awful lot about love and living. He was one of the most sophisticated and ruthless men in show business. He had gone through the jungle of Broadway and come out with many scars.

After Mike had made "Around the World in Eighty Days," he wanted someone to help sell it. Who else but the queen of the movies? I don't think he needed her more than she needed him, but they fell in love, and he taught her everything he knew about sex, good and bad.

He proposed to her in the office M.G.M. gave him at the studio when he was shooting "Around the World." He said: "Elizabeth, I love you, and I'm going to marry you, and from now on you'll know nobody but me."

They were married in Mexico, and they started one of the craziest, fightingest, most passionate love matches recorded in modern times.

He bought her the world, or as much of it as he could lay hands on; a new jewel or a half dozen of them every Saturday; a plane; a villa in France; dresses by the hundred. Whatever she wanted she got.

He knew he was spoiling her rotten, but he loved to see her face light up when she saw his presents.

In return she gave him a daughter. Her pregnancy was heralded like Queen Elizabeth's or Princess Margaret's. She had an operation that almost took her life.

She has two vertebrae in her back that came from a bone bank. (I didn't know about that until she told me.) The baby arrived, Liza, a dark-eyed witch who at three months could read your mind.

But before the baby was born, in London for all the high jinks of the premiere of "Around the World," I watched Eddie Fisher's manoeuvres to pay court to Elizabeth in the enormous suite where Mr. and Mrs. Michael Todd were registered. Debbie Reynolds, Eddie's wife, lingered in the Fisher suite several floors below.

I walked into Liz's room. There she sat, bulgingly

To page 67

"What do you expect me to do? Live alone for ever?" asked Liz. She and Eddie Fisher (right) started dating soon after Mike Todd's death.

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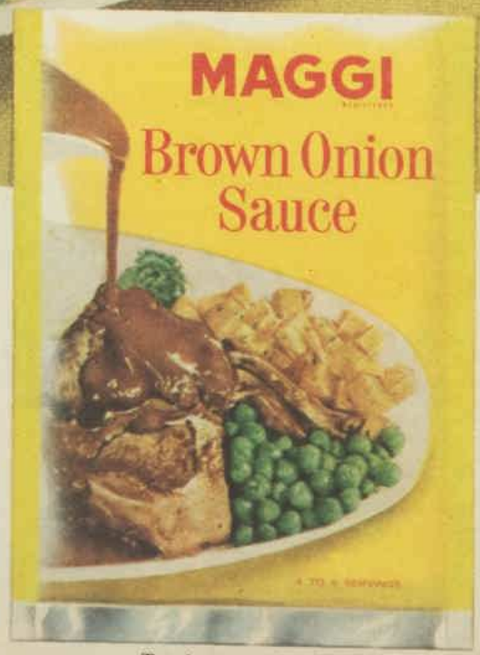

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Marriage is key to success in life

—advice from a millionaire

● "I came up the hard way," said American millionaire James Cash Penney. "I know every foot of that way. And I want to tell my story to any young person who will listen, in the hope he may learn something from it."

MR. PENNEY'S story is as simple as a fairytale. The son of a penniless Missouri preacher, he built a chain-store empire which last year had a turnover of 1¾ billion dollars.

"Some people accuse me of appropriating my name to suit my business," he says. "But it is not true. I inherited it from my father."

Now in his eighty-eighth enthusiastic year, he and Mrs. Penney came to Sydney on a "Down Under" cruise in the S.S. Mariposa.

"Retired?" he said brightly. "Oh, no. What would I do? I would probably be a nuisance to Mrs. Penney round the house."

"Life would be rough if he retired," agreed Mrs. Penney. "He's too vital to stop still. Why, in Sydney we've been to the orchestra, seen lots of people, and Mr. Penney has visited and inspected many stores round the city. People are his main interest. We haven't really had time to go sightseeing."

"Spare" time is spent giving lectures to schools and youth groups.

"Not only 'How to make a success in business,' but 'How to make a success in LIFE.' That is more important," said Mr. Penney.

Big mistakes

"Oh, I've made mistakes in my life. Great mistakes. But if I had the chance to start all over again I wouldn't want to change those mistakes. If I did I would probably make worse ones."

Success in life—and in business—largely depends on marriage, Mr. Penney maintains.

If a man has initiative and also has the good fortune to marry the right woman, he will be a success in business.

"Ever since I have had the privilege of employing men — and I have been 61 years in my own business — I have always made a point of meeting the wives before engaging my men. If the wife is no good and the home is no good, the husband will not be able to do the job well."

His own marriage?

"I would say it was a success," he said. "Would you, Mrs. Penney?"

Mrs. Penney smiled.

"People said it wouldn't be. They gave us three months, and we've been married 37 years. You see, I was a city girl from New York. He was a country boy. I belong to the Church of England. He is a Baptist. I am a Republican. He is a Democrat.

"I am—or should I say was—a good deal younger than he. It's a funny thing though. He seems to get no older, and I'm just catching up."

The things they have in common far outweigh the differences.

"We're simple people," said Mrs. Penney. "We're not nightclub people. We have an apartment in New York and a farm house in Connecticut."

"And we have two charming daughters, both happily married," added Mr. Penney.

"We keep a box at the Metropolitan Opera and we love music," said Mrs. Penney. "But we don't go to many parties. We like to bring people into the house and into the family. We have all sorts of people from all over the world.

● Mr. and Mrs. James Cash Penney — he inherited the name, but not the money.

By CAROL HENTY

"While Mr. Penney's interest is in people, I take care of the distaff side and belong to the National Council of Women and the Y.W.C.A., and I'm also on the national board of the Women's National Republic Committee."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Penney feel that their great wealth has brought them great responsibility.

"It's just as hard to know how far to go, and where to invest your money, as it is to make it in the first place," said Mr. Penney.

"Wise distribution — to charities, etc.," added Mrs. Penney, "is very important. We follow the stewardship principle. The more you have, the more you owe to people."

The Bible figures a lot in Mr. and Mrs. Penney's conversation. "We aim for the good life, the family life, the simple life," said Mr. Penney.

Neither drinks alcohol or smokes. "And we don't allow any of our men in the business to drink," said Mr. Penney.

"But I don't want to reform the world," he added with a twinkle.

What Mr. Penney does want to do is to give young people hope and the will to succeed.

"When I was a boy," he said. "I used to read every biography of every successful man I could get my hands on. And through all these stories I found a common thread: These people all had hard beginnings. They were orphans, they were unwanted, or they were very poor. I thought to myself. 'If these people can succeed, James Cash Penney can succeed.'

"And if any young people read this article, I will be very happy if just one of them thinks. 'If Mr. Penney can do it, so can I.'"

Mr. Penney has only one regret about his parents' poverty during his boyhood. "I was deprived of a college education," he said. "And with that I might have accomplished something in life."

Rose Trophy contest

● The competition this year for The Australian Women's Weekly Rose Trophy will be held on Wednesday, April 24, at the Autumn Show of The National Rose Society of South Australia.

The Show will be held at David Jones, Adelaide, on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 23 and 24, and will be opened by Lady Lloyd Jones.

The Trophy is at present held by the National Rose Society of South Australia.

A representative of the National Rose Society of each State will be flown to Adelaide by T.A.A. the evening before the competition.

T.A.A. will fly all interstate competitor's roses to Adelaide by Air Cargo to ensure that they are in first-class condition.

Judges for the interstate competition will be Mrs. G. Sim, Mrs. C. Mader, Mr. H. Brand, and Mr. A. R. Ross.

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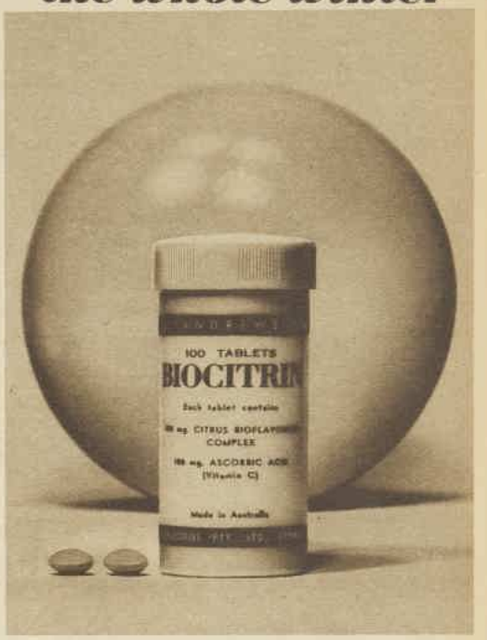

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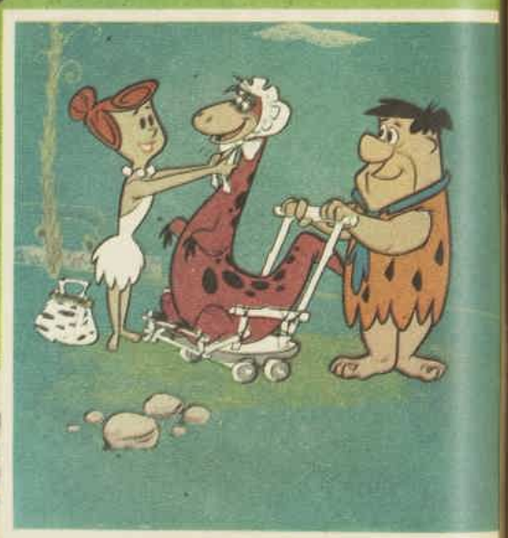
FROM STONE AGE TO SPACE AGE

● *For almost two years Australians have been laughing at the zany adventures of "The Flintstones," the Stone Age couple from Bedrock. Now, from the same company (Hanna-Barbera Productions), we have "The Jetsons." They're just an ordinary family—of the Space Age.*

WHOOSHING ALONG in his Molecular Mark IV, George Jetson has to endure just so much mother-in-law chatter. Then he presses a button, the end of the Mark IV drops off, and m-i-l parachutes down, down . . .

Television



TRAVELLING, Stone Age style, Fred and Wilma Flintstone take their pet dinosaur for a walk in a sort of prehistoric push-cart.

LEFT: Fred Flintstone belts out a melody on the Stoneway, surrounded by a group of cartoon friends from several of the Hanna-Barbera series (from left) Quick Draw McGraw, Barney Rubble, Yogi Bear, Wilma Flintstone, Betty Rubble, and Huckleberry Hound.

RIGHT: With all the gadgets on the Space Age piano, young Elroy Jetson doesn't mind his daily practice; his mother, Jane, and the family dog, Astro, watch approvingly. The Jetsons live in the Sky Pad apartments (high level with adjustable living).

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Television

Puzzle: find the compere

By DAWN JAMES

● Having launched the new series of "The Bryan Davies Show" (Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.), ABN2 sat back — and boom! They've been almost smothered by a small avalanche of newspaper criticism, mostly adverse.

BUT the A.B.C. makes me feel rather motherly; they are trying so hard to please. Anyway, I still like "The Bryan Davies Show."

Whether this amiable feeling will persist is problematical. Because now the show seems to be turning into a sort of jigsaw puzzle of compères.

After seeing the first programme in the series, I decided that it was young entertainment laced with some sophistication.

It was also a definite improvement on last year's efforts and (like last year) Neil Williams was noticeably Bryan Davies' co-compere.

Not any more, though. Oh, no. Take your pick; we've got *five* compères. The show's Big Four—Mr. Williams, Shirley McDonald, Alan Dean, and Don Burrows — ALL pitch in and help young Bryan. It's very muddling.

The who's-the-compere problem seems the crux of the matter—a cohesive show is welded into a whole by one person.

Therefore, if the teenage Bryan Davies is the compere, then his should surely be an essentially young show.

If he is merely the star, and if the show itself is to feature adult entertainment (like the superbly sharp satire we've had recently), it needs an older compere with the experience and savoir-faire to "carry off" such material successfully. That is, with a hearty laugh instead of a self-conscious giggle.

The show's other drawback is its giggly script. Here, producer - director Loyd Brydon is possibly trying to do too much work.

Imaginative

His production is almost faultless. I like his "This is television, cameras and all" setting; it is refreshingly new and imaginative.

But the scripts I've heard so far have been dreadfully juvenile. (You can't "send the grown-ups out to make a cup of coffee" while Bryan sings a few finger-snapping teenage numbers, and then ring a bell to summon them back from the kitchen!)

Mr. Brydon might profitably hand the script chore over to someone else.

At the moment, the A.B.C. says "The Bryan Davies Show" is for the "whole family." In very defined bits-and-pieces, I suppose it is. I hope those bits-and-pieces can be joined more smoothly and that they will develop into a *whole* show.

★ ★ ★

"MUSH" *(or whatever you say when you're droving cattle)—"Rawhide" is back on TCN9.*

TCN is thoughtfully screening "Rawhide" against ABN2's "Dr. Kildare" (Mondays, 7.30 p.m.). So—no more illness, no more pain. I'm watching the cattlemen operate for a change.

"Rawhide" is a solidly efficient adventures-in-the-old West series. Strong stories, strong cast (with stars Eric Fleming and Clint Eastwood), and even a homily or two: "Every year of your life is like a chapter out of a storybook" quoth one character last week.

This episode, "Incident of the Portrait," was a sad little tale, sympathetic without being mawkish, of a hapless murderer who fell in love with the blind daughter of the man he killed.

It also provided more proof of an interesting fact—have you noticed how easy it usually is to distinguish the baddies from the goodies in a Western? The baddies need a shave.

Divorce — but at 90

I DO admire Nick Alexander (Nick Adams), the star reporter in "Saints and Sinners" (ATN7, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.). He is so meticulous. He always interviews "in depth." I wish I was sure what that means.

At least he is never short of a story. The things that happen to that man! But "Saints and Sinners" is rather more realistic than most newspaper series.

And some of its characters do provide the most beautiful copy. In "A Shame for the Diamond Wedding," a 90-year-old husband and wife were contemplating divorce.

Said the wife, Lili Darvas: "For a long time now I have felt the magic has gone out of our marriage." Said the husband, Paul Muni: "She's too old for me."

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

★★★ ANTONITO

This brief (26 minutes) film is a minor masterpiece. It is the enchanting journey made by a small Spanish boy, Antonito, to fetch relatives to see his new-born brother. His travels through the countryside are filled with a childlike wonder, and the photography captures his simplicity and joy. The background music by Sir Eugene Goossens adds to the beauty of the film.—**Gala, Sydney.**

In a word . . . ENTRANCING.

★★ THE NAKED NIGHT

This is a tragic tale of a shabby circus troupe and the humiliations they endure when they visit a small town.

Ake Gronberg, a giant of a man, gives a superb performance as the circus proprietor, and Anne, his mistress, is the fascinating and sensuous Harriet Andersson.

The film lacks the precision and clear-cut brilliance of some other Ingmar Bergman films, and this time the symbolism is rather heavy-handed.

However, the photography is magnificent and, as usual, the attention to detail is minute. **P.B.—Gala, Sydney.**

In a word . . . ENGROSSING.

★★ THE PIGEON THAT TOOK ROME

This is a delightful tongue-in-cheek film which tells the story of wartime Rome in the months before the city was liberated by the Allies. It stars Charlton Heston, a flock of pigeons (which out-act him all the time), an enchanting Elsa Martinelli, and Italian actor Barcoloni, who gives a superb performance as a Resistance leader — Roman style. **P.K.—Prince Edward.**

In a word . . . FUN.

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Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

● *Momma once said: "Senses are such wonderful things, and each one is so different. Touch—have you ever stroked a piece of velvet or felt the fuzz on a peach, or a baby's tender skin? Taste—your first sip of water after a hard work-out, or the taste of honey, or your first piece of watermelon of the season. Sight—to be up before dawn and see the dawn come up; have you ever seen such colors in your life? Or sunset. Or a tree in full bloom. Smell—the smell of new-mown hay, flowers, or your girl's hair after it has just been washed. And last, but by no means least, hearing—the sound of birds at twilight, your baby's first 'dada' or 'momma,' a full symphony orchestra. I tell you our senses are wonderful things, but . . ."*

MOMMA'S MORAL: The average man has five senses—touch, taste, sight, smell, and hearing. But to be successful you have to have two more—HORSE and COMMON!

DID YOU KNOW?

SERGEANT BILKO comes to civvy street next season. Phil Silvers will play the civilian counterpart of his role in the popular army comedy series, a factory foreman with as many profitable sidelines as Bilko.

★ ★ ★

GEORGE MAHARIS, who got sick on "Route 66," has been shoved out of the sports car and replaced in the series by Glenn Corbett.

★ ★ ★

BRITISH ATV has started a series similar to America's "The Eleventh Hour," based on a psychiatrist and the troubles of his patients in private practice and in a London hospital.

Starring as the psychiatrist is Herbert Lom, making his first TV appearance, though he has played a similar part before in his first big film success, "The Seventh Veil."

★ ★ ★

LUCILLE BALL, in spite of taking a beating in the ratings from old films shown in competition to her "Lucy Show" in the U.S., has agreed to come back for more next season.

★ ★ ★

"WAGON TRAIN" is going double-decker. A 90-minute version of the Western series is set for next season on U.S. television.

★ ★ ★

A SURVEY in Germany discloses that 54 per cent. of viewers regularly fall asleep while watching TV.

★ ★ ★

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK rangers in the U.S. get an average 25 fan letters a week addressed to Yogi Bear, Ranger Smith, and Huckleberry Hound. The television cartoon characters inhabit "Jellystone National Park."

★ ★ ★

U.S. television producers are worried about the rapidly depleting supply of old feature film. The modern films are felt to be too "adult" in theme for the home screen.

Television

TO be offered to overseas TV is Associated Rediffusion's latest marathon TV play, Tolstoy's "War and Peace," just shown in England, which runs for nearly three hours and stars Daniel Massey (son of Raymond Massey), Clifford Evand, and Kenneth Griffith.

★ ★ ★

DONNA REED has been selected by the Hollywood Foreign Press Association as 1963's "Best Actress in a TV series."

★ ★ ★

"THE UNTOUCHABLES," which seemed unassailable after four years on the air, has finally lost its audience and will not appear next season.

★ ★ ★

PRODUCER David Susskind is trying to co-star Anthony Quinn and Peter Ustinov in a 90-minute drama special for American TV.

★ ★ ★

WHILE the latest Eric Sykes series is still running on English TV, Hattie Jacques is busy planning a new line for herself, starring in a comedy thriller serial by Australian author Peter Yeldham.

In the new TV venture Hattie is a "private eye's" assistant who is following up an apparently routine case which takes her to the Greek Islands and lands her in a lot of trouble.

Peter Yeldham, who was a scriptwriter and director on Sydney radio before he came to England six years ago, has written six TV plays produced in England and Germany, and recently won a Merit Award from the British Screen Writers' Guild for an episode in the "Probation Officer" series.

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Newest, smoothest float-up! Take one—another floats up. No tugging, no tearing, no tissues tagging along.

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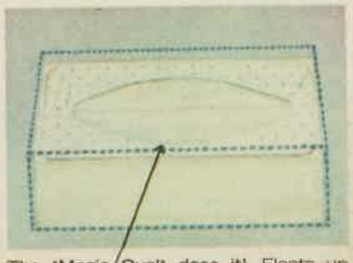

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Television

THE TWO BRONCOS

● They're two entirely different people: the Ty Hardin of real life and his TV "other self."

ON television, Ty Hardin is much better known as Bronco Lane. He is a footloose ex-Army wanderer who gets mixed up in hard-hitting adventures as he fights his way through each hour of the popular Western series "Bronco."

But that tough personality is reserved for the set. Off-screen, Ty is a devout man. He is a non-drinker and a non-smoker.

And after his divorce from starlet Andra Martin (who has custody of their twin baby boys, John and Jeff) he lived quietly in Hollywood and devoted most of his free time to his main interest, the Hollywood Christian Group.

Composed mostly of people in show business, the group is a religious organisation which runs a boys' club in an effort to prevent juvenile delinquency.

Ty says his new wife is a great help with his work for the group. "But I want her to develop an acting career, too," he said recently.

The second Mrs. Hardin was formerly Marlene Schmidt. Ty met her almost accidentally.

It was in Florida. Ty was there starring in the film "PT-109," the story of President Kennedy's exploits in World War II. The blond and shapely Marlene (who comes from Germany) was there, too, as an entrant in the Miss Universe contest.

Then Marlene just happened to visit "PT-109" on location. And . . .

"It was love at first sight, I can tell you," says Ty.

"We've been married just a few months now, but it seems as though we've known each other all our lives."

Now the Hardins have settled down in a quaint villa high in the Hollywood Hills, and they have begun arrangements to adopt a little boy—they're going to call him Ronnie.

Ronnie will have the sort of life that many little boys dream about, because both Ty and Marlene love sport and life in the great outdoors ("we've been going on deer - hunting trips and camping out under the stars . . .").

It was sport (indirectly) that pushed Ty into an acting career.

In his college days at the university in Houston, Texas, Ty was a football star. He was so good that he planned to be a professional footballer — until he received a severe leg injury.

"That leg injury was about the luckiest thing that happened to me," he said. "Although I was studying engineering I always wanted to make football a profession.

"When I was injured I found out that engineering just wasn't for me. I decided to become an actor."

Ty moved to Los Angeles, where he worked in the research and development department of an aircraft company.

And then his acting career began with a chance visit to Paramount Studios.

"I wanted to rent a 'prop' gun for a costume party," he explained.

"A studio official saw me and asked to speak to me. We talked for about three hours, and I left the studio with a contract instead of a gun!"

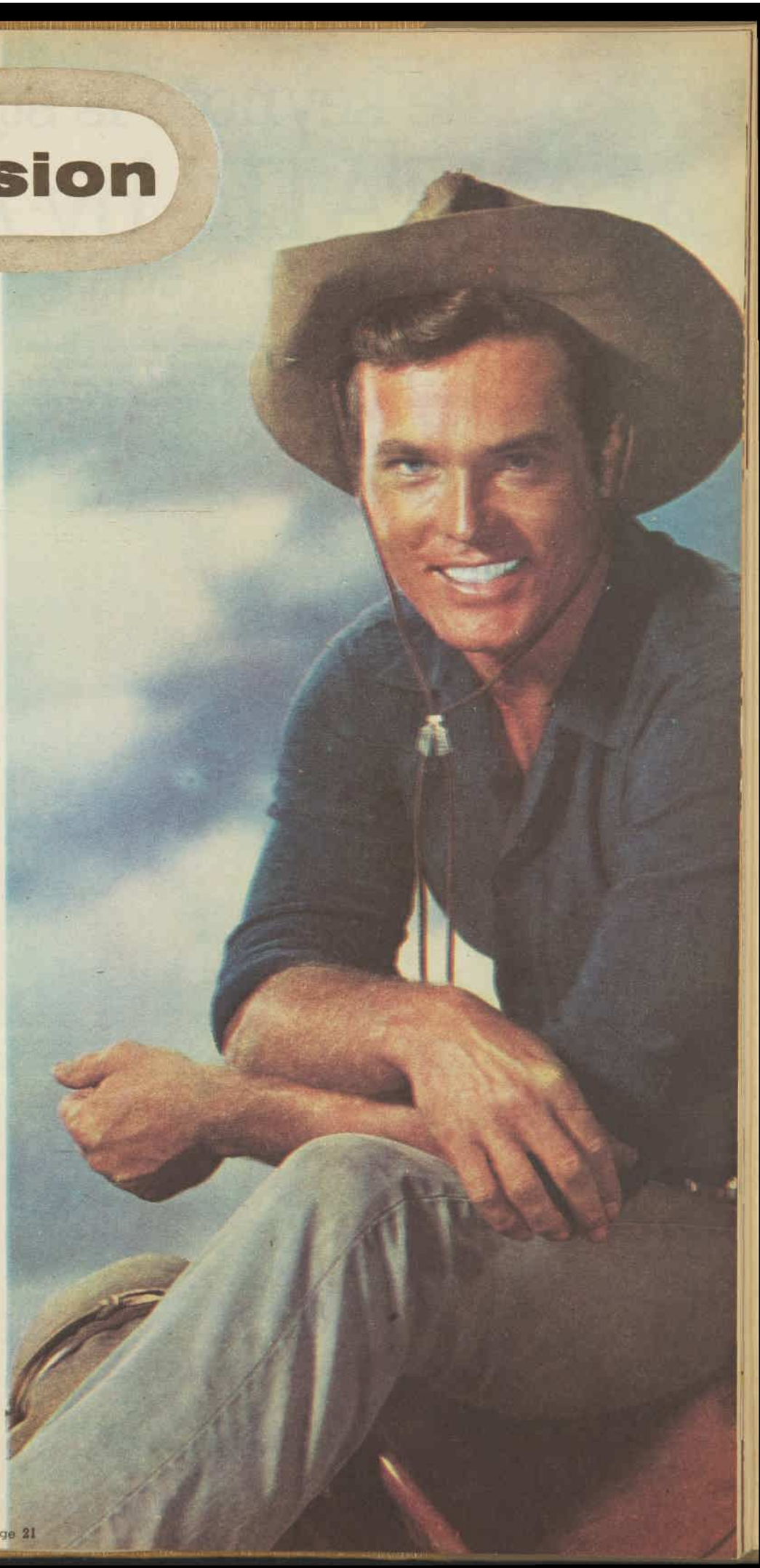
Ty appeared in a few features, including a "Playhouse 90" drama. Among the play's viewing audience was one of Warner Brothers' TV executives, William Orr.

Orr was so impressed that he took over Ty's contract and cast him for the title role in "Bronco."

Then the "Bronco" series hit the world's TV screens and Ty Hardin discovered that he was a celebrity, the star of a show described by its producer as a "clean" Western.

"Ty has helped us to keep it that way," said producer Burt Dunne.

"He wouldn't do his role if the story was harmful to children, he told us early in the game. Or if it went against his basic beliefs in human goodness. So we've been watching our step. It has worked out fine."



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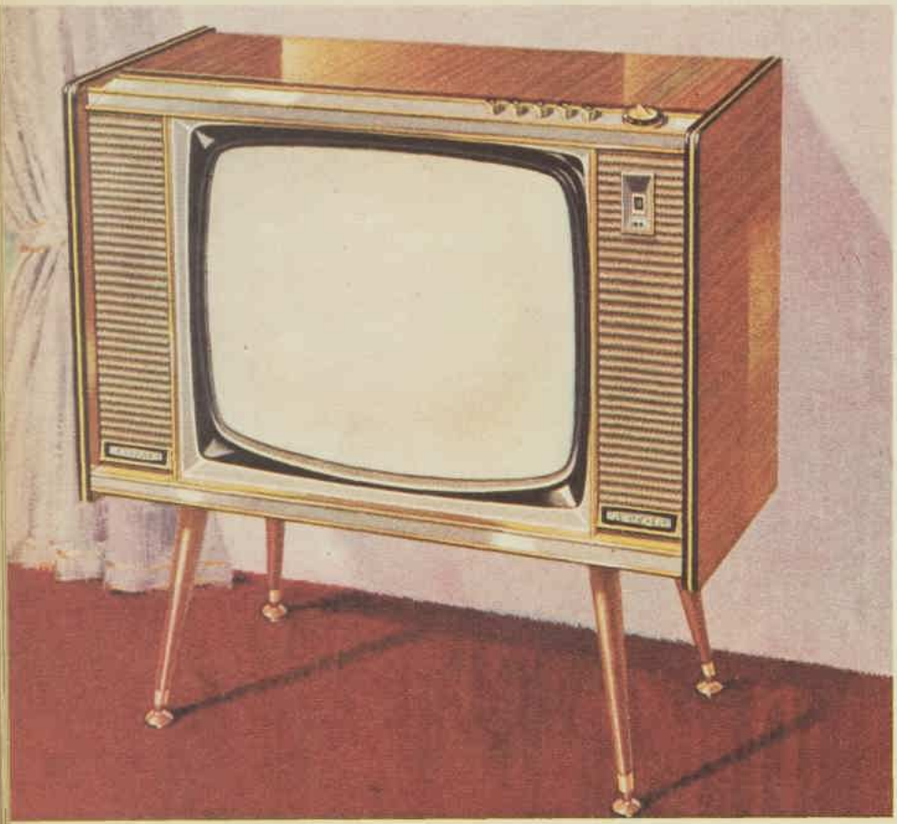

'Mayfair' 23" Barclay. Superb design. Features duo-speaker hi-fi sound, a choice of Walnut, Mahogany or Maple timbers, plus all genuine 'Mayfair' features. It includes the marvel of 'Tru-Vue', ASTOR exclusive, that gives you all the picture, clearer and completely without reflections.

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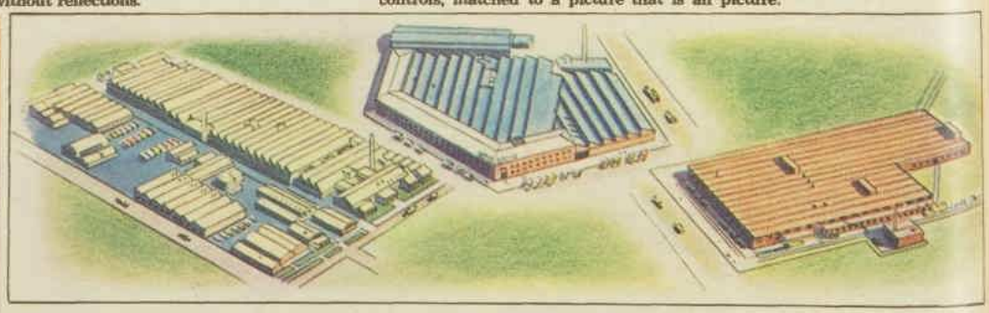

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SO PASS THE DAYS

THE average male resident of Westport, Connecticut, a commuting village just 55 miles from New York, has one wife, three children, a house, a mortgage, a grey flannel suit, a bald spot, and a vague feeling of discontent.

Take, for example, me. Though I love my wife and children, though I enjoy my house and car and have hopes of reforesting my bald spot, though I am, all in all, satisfied with my lot, just the same, from time to time, a sort of helpless feeling takes hold of me—a feeling that I have no control over the forces that shape my life, that I am merely a puppet in the hands of some dimly understood power. I refer, of course, to my wife.

Let me repeat: I love her. Cathy is handsome, fair, soft, bright, and winsome, and I wanted to marry her the minute I clapped eyes on her. It was right after the war. I had just finished three years of fighting the Germans behind a desk at an air base in Oklahoma and returned to New York, where I found a place as a junior member in a law firm. Cathy was the receptionist.

When she saw me walk in, wearing my prewar civvies, my wrists and ankles sticking out like Huck Finn's, she promptly burst into laughter. But it was a warm, friendly laughter, and I didn't mind a bit. I told her that if she really wanted some laughs she should see me in my tuxedo.

So we went out to dinner that night, and then we had a lot more dinners and rode in hansom cabs and listened to jazz at Nick's and took trips on the Hudson River Day Line and pressed our noses against Cartier's window and got married.

My idea of married life was simple: You rented an apartment in Greenwich Village and sat on a pouf and listened to Rodgers and Hart records and drank wine from wicker-covered bottles and held each other very tight.

And that's exactly the way it was for the better part of a year. We lived in a high-ceilinged two-room apartment on Bank Street with a terrace, a mattress, a box spring, a corduroy quilt, a red-and-blue pouf, an electric percolator, and a phonograph without a changer. That's the only thing I lacked to make my happiness complete—a changer for the phonograph.

Cathy's ambitions were rather larger. "Darling," she said to me one night, "don't you think people ought to start their families when they're young so they can grow up with their children?"

"Yes, I suppose so," I said casually, and the next thing I remember our son Dan was upon us.

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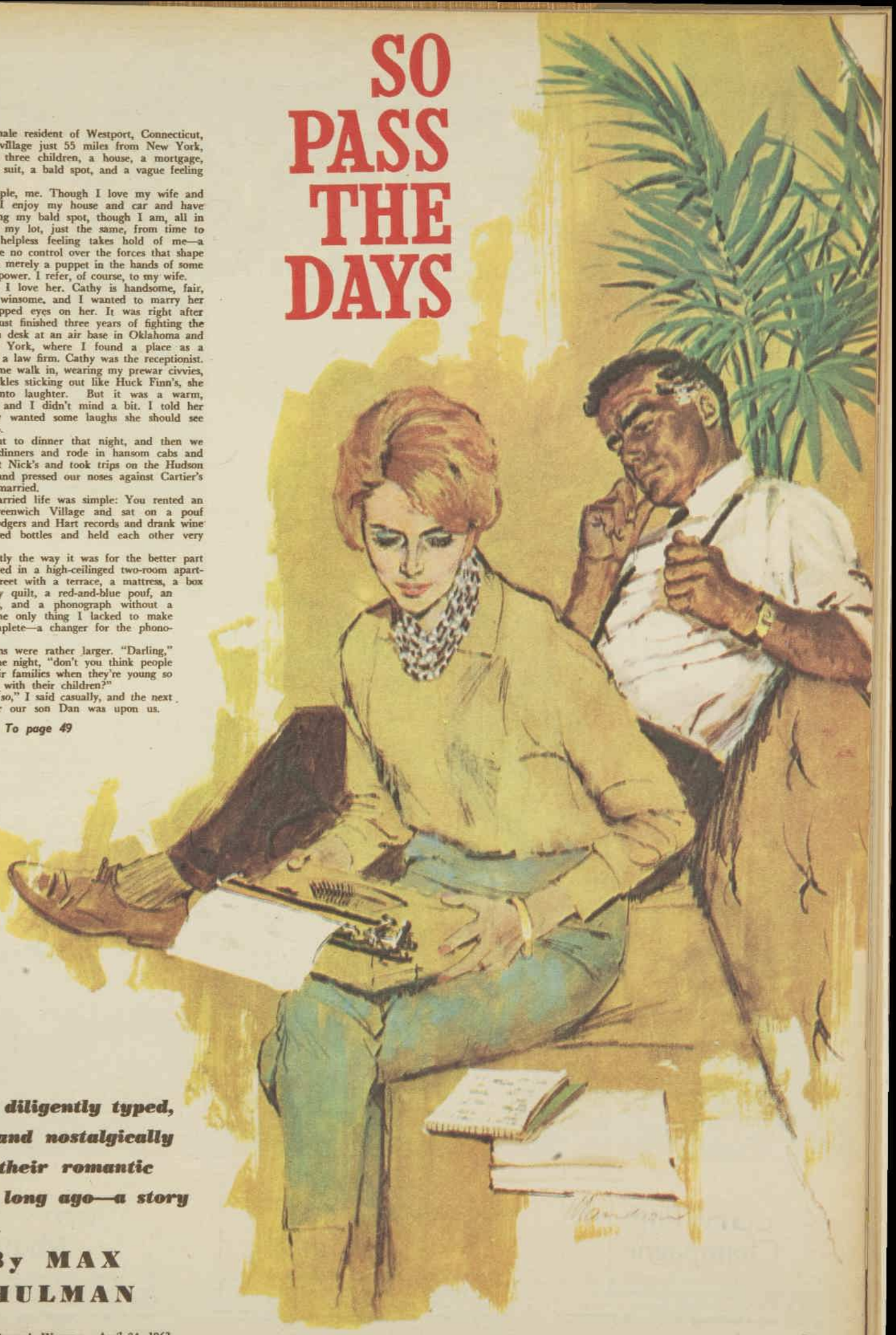

As Cathy diligently typed, her husband nostalgically recalled their romantic nights of long ago—a story

By MAX SHULMAN

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COTY *Six*

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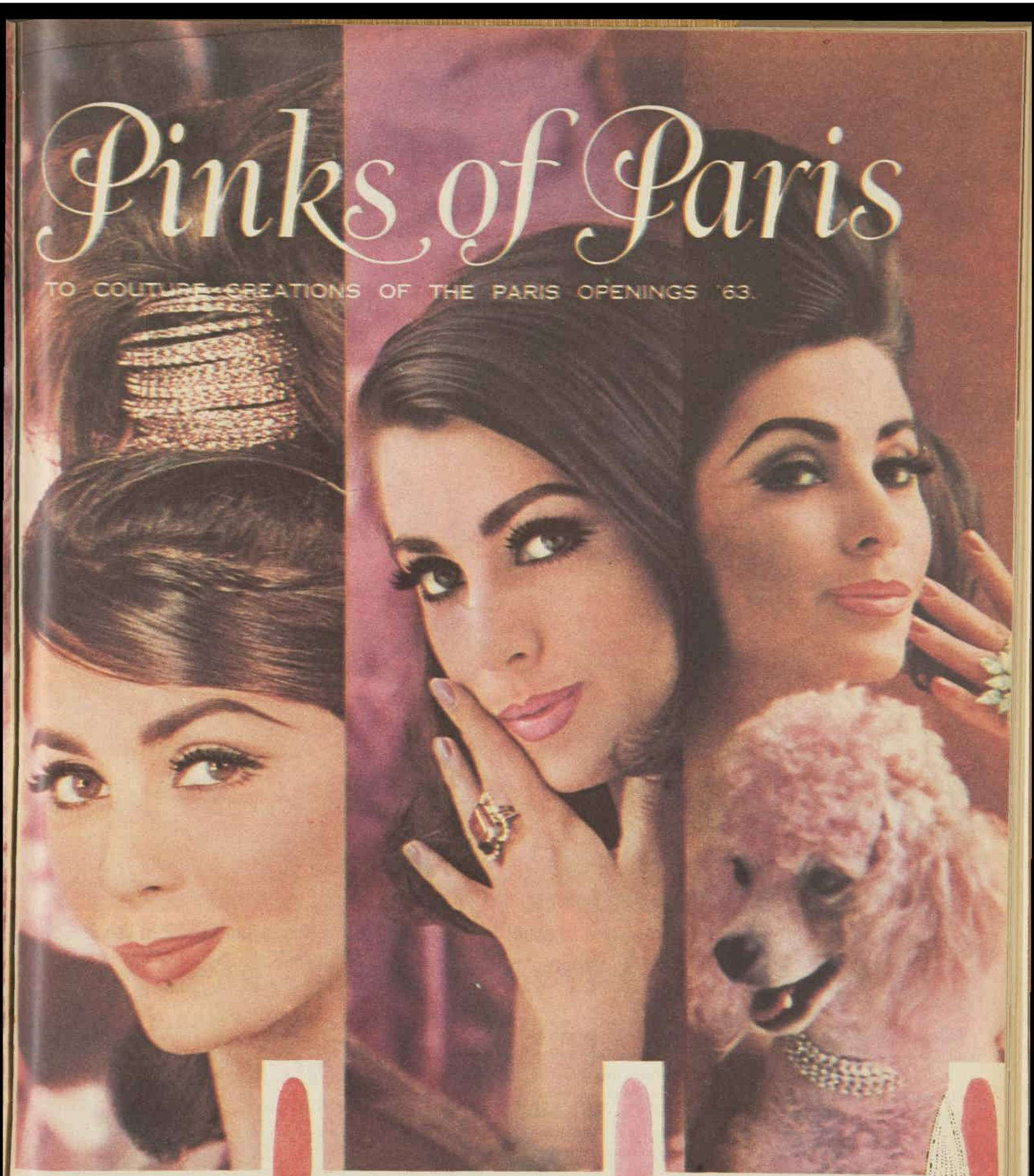
Pinks of Paris

TO COUTURE CREATIONS OF THE PARIS OPENINGS '63.



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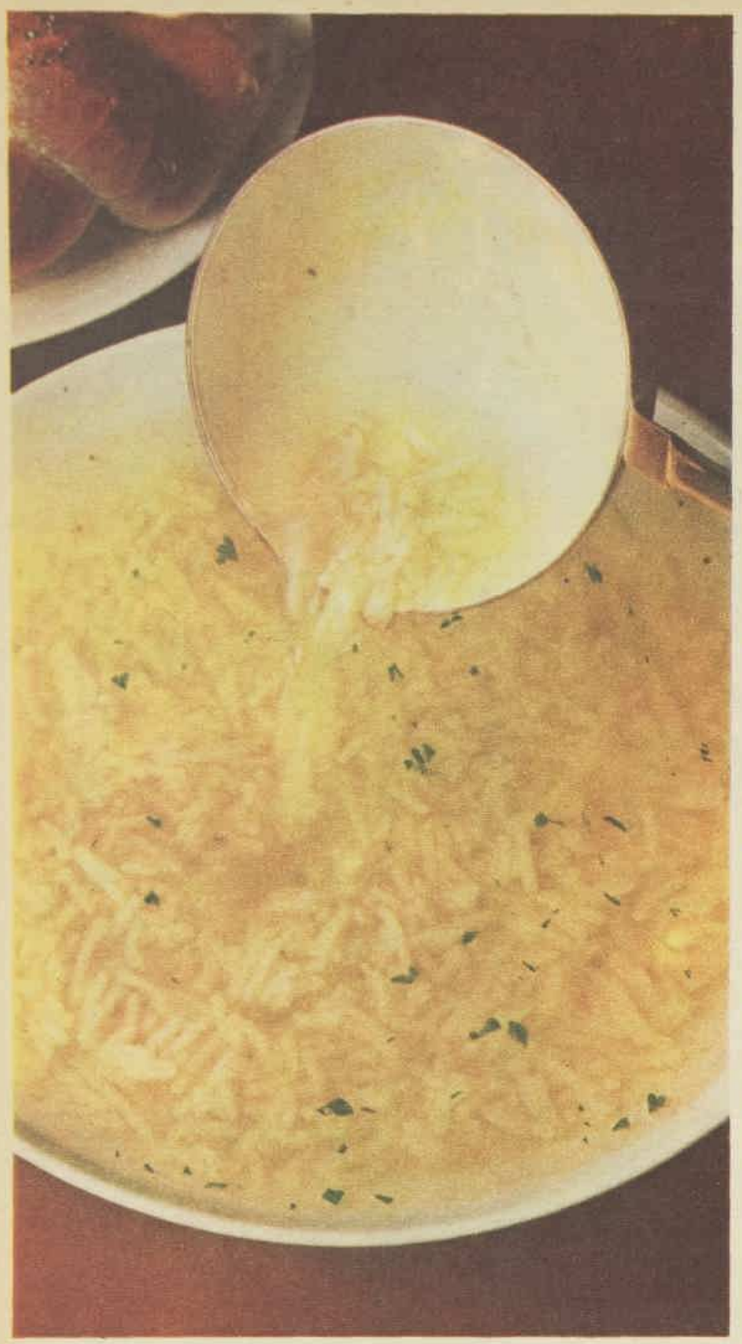
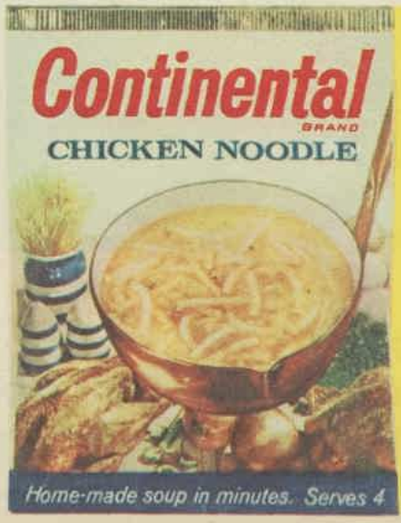


In each golden drop of Continental BRAND Chicken Noodle soup! In every mouthfull of this savoury Chicken Veal Bake!

TASTE THAT CHICKEN

Continental brand Soups are so rich in home-made goodness and flavour, canny cooks use the ingredients in recipes from meatloaves to souffles. Here's delicious Chicken Veal Bake — an easy new casserole recipe from Continental. All the rich chicken flavour and goodness you get in Continental soup bakes right into this tasty dish. Taste it tonight. Taste that chicken either way: in delicious Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup or in Chicken Veal Bake. The recipe from Betty King is over there next to the pack.

Continental BRAND



CHICKEN VEAL BAKE

½ lb. lean bacon; ½ lb. veal scallops, pounded thinly; ½ lb. sliced ham; 2 large onions, finely chopped; 2 sprigs of parsley, chopped; ½ level teaspoon chopped thyme; salt and pepper to taste; 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup.

Method: Line a 1 lb. loaf tin with half the bacon. Place a layer of veal over this. Sprinkle with half the onion and parsley, thyme and seasoning. Place a layer of ham, repeat. Top with remaining bacon. Make up soup using 2 cups water. Pour over the veal. Cover with greased, greaseproof paper or foil. Bake in a slow oven (250F. Gas — 300F. Electric) for 2 hours. Serve with plain boiled noodles. *Serves 4 portions.*

See the Betty King recipe on the back of every Continental pack. There are between 6 and 8 recipes to each soup variety over 60 recipes in all!

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The Day of the Wedding

Conclusion of our enchanting two-part serial

By MARGARET COUSINS

AN only child, BLISS LATHAM has always been the pride and joy of her father, LEWIS LATHAM, a self-made and rich businessman. The day has arrived when she is to marry the most eligible bachelor in her home town, THAD MERCER, a son of the oldest and most conservative family in Milton. The weather is ideal, and the house is full of caterers and florists working around a huge pile of beautiful wedding presents.

Through this confusion moves MRS. LATHAM, whose quiet touch has held the family together with kindness and tolerance. But she is the only one who seems to have any misgivings about the wedding. Her mind goes back over Bliss' life, remembering how Lewis, though stern at times, has always spoilt her.

When Bliss had fallen in love with NICK EGAN at 17, Mrs. Latham remembers how angry Lewis had been. Nick came from a hard-working middle-class family, and was not, in his opinion, the right man for his daughter. Lewis had sent Bliss off to a boarding-school, and shortly after Nick was drafted and not heard of again. A year later Lewis had taken Bliss and her mother to Europe for a holiday, but the trip was not really a success, as Bliss tended to make her own friends against her father's wishes. Later, back at home, Lewis had given her a coming-out party, the first Milton had ever known. Then she had returned to Europe to finishing school, but on her return home she found most of her friends were married, while she was still unattached. It was then she determined to marry Thad, and within a short time was engaged.

All this has been going through Mrs. Latham's mind, and finally she decides, after analysing all the other people concerned, she had better look back at her own life. She then remembers how she had first fallen in love with ROBERT MORSE, a young lawyer in Milton. The memory of the name pains her. NOW READ ON:

Overcoming an impulse to sigh, Elizabeth went to Bliss' side and arranged the wedding veil.

I SUPPOSE people fall in love now the way I fell in love with Robert Morse. I have just been given a convincing example. Perhaps we all experience the holocaust once in our lives. We had been in love for three years, but we had not married. Young people did not take matters into their own hands in those days, and Robert was such an honorable and poverty-stricken man. He had no capital except the letters after his name and ardent hopes. He had rules about such things, just as my father had, though I would have married Robert penniless and followed him barefoot over any burning sands he chose.

How did I love Robert? Even now, to conjure his humorous face, the tawny mop of hair, the curve of quizzical eyebrows, and the incredible sweetness of his smile is almost more than I can bear.

I loved him without praise or blame or any reference to intelligence. He was the present and the past, and all the future lay in the depth of his black-lashed eyes. He had a wild, free spirit and a taste for truth. He planned to do something great in his time, and he had the potential for it. I never doubted that one day he would be a Daniel come to judgment.

He despised money, except that he needed it to support me, and was more concerned with innocence and guilt and the scales of justice, which he would not permit to hang awry. I suppose that was why he had no clients who could pay.

It might seem that memory has rosied over Robert and left him on an island in my mind, matchless and without peer, the white knight. But anybody in Milton who remembers him would say that he was special, that he might have become a force in the world. In the end, it was not only that he was deprived of the world—the world was deprived of him.

When the war came he naturally joined the Air Force. Nothing else occurred to him. I was wild until it became obvious that now we could marry. He had a commission and therefore a stipend and he was ordered to training school in Florida. On his first leave, he came to Milton and made official application for my hand. My father and mother were dubious but willing, since it was clear that I would brook no interference.

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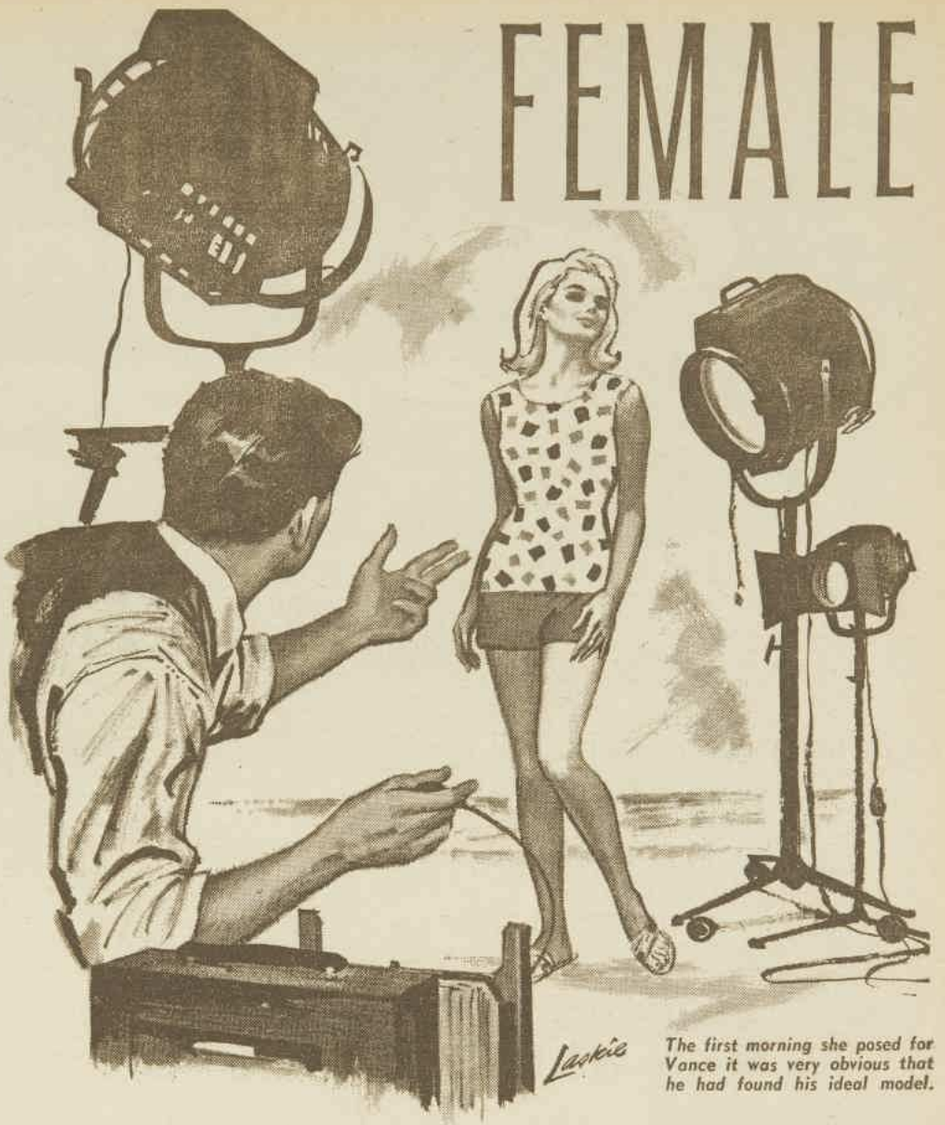
ETERNAL FEMALE

Gay Hart may have been beautiful, but her rival wasn't yet prepared to admit defeat.

A short short story

By ROSE MILLION HEALEY



The first morning she posed for Vance it was very obvious that he had found his ideal model.

ALTHOUGH the telephone was in the small room beyond the studio, I could hear Vance's voice quite clearly. "Gay, darling, you're more necessary to me than my camera, more beautiful than . . ."

So now I knew. I'd suspected for some time that there was someone, and a pretty important someone, from the way he went around humming and the way he had of absently patting my head when I'd finished posing for him, instead of praising me. Yes, the signs were clear that I'd better get busy.

I've had to be busy off and on in the year that I've known Vance. He's what is known as an eligible young man.

The trouble is that he doesn't take me seriously enough. His aunt Beatrice asked him to look after me. She and my mother were very close. It's true there's quite a difference in our ages, but, what with one blond thing and another, I'm maturing fast.

So far I've managed to hold off the competition. There was the fair-haired Ophelia, who modelled for all those peculiar advertisements for towels. She influenced Vance a bit, however, and I had to be sick for days before some millionaire came along and took her out of circulation.

Then along came Mimsie Lake, the high-fashion model. Everything about her was high: hairdo, eyebrows, waistline, and fee. One day she got high herself, and I showed her up for the cat she was. Another photographer now does all the shots of Miss Lake.

There were a couple of others, but I knew Vance was playing the field.

Miki Wunda, the Eurasian, had given me the most trouble up to that time. With her, Vance started humming "It's All Right With Me." I had to disappear for four days, driving him to call the police. By the time I turned up again, Miki had been signed for a movie and was out of Vance's vicinity.

Well, then there was a hiatus. Vance really started concentrating on his work, and, I thought, on me. He's always said I was one of his best subjects, and he did a whole series that he proposed to call "The Eternal Female."

I wasn't absolutely crazy about Luke Rogers, the writer who was going to do the captions. I mean, who could take to someone who thinks it's the height of humor to greet you with: "Hi, kitten, what's written?"

Until recently everything seemed to be going smoothly enough. Then suddenly Luke spoke up.

"It's no good," he moaned to Vance. "There's something wrong with our masterpiece. 'The Eternal Female' needs more contrast, more diversification."

"By 'contrast' and 'diversification' do you mean dames?" Vance asked.

"Well, why not? I have a sultan complex. Most guys have one. You may think that Cat's enough; I don't."

If there's one thing I hate, it's being called Cat—or Kitty—or Kit. My name is Catherine.

Vance knows how I feel. He shook his dark head at Luke. "No," he said. "Catherine is enough. That's how I conceived the book—only Catherine shot from every possible angle."

"Look, just see this one girl. She's new. I met her at a party a couple of nights ago."

So Gay Hart strolled into Vance's life and into mine. She didn't do anything that I could in honesty object to. She just came along and ruined my future.

Gay was beautiful. The first morning she posed, looking like Venus, in shorts and top. I started comparing the two of us. The score card turned out something like this:

Visitor—Hair: Long, blond. Eyes: Round, blue. Figure: Slender and sensational. Home Team—Hair: Short, black. Eyes: Slant, green. Figure: Still a little baby fat.

I was not exactly batting a thousand, and I knew it. However, I brightened. Looks aren't everything, I reminded myself sagely. Maybe she's a dumbhead.

No such luck. Right away she and Vance started discussing "Wild Strawberries" and Henry James. I thought the first was a dessert and the second something to play on hi-fi. Luckily, I didn't open my mouth.

She couldn't have been nicer when Vance introduced me as "Catherine—who, up to now, has been the love of my life."

For a year I'd been waiting for three little words from Vance, and they weren't "up to now."

Gay Hart said — not cooed or purred the way other girls might—that she was glad to meet me.

When she said, "I know a young fellow you'd probably be interested in—he's just about your age," I could have spat at her. She meant it. She wasn't pointing up my shortcomings to Vance.

Well, things went from bad to terrible. I watched Vance become more and more enamored of the gorgeous Gay. It was like watching the progress of dread disease; I was powerless to do anything about it.

Not that I didn't try. I used up just about my entire repertoire of tricks.

Then finally I was given one last chance. One day after Vance ended a lovey-dovey phone call to Gay, he dialled another number. With a sinking heart I heard him say, "Hello, Buccellati Jewellers? This is Vance Cannel. I picked out an engagement ring day before yesterday . . . That's right, emerald-cut. Is the inscription ready? . . . Good. Will you send it to me today? Fine."

Then he ordered champagne, flowers, and a catered meal for two. I was sunk. But I don't give up easily.

During the next hour of posing, I tried to plan my strategy. That was where I made my big mistake. I should have run to him the minute he returned to the studio. I should have convinced him of my devotion. I should have—Ah, well, that way lies madness.

Anyhow, the truth is, I goofed. I hesitated and Vance was lost. By the time I'd plotted just what to do, Gay came sailing in.

Right before my very eyes, Vance took her in his arms. They kissed. One look at that embrace and all my careful schemes went whistling. It was as if my head exploded.

Making straight for Gay, I jumped at her as if she were the ring on a merry-go-round. I think I entertained some charming notion of scratching her eyes out. Gay shrieked; Vance tried to pull me away from her, but I clung like flypaper. I spat; I scratched. I even bit, if my memory serves—and I'm afraid it does, only too well.

Finally Vance pried me away from his infuriatingly calm beloved.

"She resents me," Gay commented. "I've always sensed it."

"Nonsense," Vance said. "She's gone mad. I'll have to put her away."

Put away? He could say it cold-bloodedly, just like that —"have her put away!" I squirmed and cried out in protest.

Walking to the darkroom, Gay said, "No, it's just jealousy. We'll cure her of that."

I heard the ominous running of water. "Bring Catherine in here," Gay called.

Vance carried me to the darkroom, now flooded with light.

Gay looked frighteningly efficient. "Dump her in," she instructed, pointing to a filled sink.

Vance obeyed, and I sputtered and floundered and tried to scramble out. They both looked on. At last I stopped struggling.

"Have you had enough?" Gay asked.

I blinked in what I hoped was an appealing manner.

"Will you be good and stop this tantrum business?"

I cried a little.

With a sympathetic murmur, Gay lifted me up and held me against her blue silk bosom. She patted. I dripped. Then I snuggled close. She really was awfully nice. I began to like her better than Vance.

"See!" Gay said triumphantly over my head. "She's going to be all right.

Miss Hart—er, she's Mrs. Cannel now—was one hundred per cent. correct. We're all living together, Vance and Gay and Tom and me. Tom was the one she wanted me to meet in the first place. Once again she was right. Tom is the handsomest, most wonderful pedigreed Persian cat in all the world. He and I will make beautiful kittens together.

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One o'clock in the morning

It was an uneasy, lonely vigil as he waited through the night, the minutes slipping by slowly, relentlessly . . . a dramatic story

By CHARLES JACKSON

THE sounds from the dam, coming so clearly over the water in the summer night, had kept him awake ever since he had gone to bed two hours before. They struck at such a tender spot in his vulnerable nature that he could almost believe they had been raising hell with his sleep for years, though actually it had been for only the few nights he and his family had been here.

When he heard the clock strike in the stillness of the cottage — counting the slow strokes in a kind of suspense, till the unbelievable twelfth and last—Tom Bentley threw off the sheet and swung his bare feet to the floor of the sleeping-porch.

"I can't take it another minute," he heard himself say aloud; but what he meant by this, he couldn't have said. He went into the bedroom, angry and upset.

"Yes? Yes?" his wife muttered, coming to as Tom tugged at her shoulder. "What's the matter?"

"Do you realise that it's after midnight?"

"What?"

"Mary hasn't come in yet, and it's past midnight!"

"Mary? Oh? Well —"

"Well nothing!" he protested. "What about it?"

"What about what?"

"Stop it, Doris, and wake up! I tell you it's after twelve o'clock, and Mary's still out. I just heard the clock."

"Tom, you haven't been asleep at all?"

"Asleep! How could I sleep, for heaven's sake? She's only fifteen!" Implied was the old reproach: insensitivity, carelessness of their daughter's welfare, indifferent motherhood, lethargy if not sloth itself.

"Just a minute." She sat up, turned on the bed lamp, and said calmly, "Now."

In the sudden light, he stood there blinking down at her. The image he presented was so disarming — "defenceless" was the word that occurred to her mind — that her heart went out to him.

"Sit down, Tom, and do try to stop worrying." She moved over in the bed, so that he could sit beside her. "We've got to be patient."

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"How long have you been home, Mary?" Tom anxiously asked his young daughter.

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"Patient! Doris, didn't you hear me say it's after twelve?"

"I mean patient, of course, with Mary's growing up. I've told you a thousand times, it's a long, slow process."

"And I've told you——"

"Now, just a minute, Tom. Both of us have got to realise this is something we have to go through. All parents do. It's a very trying time for everybody; but it's trying for Mary, too, don't forget, and we've got to be a little understanding. We've got to make the effort to let go. It only makes things worse if we try to hang on to a child who has practically ceased to be one."

"This is no time of night to be having a philosophical discussion! She said she'd be back at ten-thirty and it's now after twelve. And she's only fifteen!"

"I'm very well aware of her age, Tom. It's you who don't seem to be. She is fifteen, after all."

"Who are these people she's out chasing around with?"

"A girl named Sheila somebody and two boys. They're having a barbecue, if you call that chasing around."

"How old is this Sheila?"

"About eighteen, I should say."

"And the boys?"

"About the same. Well, maybe a little older."

"There you are! And I bet you don't even know their names or who their families are."

"I've heard the names, but I've forgotten. Peter is one, and I think Joe or John is the other. No, I don't know their las. names. But, Tom, be reasonable. We've been here only a week. We can't expect Mary to bring her friends' families around and introduce them so we can exchange credentials before we let her out on a date. The boys looked perfectly all right to me. Nice boys, in fact."

TOM snapped. "Boys! At twenty-some? And you can be darn sure they don't know she's barely fifteen. What's more, you can be darn sure she isn't telling them."

"Can you blame her, Tom? It's only natural. And if they accept her as old enough — shouldn't we, too?"

"No girl that age is old enough or experienced enough to know how to handle a guy when he—well, tries to get fresh with her. And they all do."

"Don't you trust your daughter?"

Angered, frustrated, he went back to the sleeping-porch. In the half-dark he fished his clothes from the depths of an over-stuffed chair and, sitting down on the cot, began pulling on his socks.

The night was cool and, for the most part, still. A damp breeze blew across the porch from off the small lake that began at the edge of the lawn, fifty feet or so from the cottage. Now and again he could hear cars racing along the main highway and, nearer, those sounds from the dam that had come to be an obsession with him and, increasingly, menaced the peace of his nights.

He had thought he would love this place and had looked forward to a pleasant month's vacation here with his wife and daughter. Now everything was changed and spoiled. The uncertainty of Mary's whereabouts, coupled with the tormenting sounds that came over the water from the dam, had driven him to the point of near panic.

Objectively, he knew that the situation, in its broad general terms, was a comic one — classically so. But his oppression and anxiety were such that he could see no humor in this timeworn family crisis. And, like all fathers, he had his reasons.

Continuing . . .
ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

from page 31

It wasn't only, as he had tried to explain to his wife, they didn't know people here and had no way of knowing what kind of families the boys who asked Mary out came from. For him the unforgettable crux of the matter was that Mary, as he had insisted again and again, was only fifteen—and looked eighteen or more.

He was proud that she looked so mature, but it also worried him. He could almost have put it another way: In the daytime he never gave it a second thought; after dark it was another matter. She looked capable of handling almost anything, but actually she was inexperienced, outgoing, childlike, gullible, and innocent — and the very thought of that innocence being tampered with sickened him.

Don't you trust your daughter? But of course he trusted her! Mary was the solid rock in his life, the one absolutely reliable element he could always count on, with whom he had complete and utter understanding, and who had never disappointed him or let him down—up to now.

Her very unself-consciousness with him amused even as it moved him. To his knowledge, she had never told a lie in her life.

Intellectually, he knew that this natural and continual communication would never be broken; emotionally, he lived in fear that it would, dreading the day when Mary would become aloof and polite and secretive—and have reasons to be secretive.

But even here, should that painful day ever come, it would be Mary, not he, who would rise to the occasion and resolve the situation for them both. In a very real sense, Mary was older than he was; and, like many an innocent, she was wiser than she knew.

To others, Mary's maturity manifested itself most obviously in her physical person, and therein lay the chief cause of his worry. She was tall, with a slender but womanly figure, fully developed. Her beauty was genuine, and while she knew she was attractive there was no vanity or archness in her awareness of it.

She didn't look like the typical teenager of her day, and certainly she didn't act like one. She was calm and self-possessed, she was fun-loving, but even her gaiety had a tinge of thoughtfulness about it, almost of ruefulness, that reflected a sober heart.

Here at the lake, in a new community, Mary was finding a freedom she had not known before; here she was accepted by boys and girls who were several years older than she. To them, she looked like a girl in her late teens, and who could blame her for keeping to herself the fact that she was only fifteen?

On the other hand who could blame those young men for flirting with a new girl? Well, he could; with all his anxious heart, he could. He hated them, and one of the reasons he hated them lay in those sounds that now rose again in the night, coming to him over the water, from the dam.

Every community has its favorite parking place for sweethearts — what used to be called, in a more romantic day, Lovers' Lane — and locally it was the dam, half a mile away. But Lovers' Lane was an ironic euphemism for what went on here, to judge by the shrill, young laughter that rose from this place and shattered the midnight peace.

It was a kind of anarchy, one more instance of the adolescent overthrowing of order that struck fear in him, and shame, and anger. Every time one of those shrill voices rose in the still night, he winced as though a whip had been laid across his cheek; he realised now it was this he had meant, this he could not take, when he had said to himself earlier, "I can't take it another minute."

Half-dressed now, he went to the edge of the porch and peered through the screen into the night, toward the dam across the lake. He could see nothing, not a single one of the four or five cars that always collected there at this hour.

He knew he would not have found Mary there; not for a moment did he believe that Mary would have put up with such boys, or even such girls. By no means. All his life, Tom Bentley had had a horror of the vulgar, the garish, the loud, the crude, the cheap—and Mary instinctively shared this aversion.

No, Mary would not be at the dam; there wasn't the faintest doubt in his mind about that. But those tittering teenagers in the parked cars were girls like Mary—or rather, like Mary, they were girls.

The oppressively graphic picture that continually rose to his mind brought home to him, insistently, tauntingly, that what was now going on at the dam was only a distortion and caricature of what must inevitably happen some day (and what matter, really, how different the circumstance?) to his daughter.

As he stepped into his loafers and buttoned his shirt, he wondered why he hadn't spoken to his wife about the sounds coming from the dam. Not that she hadn't heard them — she couldn't have helped hearing — but she couldn't have known how they upset him.

If they bothered him so much, why hadn't he talked about it to her? True, he hadn't wanted to worry her by communicating his own alarm, but this wasn't the real reason he suppressed his anxiety. Chiefly, though unaccountably, his distress was caused by a mysterious distaste of self: he felt shame. But why he should be ashamed he couldn't understand.

His wife looked up in surprise as he appeared beside the bed, fully dressed, the car keys in his hand. "Tom, what on earth are you up to?"

"Where does this Sheila live?"

"This Sheila lives somewhere on the other side of the lake—just where. I don't know."

"You don't know the family's name?"

"Look here, you're not going out? At this hour?"

"I certainly am."

"But, Tom, she may be home any minute!"

"That's what I've been telling myself for the past two hours. I'm not going to wait any longer."

"Listen, you wouldn't have the least idea where to look for them, Tom." But he had already turned away. "Tom, won't you wait—please? You'll only get yourself more upset." As she heard him going down the stairs, she called after him, "I think the name is Thompson, or maybe Tompkins, or something."

He nosed the car out of the shed that served as garage, and proceeded slowly, almost timidly, toward the road that went around the lake. He half expected to see Mary coming down the lane in the glare of the headlights. He felt sick at heart. It was a fool's errand, and he knew it.

But he couldn't help himself; he couldn't stay home and twirl his thumbs, waiting, if his life depended on it. Not for him the serene patience of his wife, free from anxieties and fear, and while he envied her serenity in moments of strain like these, he blamed her for it, too.

He had often insisted that to be unable to worry was to be lacking in imagination; it was simply lack of imagination that prevented his wife from being alert to all the things that might happen, and so often did happen.

To be aware of this, as he was, could mean a kind of precaution against disaster.

So he reasoned, knowing partly, too, that this wasn't all—knowing, almost guiltily, that a father's anxiety over his daughter is quite different, in the nature of things, from a mother's.

He reached the macadam and turned on to the road that circled the lake. A hundred feet ahead he saw that several cars were parked in a line at the side of the road. He had come to the dam.

He pulled in behind the last car and turned off the motor to listen. There was not a sound. Just as the step of a man's foot in a field full of noisy crickets will instantly silence the chirping, so now not a single titter, or giggle, or even a whisper rose from those dark cars.

Action had been called for, yes; but not this kind of action. To sit here a moment longer would have been self-inflicted, masochistic punishment; to get out of the car and go forward, or to call his daughter's name in the dark and the stillness, was unthinkable.

He put the car in reverse and backed out, suddenly anxious to get away.

The road winding around the lake was lined on both sides with cottages; and they were all dark. Not a light shone anywhere. But now he came to a mailbox marked "Tomlinson," and above the door of a cottage otherwise dark an outside light had been left on—eloquent testimony that someone who lived there was still out.

He stepped from the car and went to the porch. He peered through the screen door into a dark living-room and dimly saw that the place was furnished like his own, with secondhand chairs and tables and rag rugs that would never do at home, but were always good enough for the cottage.

There was no doorbell. After standing there uncertainly for a full minute he tapped on the side of the door and called, "Anybody home?"

Silence. After he called a second time a light went on in the upstairs hall and a tousled, bare-legged man in a cotton beach robe appeared above. "Who's there?"

"Excuse me, sir. I'm awfully sorry, but I——"

"Shh, quiet! You'll wake the family!" The man came slowly down the stairs, wrapping the robe around him.

"I do apologise for this, sir," Tom Bentley said, "but I—well, I had to do it. As a parent yourself, I know you'll understand."

"Go on."

"Are you Sheila's father?"

"I am."

"How do you do. I'm Mary's father."

"Well?"

"Do you know Mary?"

"I've seen her with Sheila."

"Actually, I had no real expectation of being able to find your place, because I wasn't sure of the name, but when I saw the outside light on——"

"That's for my son. He's still out."

"Oh? Well, Mary and Sheila had a barbecue somewhere, with some boys, and I just wondered, would you have an idea where I might find them? It's rather late, you see, and I've begun to be a bit concerned."

Through the screen that separated them the man regarded him calmly for a moment. Then he said, his tone expressionless, "I wouldn't know about your daughter, but my daughter's upstairs."

"What?"

"Upstairs. In bed."

"In bed?" It was like a blow. "Do you know how long she's been home?"

"Two hours at least. We told her she had to get in by ten o'clock, and she did. Then she went to bed."

"I see. I see." He turned away. He could not look back at those paternal eyes that regarded him so dispassionately, and if he had thought the man was pitying him he couldn't have stood it. But something compelled him to linger a moment longer, and with averted face, addressing the question as if to the night, he said, "Tell me, how old is Sheila?"

"Eighteen. How old is Mary?"

"About the same. Well, seventeen." He stepped off the porch. "Goodnight. And thanks. I'm awfully sorry to have troubled you."

"No trouble at all. Goodnight."

This time he drove by the dam slowly but without stopping. The cars were still there. Rock-'n-roll music beat out on the air from one of the radios.

He did not stop, because now he had a new objective. If Sheila had come home two hours ago, the barbecue was long since over. Where was Mary? There could only have been an accident.

And if there had been an accident and Mary had been hurt there would have been no way for her father and mother to be notified. Not only were Mary and her family unknown in these parts, but there was no telephone at the cottage. Even the police could not have got in touch with him.

As he drove on, his stomach sick with anxiety, he told himself that if she should show up, no matter how late, he would be so relieved that she was safe, he would not utter a word of reproach.

He remembered having seen a white frame building that served as headquarters for the State troopers, and he drove there now. As he went into the neat yard he saw that the office on the ground floor was brightly lighted.

A lone trooper sat at the desk in the centre of the hot, bright room. He looked up without a word as Tom Bentley came in.

HE said nothing —just sat there looking at his visitor noncommitally, as if his mind were on something else.

Tom Bentley didn't know how to begin. Finally, he heard himself say, in an indifferent tone of voice that seemed to make light of the whole thing, "I wonder if I could take a minute of your time, officer.

"I'm after some information. I've been concerned about my daughter, who's been missing a couple of hours. Has there been, would you know, any accident reported in the neighborhood some time this evening?"

There was a barely perceptible shake of the blond head.

"Well, you see, I must explain. The circumstances are rather unusual. For us here, I mean. We're new in this community; nobody knows who we are yet—I mean, they wouldn't know the name and be able to notify us if there had been an accident—and, besides, we don't have a telephone. So you see, officer—"

Feeling totally inadequate, feeling that every word he uttered sounded inane, Tom Bentley made another try. "You see, officer, if Mary had been hurt — my daughter's name is Mary — and had been taken into town to some hospital, we wouldn't have any way of knowing anything about it.

"Is it possible that there might have been an accident that wasn't reported here?"

The faint head shake.

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"Earthlings have a custom. We wash before dinner."

Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays; and Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays.

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ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR

A six-page feature

Alex the charmer to wed in Abbey

TELEVISION has been geared to give the world a wonderful view of the wedding on April 24 of Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel, first cousin of the Queen and related to most of the Royal houses of Europe, and Hon. Angus Ogilvy, successful company director in the City of London and a descendant of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Westminster Abbey will be crowded with exquisitely dressed wedding-guests, including Royalty, V.I.P.s from far and wide, British aristocrats and socialites, and anybody, high or low, whom the couple have wished to invite.

The Abbey precincts and the wedding route will be crowded with Londoners, tourists, and other well-wishers.

And it should be an enchanting occasion.

Both bride and groom are good-looking, and the bride's mother, Princess Marina, is famous for her sense of Royal fitness.

Alex herself is so much a person as well as so much a princess.

One could say she has succeeded in blending together all that her generation likes in a princess—a blithe spirit yet courteous manners, a warm interest in people, and an appreciation of everyday fun, yet a well-informed knowledge of world affairs.

Then there is her gift for dressing. She has a marvellous sense of contemporary line, yet knows just what suits her (nothing frilly, silly, or dull), and has a really noble taste in jewels.

Of course, it isn't an ordinary wedding.

The bridegroom won't be able to carry the wedding licence in his pocket—it's a piece of hand-lettered imperishable vellum measuring 26½ inches by 22 inches, issued by the Faculty Office of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Attached to it by white satin ribbon is a weighty six-inch-square seal. It cost Mr. Ogilvy £25.

Alex will travel to the Abbey in the famous formal Irish State Coach, which is surmounted by a full-size crown among its gilded curlicues and roses. Designed by a Lord Mayor of Dublin, it was bought as a personal possession by Queen Victoria in 1852.

Bride and groom will leave the Abbey in true fairytale style in the charming and graceful glass coach, the smallest and most romantic of all the Royal carriages. It is named because of its large window area and has room for two footmen in scarlet-and-gold liveries.

Alex will probably have ten wedding cakes. The Queen, who married during food-rationing, had nine. Queen Victoria had 101!

The portrait of the bridal couple above is by Cecil Beaton.

Continued overleaf

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Alex the tomboy becomes . . .

Continued from previous page

ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR

DEVILMENT is written all over Alex's face, even in the harmless job of watering the garden. She was 13 and a pupil at Heathfield School, Berkshire, when this picture was taken of her.

● Born on Christmas Day, 1936, Alex had a happy childhood at Coppins, the Victorian country house in Buckinghamshire in which her family lived. Alex preferred horses and dogs to dolls and had many a squabble as she played with her brothers, the Princes Edward (now Duke of Kent) and Michael. Her mother, then Duchess of Kent, later saw to it that Alex's social life was not confined to the necessarily small Royal set but that she also met men and women distinguished in the arts and other fields. Alex gained poise and began to take a lively interest in her job as a grown-up Royal princess.

TODDLER Alex tries out a not-too-frisky mount. The year, 1938. She was two.

DENIM jeans, checke shirt for tennis at Coppin Alex was an informal 1

NEW BICYCLES were given to Prince Edward and his sister, Alex, when he was only eight and she was six. So they're off!

COMPETING in the Royal Windsor Horse Show in 1949, 12-year-old Alex trots her pony, Trustful. She's a good rider.

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. . Alex the Princess

● *PRINCESS ALEX, in ballgown and tiara, strokes a koala at the State reception given in her honor in the Cloudland Ballroom, Brisbane, in August, 1959. Several koalas had been made comfortable in a special alcove. They were borrowed from the Lone Pine Sanctuary.*

Continued on page 37

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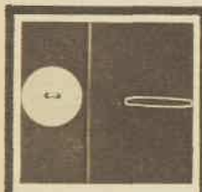

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JOYOUS WAVE with a friendly smile is a typical greeting from Princess Alex. This picture was taken as she arrived for the prize-giving at the Red Coat (Church of England) Secondary School, Stepney, East London, in midsummer, 1960.

REGAL AND RADIANT, Alex has here chosen most individual, yet elegant, jewels to offset her big-occasions evening gown. (Note its folded hemline.) She was at a State "do" in Nigeria.

ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR

Continued from page 35

Alex the social success

● Destined no doubt to become one of London's leading hostesses, Alex will have a perfectly lovely house, Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park, which has the handy advantage of not being right in London, yet not right out of it, either. Both she and her husband-to-be, while enjoying theatre and the gay life of social and artistic London, are very fond of the country, too. His family has estates in Scotland extending over about 40,000 acres, and at his old home, Cortarchy Castle, Kirriemuir, he learned to be a very good shot and fisherman.

CHARMINGLY wearing the costume of a Burmese princess, Alex chats with Madame Win Maung, wife of the Burmese President (pictured at right), during her stay in Rangoon.

BRIDE'S NEW HOME. On a rise overlooking the deer park is Thatched House Lodge, the Georgian house in Richmond Park, South London, where Alex and Mr. Angus Ogilvy will live after their wedding. It isn't a grace-and-favor residence; they've bought their own lease.

Continued overleaf

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Alex the ambassador

ACCOMPANIED by General Newin, Princess Alex enjoys a ride in a bullock-cart in the ruined village of Pagan, Burma, during her tour of the Far East in 1961. Like her tours of Australia and Nigeria, this one was a huge success from start to finish. Official hosts and personal friends say that Alex is easy to entertain because she is always ready to enjoy herself.

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"When a Royal bride forgot her gloves"

By HELEN CATHCART, the Queen's Biographer

● Imagine the flurry if good-looking Angus Ogilvy is kept waiting at the altar of Westminster Abbey under the eyes of 2000 guests. Happily no such nightmare is likely, for Royal weddings are now staged with split-second precision, with every little thing thought out beforehand.

STILL, when King Edward VII married Queen Alexandra he was kept waiting over half-an - hour — and the nervous bridegroom grew so hot under the collar that he soiled ten handkerchiefs mopping his brow.

In modern contrast, Prince Philip was so anxious not to keep his bride waiting that he left Kensington Palace three minutes too soon and had to be held up by a police inspector, watch in hand.

And indeed, despite meticulous rehearsal, Royal weddings CAN go wrong.

Many a panic

At the marriage of the first Duke of Edinburgh in 1874 a woman tried to sing an unscheduled solo. She had to be seized—just as she reached a top note—and ejected.

When the world watches Princess Alexandra's wedding at Westminster Abbey it will seem a pageant of flawless perfection.

Yet we may be quite sure there has been a great deal of flurry behind the scenes, however great Princess Alexandra's composure.

For, was there ever a wedding without a last-minute panic? Was there ever a bride without last-minute alarms?

When Alexandra's cousin the Queen dressed in Buckingham Palace for her wedding back in 1947, for instance, she suddenly decided that she **must** wear the magnificent double string of pearls given her as a wedding gift by her parents.

But the necklace was a quarter-mile away at St. James' Palace, where it had been on view.

Between the two palaces lay a barricade of people, police, and troops.

John Colville, the then Princess Elizabeth's secretary, volunteered to fetch the pearls, but although he found it easy to get out of the Palace it proved far more difficult to get back in.

At St. James' young Colville was quite unknown to the detectives on duty, and they viewed his story with grave suspicion.

They felt quite sure that he meant to steal the bridal pearls!

After frantic telephone calls, he was allowed to return to the Palace with the gift—but accompanied by three hefty policemen who practically held his sleeve.

There he found a second panic.

Royal dressmaker Norman Hartnell had delivered a beautiful bouquet with the wedding dress, which was an essential part of the toilette.

Now it had disappeared.

The Palace was scoured, from the porters' lodges to the bedrooms. Then, at the last minute, a footman remembered he had placed a bouquet in a cool cupboard. All was well.

But only the bride herself had remained calm and steadfast through the uproar.

Nothing went amiss at the wedding itself except that her train caught for an instant on a carpet edge.

Prince Philip quickly stooped and unhitched it—a happy portent, people said, that he would be a help to his wife throughout their married life.

Another crisis befell the Queen Mother at her own wedding—she forgot her gloves.

An ermine cloak had been provided for the drive to the Abbey, and this kept her so warm that she did not notice the omission until it was too late.

Gloves for a bride in those days were regarded as an absolute essential.

But the Queen Mother's forgetfulness entirely changed the fashion, and for many weddings afterwards gloves were "out."

The late Queen Mary, on the other hand, quite conspicuously failed to abolish the bridal veil, which she regarded as a frivolous Eastern custom and hopelessly old-fashioned and absurd.

"May was not veiled at all," wrote Lady Geraldine Somerset later in tones of horror, "Only a little tiny narrow strip but a couple of inches wide, quite at the back of her head, like a lappet!"

At Queen Mary's wedding breakfast a footman wrongly closed the doors before all the guests had finished filing in.

Under the impression that this formally closed the proceedings, some of the privileged guests went hungrily home without as much as a nibble of cake.

Queen Mary was married amid the garlands and flowers in the gilded Chapel Royal of St. James' Palace.

In fact, a Royal wedding at Westminster Abbey is an innovation only of modern times. Princess Alex' is only the seventh.

Appropriately enough, the first princess to kneel at the Abbey altar also married a commoner — it was the wedding of Princess Patricia of Connaught to Captain Alexander Ramsay.

In the distant world of 1919, Princess Pat occupied a precedence and a position in public affection much akin to Princess Alexandra of Kent today.

There are hints that she was denied a Palace wedding on relinquishing her rank as a princess.

However, the Abbey occasion proved such a success that King George V decided nothing else would do for his daughter, Princess Mary, now the Princess Royal.

"Illegible . . ."

With all the ceremonial pageantry of a procession through the streets, this State wedding indeed revived festivity that had not been seen for years.

"Enormous crowds," the King recorded in his journal. "She drove with me in my coach . . . a tremendous ovation."

Indeed, it is enchanting to turn over the Royal scrapbooks and review the excitement and happiness of these Royal weddings through the years.

The continuity of the Royal family is one of the impressive traditions of the Throne, and as Princess Alexandra rides in the glass coach to her wedding the link of time flows backwards 123 years to the February day when Queen Victoria married her beloved Albert.

This was staged at St. James', and the bride was notable for wearing no jewels on her head, but only a wreath of orange blossom to match the trimming of her dress.

Both bride and bridegroom left from Buckingham Palace, but by separate entrances.

The rain poured down, undiminishing the cheerfulness of the crowds, and an elaborate series of signals made sure—in those newsless days before even radio—that at the moment the ring was placed on the Queen's finger a salute of guns boomed across London.

Then there was the wedding of the remarkably beautiful Danish princess who became Queen Alexandra, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, just 100 years ago.

Instead of a radio commentator we have the word of Charles Dickens that "the bride's face was very pale and full of a sort of awe and wonder."

Pale the bride may well have been, for her carriage horses took fright at the crowds and threatened to run away with her.

Moreover, Queen Victoria was still in darkest mourning for the Prince Consort, who had died two years before, and she was a grim figure at the wedding breakfast.

Indeed, the happy bride and bridegroom had to submit to being photographed with the widowed Queen while she gazed in deepest melancholy at her husband's statuette.

More than fifty Royal guests signed the wedding register, but Queen Victoria was dismayed to find afterwards that, in their haste or nervousness, most of them had contributed only illegible scratches.

That is why today the register is signed by only a few close witnesses.

Other privileged guests sit down at the Palace later and sign their names in leisure.

● *The material for "Royal Wedding Souvenir" is from an exclusive set of articles about Princess Alexandra's wedding specially written by Helen Cathcart, who is the Queen's biographer.*

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 24, 1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

HOW TO MAKE FOUR CHIC HAIR PROTECTORS

—pages 4, 5

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Jilleroos not ladies of leisure

I AM a country girl who works as a jilleroo, and I love it. When my old schoolmates ask me what work I do and I tell them, their usual reply is, "Hmph, a lady of leisure."

But let me assure you I am not—being a jilleroo means hard work, and often long hours. The day's work starts at 7.30 a.m. and usually finishes at 5 p.m., but there are times when I work until 6 p.m., so I cannot see how I am a "lady of leisure."

A day's work often includes mustering sheep and cattle, drenching a mob of sheep (sometimes 1000), fumigating rabbits, and preparing land for pasture improvements.

Although it is hard work, I would never leave the country for the city lights.—*"Jilleroo," Nimmitabel, N.S.W.*

Nursing plan

WHAT a good idea it would be for Australian hospitals to take up the American idea of letting schoolgirls assist with voluntary hospital nursing, after school and on Saturdays.

In this way teenagers seriously thinking of a nursing career could be sure of what they would be undertaking, and if they found they were not suited to such a career they would not waste perhaps a year of their life after leaving school.

The hospitals would benefit by having many from each batch of trainees prepared for the hard work involved, and the nurses at such a hospital would have less strain placed upon them, and therefore would be better able to do their job. —*"Candy-Striper," West Ryde, N.S.W.*

Eager to work

I AM most annoyed when people complain that today's teenagers have not the spirit to start at the bottom and work up. Old people frequently complain that we want cars, washing-machines, and refrigerators at the beginning of our life.

This is not fair. The majority of young folk are eager to get on and will work for things that they consider worthwhile.

Our grandparents would have been just as keen to own modern conveniences if they had been available in their day.—*"Me," East Brighton, Vic.*

Pupils could help

TEACHERS frequently hold district conferences to try to iron out problems with the help of departmental officials.

I think student representatives should be invited to attend. They are closer to the problems than their teachers, and often have valuable suggestions for their solution.

We are out of the era of "children should be seen and not heard," so let us hear from them. — *"I Say," Geelong, Vic.*

Instant talk

I READ the other day that a language laboratory has been installed for a branch of the Services. This is to help a soldier to learn the language of any country he might be sent to, in only a few weeks.

They learn only the colloquial language, and do not bother about grammar.

Think of the possibilities this presents to us for the future. I might decide to go to France for a holiday and, after a few weeks' intensive studying in the laboratory, I would be able to speak French fluently without having to go to school and do French for five years.

A person might take three languages a year at school, one each term, and then could travel all over the world and speak with the people of every country without any trouble.

I wish they would install a language laboratory at my school.—*Prue Madin, Geelong, Vic.*

BEATNIK

"Had any interesting meditations lately?"

Do you know how Australia works?

● So you are an Australian teenager, and life is pretty good. You know the weekly programme for three channels on TV. And you know what young people overseas are wearing, and doing for relaxation.

BUT do you know how your country works? How the machinery of government ticks over to maintain a way of life that is essential to our happiness?

Some of you may know a few political terms, but how many really take the trouble to find the facts?

Before you begin prickling with indignation, can you name your local representative in your State Government? Do you know how many senators there are, or how long they hold office? Don't worry. This is a national problem!

We are expected to champion a way of life and to fight other systems that threaten to engulf it, without even learning to manage our own weapon. Handing a ballot-paper to some Australians is like giving a shot-gun to a six-year-old.

But not 50 years ago people were fighting desperately for the privilege of voting — something that had been restricted for centuries.

Now every election day we hear, "Blow it! I have to vote on Saturday. What a bore. I wanted to make an early start to the beach. What difference would one vote make, anyway?"

But like children who find it easier to obey than be punished, many Australian voters go to the polls, not because they want to participate actively in democracy, but because they'll be fined for not voting.

This is the way our democracy, "rule by the people," works. Vote because you have to, not because you want to. An ironical situation, isn't it?

Politics is one sphere in which we, the youth and hope of this nation, can lead our leaders — in our knowledge and keenness in demanding a voice in choosing our national leaders.

Australians have a world-wide reputation as fighters for freedom and the democratic way of life.

We have the honor of being pioneers in secret balloting, votes for women, and payment of members of Parliament.

"I'm twenty-one, mate. Don't I have to register for something?" This also, believe it or not, happens in Australia.

Every teenager, by the time he is 21, should know how to vote intelligently, and realise that this is a form of patriotism — not the heroic, dashing kind on a battlefield, but as part of the steady, beaver-like building of a foundation for national greatness.

We must exercise our responsibilities to retain our privileges and we must acquire an awareness and appreciation of both.—*(Mrs.) D. J. Hawkes, Hobart.*

How to find the day of the week

● One of the most fascinating mathematical procedures is this system by which you can find the day of the week for any given date of the Gregorian calendar, the one we now use.

TO work this system, each month is given a key number, as follows: January—1, February—4, March—4, April—0, May—2, June—5, July—0, August—3, September—6, October—1, November—4, December—6.

In leap years, however, use 0 and 3 for the key numbers of January and February, respectively. The numbers for other months remain the same.

You can determine a leap year by dividing it by 4. If the result is even, with no remainder, the year is a leap year, except that only those century years which are evenly divisible by 400 are leap years (such as 1600 and 2000).

These are the steps necessary to find out the day of the week for any day in the 1900s:

a. Take the last two figures of the year.
b. Divide by 4 (omitting all fractions).
c. Take the key number of the month.
d. Take the day of the month.
e. Add together the four numbers obtained in steps a, b, c, and d.
f. Divide this total by 7, and the remainder of this division gives the day of the week according to this table—1 Sunday, 2 Monday, 3 Tuesday, 4 Wednesday, 5 Thursday, 6 Friday, 0 Saturday.

Here is an example to show how the system works: What day of the week did December 25 (Christmas Day), 1959, fall on?

a. 59 (last two figures of year).
b. 4 into 59 goes 14 and 3 over (discard the 3).
c. 6 (key number for December).
d. 25 (day of the month).
e. 59 plus 14 plus 6 plus 25 equals 104 (total of numbers obtained in steps a, b, c, d).
f. 7 into 104 goes 14 and 6 over.

Number 6 is Friday in the days of the week table, so Christmas Day, 1959, fell on a Friday.

If the date is not in the 1900s, add the numbers in the following table to the total reached in step e.

For years in the 1500s, add 3; 1600s, add 2; 1700s, add 4; 1800s, add 2; 2000s, add 6; 2100s, add 4.

The Gregorian calendar came into use in the year 1582 in most countries, supplanting the Julian calendar, so this system cannot be used for dates earlier than that year.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games, and Puzzles," by Jack Frohlichstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

Next week

● For those heading for the snow country for winter weekends or holidays, we have a colorful feature next week on the latest ski-togs you can buy — for boys as well as girls. Singer Connie Francis will be on our cover, with some interesting advice to parents.

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How young Australian won Duke's gold medal

By Kerry Yates

● Sydney teenager Michael Dillon's idea of fun is to paddle a canoe 50 miles and ride a push-bike 200 miles across rugged mountains — and the Duke of Edinburgh agrees.

A 17-YEAR-OLD schoolboy, Michael is the first Australian to win the Duke of Edinburgh's Award gold medal for outstanding youth achievement.

Michael qualified for the Award last September, but the presentation was delayed until the Royal tour last month.

While the Royal couple were in Sydney, the Duke presented Michael with a gold-and-white lapel badge of his personal insignia and a certificate.

The Award scheme was personally devised by Prince Philip and introduced to English teenagers in 1956. Now more than 60,000 boys and girls in England are following the pursuits and projects suggested by the Duke.

The scheme operates through schools, youth clubs, and industrial firms all over England and has now started in Australia and New Zealand.

It is open to boys and girls aged 14 to 19, and to gain the gold award they must first qualify for bronze and silver medals.

The standards set out for each medal are within the reach of most teenagers—provided they make the effort and stick to it.

"You have to really take up the Duke's challenge," said Michael, "if you want to pass every test necessary to gain the three medals."

Four sections

To win each medal, teenagers must pass tests in four sections: (1) Rescue and public service, (2) An expedition, (3) Pursuits and projects, (4) Physical fitness.

"In each section there are a number of choices," said Michael, "so the scheme caters for teens with many different interests.

"One of the rules of the scheme is that all trials and tests must be carried out after school hours and when other studies are finished."

Michael is repeating his final year at Sydney Grammar School, where a pilot scheme of the Award was introduced in 1961.

He passed the Leaving Certificate and matriculated last year, and hopes to get a scholarship to study architecture at Sydney University.

Michael takes a keen interest in most sports and has represented his school in cricket, football, tennis, and athletics. He served in the school's Air Training Corps and Naval Cadet Unit.

First-aid test

A first-class Scout, Michael automatically satisfied the qualifications for the bronze medal, but it took him nearly two years to gain the silver and gold awards.

He started the silver series tests when he was 15, and they took about nine months to complete.

He did a 20-week course with the St. John Ambulance Association, and gained his First Aid Certificate to pass the public service section.

For the expedition section, Michael paddled a passenger 50 miles in a double canoe on the Hawkesbury River, and camped out two nights on the river bank.

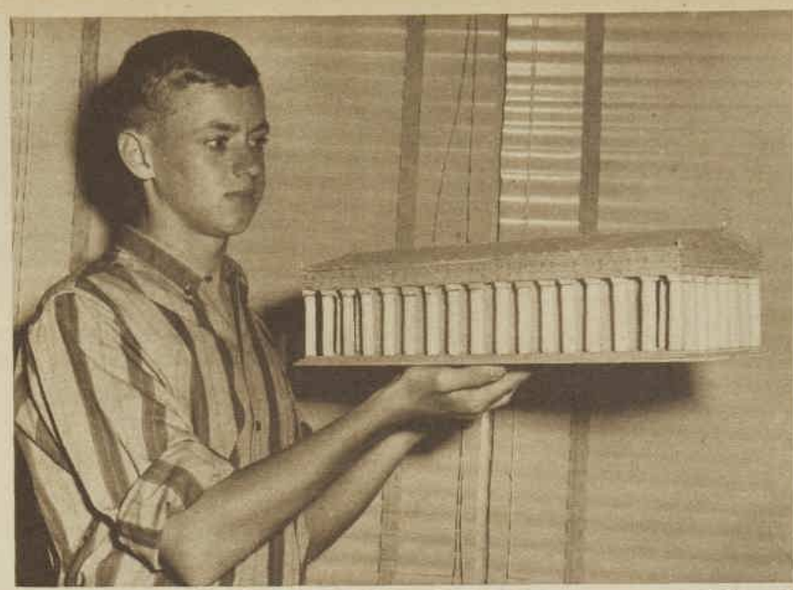
"I had never paddled a canoe before, so it was a new challenge to me," he said.

He also attended lectures for two days at the Outward Bound School, Fisherman's Point (on the Hawkesbury River). The Duke of Edinburgh is patron of the school.

For the project section, Mike designed the winning poster in a competition to advertise his school's stage production of "St. Joan."

He designed the heading for the Duke of Edinburgh Award notes published in his school magazine, and he also writes progress news on the scheme for the school.

To pass the physical section, Mike learnt to high jump over 4ft. 6in., throw a cricket ball more than 175ft., skip with a rope, and do a number of press-ups.



MICHAEL DILLON with the scale model of the Parthenon (above) which he built to pass the project test for his gold medal award. At left, the Duke of Edinburgh presents the award to Michael on the deck of the Royal yacht Britannia.

At 16, Michael was the first Australian to win a silver medal in the scheme. It was presented to him by the headmaster of Sydney Grammar School.

Last year Michael spent his spare time working to gain the gold medal.

For his public service tests he helped in the operation of the scheme at the school and was instructor to other boys on their silver medal expeditions.

As leader of these expeditions he had to keep log books, with reports for each day and night they were on the trail.

Michael failed at his first attempt to pass the gold medal expedition test of riding 200 miles on a bicycle through mountainous country in four days.

With several other boys, he planned to ride 200 miles through the Snowy Mountains. The starting-point was Cooma, and the boys had their bikes sent by train from Sydney.

Michael's bike arrived in Cooma a day later than planned, so he had only three days left for the trip. With weather conditions below freezing point, he was forced to give up after riding 130 miles.

200-mile ride

The second time he succeeded by riding more than 200 miles through the Blue Mountains, N.S.W. He carried camping gear on his back to sleep out the four nights of his trip.

"I travelled about 30 per cent. of my journey on main roads," he said, "but the rest was mainly along deserted bush tracks."

Mike took about nine months to build a 19in. by 8in. scale model of the Parthenon to pass the project section. All hand-carved from balsa wood, Mike also won his school's annual constructive talent competition with it.

"I had never attempted carving and construction before," he said, "but that's a feature of the scheme. You have to take up some activity completely new to you."

For the fitness standards, Mike had to run 2 miles in a certain time, jump 4ft. 6in., and throw a cricket ball more than 200 feet.

When Michael qualified for the gold medal, no definite plans were made for the presentation.

"I heard that I was to have the honor of receiving the medal from the Duke only a week before the actual day," he said.

"It was a great thrill for me. My parents, sister, and I were invited aboard the Britannia."

The Royal yacht was berthed at Sydney's Overseas Terminal, and the Dillon family went on deck for the presentation on Sunday morning, March 3.

Dressed in his school suit and briefed by his headmaster on the correct way of addressing a member of the Royal family, Michael was rather nervous.

"But the Duke was so friendly," he said, "that I felt as though I'd known him for years."

The Duke presented the gold badge and certificate with an informal, "Here you are Michael —congratulations."

They talked for about ten minutes about the scheme, and the Duke asked Michael about his activities to gain the gold medal award.

Michael told Prince Philip of his plans to become an architect, and they discussed the Sydney Opera House.

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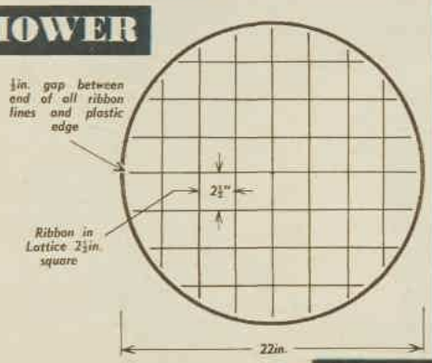
Chic prot your crow

By DAWN JAMES

● ***Everyone knows that hair is a girl's crowning glory. But if it is going to stay sleek and well disciplined, hair needs protection — so here are four chic little "hair protectors" for you to make. They'll keep your hair pretty in wind and in rain, in the evening breezes, in the shower . . . and there's one to keep your crowning glory in place while you sleep, too.***

FOR THE SHOWER

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 2-3rd yd. 72in. clear plastic (lightweight), 6½yds. ¼in. gold tinsel ribbon, 5 packets green sequins, plastic-adhesive glue, nylon elastic (8-cord width).



DRAFT a circle 22in. in diameter (see diagram) on paper. Using this as a pattern, cut two complete circles from the plastic. Put one plastic circle aside; this will be the top layer of the shower cap.

Make a tinsel ribbon "lattice" (as shown on diagram) on the second plastic circle. Each line of ribbon is 2½in. from its neighbor, measured edge to edge.

Pin and then machine the ribbon in one direction first, beginning with the centre row. Then add three rows on each side of the centre one. Begin and end each ribbon line ¼in. from the plastic edge.

When these 7 rows are sewn in place, pin, and then machine 7 more rows at right angles to complete the "lattice." Again, begin with the centre row and work outwards.

Empty the sequin packets into a saucer and place the latticed plastic on a large sheet of paper (otherwise the sequins will end up all over the place).

Smear some glue in a splodge about 1½in.-2in. big in the centre of one of the lattice squares. Then sprinkle some sequins on to the glue. Repeat with each of the squares. When all the squares are filled shake off any excess sequins.

Place the plain plastic circle exactly in position on the latticed circle. By machine, stitch the two circles together about ¼in. in from the edge.

Turn this edge under on to the wrong side on the stitching line and machine another line about ⅛in. from the first.

Trim off the excess plastic close to the second stitching line.

Machine a third line ⅛in. from the second one; this forms the casing for the elastic. Slit a ¼in. hole in the casing on the wrong side.

Measure off enough elastic to grip the head securely. Thread the elastic through the casing. Join the elastic ends firmly together, overlapping them about ¼in. Pull the join into the casing and then cover the slit edges with a small piece of sticky tape.

FOR SLEEPING

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 2-3rd yd. 36in. white nylon fabric, 10yds. 1in. white nylon lace edging (or 20yds. ½in. edging), ½yd. 1in. pink nylon taffeta ribbon, nylon elastic (8-cord width).

ON PAPER, draft a circle 22in. in diameter. Using this as a pattern, cut a 22in. circle from the nylon fabric.

Turn down and machine-stitch a ½in. hem right round the circle (this will be the casing for the elastic).

Beginning at the outside of the nylon circle (and covering the hem with the first round of lace), pin and then machine nine succeeding circles of the 1in. lace edging in place till all the nylon fabric is covered.

Tie the pink ribbon in a bow and sew it to the centre of the circle — stitching the bow at the under-section of each loop as well as at the knot.

Then make a ¼in. slit in the ½in. hem on the wrong side. Measure off enough elastic to grip the head firmly, and thread the elastic through the hem.

Overlap the elastic ends about ½in. and sew them securely together. Pull the join into the hem, and oversew the slit-edges together. Arrange the gathers evenly round the cap.

NOTE: If you don't want to use so much lace edging — buy 5yds. 1in. edging. Sew the first round of lace 1in. in from the edge of the nylon fabric circle, and add four succeeding lace rounds spaced 1in. from each other.

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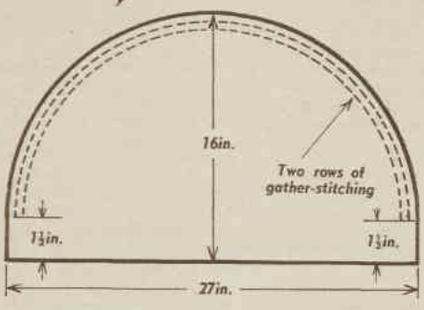
ectors for ning glory

FOR EVENING

(See cover)



MATERIALS REQUIRED: Eight fur pompons (about the ize of a 2/- piece), ¾yd. 54in. creamy-white nylon net, 1¾yds. 6in. pale green satin ribbon.

NOTE: Our pompons were made by an enterprising furrier from rabbit fur and cost 3/- each. White mink pompons are 10/- each.

ON paper draft a semi-circular-shaped pattern (see diagram). Placing the 27in. edge of the pattern on the centre fold, cut a double semi-circle from the nylon net.

Begin 1½in. from the fold and machine two lines of the biggest-size stitching round the curved edge of the net, ending 1½in. from the fold (as shown in diagram). The two lines should be ¼in. apart.

Pull the bobbin threads of both stitching rows together till the curved edge is tightly gathered. Adding on the 3in. total of the ungathered sections, the curved edge (which now looks straight) should measure 12½in.

Try the hood-shape on and adjust this measurement, if necessary, before knotting off the ends of the gathering threads.

Match the centre of the ribbon-length and the centre of the gathered net edge. With the right side of the ribbon inside, pin on one edge of the ribbon — leaving ¼in. seam allowance—along the 12½in. edge of the net so the gather-stitching is hidden. Machine ribbon and net together.

Fold the ribbon in half along its length, with the right side inside. Machine (¼in. from the edges) a seam from the edge of the net down one ribbon "tail." Leaving ¼in. for seam allowance, and with the machine needle in the fabric, turn the "tail" and machine across the end—diagonally, if you like.

Then attach an enormous safety-pin to the ¼in. seam allowance and push the pin back through the ribbon tube just sewn. Pull the tube right-side out. Repeat with the other ribbon tail. Press both tails flat.

Now, the second edge of ribbon to cover the net gathers remains unsewn: turn under the ¼in. seam allowance and slip-stitch this section to the net by hand. Press the ribbon again.

Sew the fur pompons to the nylon net, scattering them unevenly (as shown in the cover photograph) round the face-framing edge of the hood.

FOR THE RAIN

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 1yd. 36in. red plastic, ½yd. 36in. clear plastic (both in the light-weight quality), 1 big red button, about 18 crystal beads — the "drop" shape that have holes only at the top.

DRAFT a semi-circle (see diagram) on paper. Using this as a pattern, cut two semi-circles from the red plastic and one from the clear plastic.

With the clear plastic in the centre, seam the three semi-circles together along the 31in. edge, about ¼in. from the edge.

Turn right-side out, with the clear plastic upwards. To keep the seam flat, machine a line of stitching ¼in. from the sewn edge. Run another line of stitching round the curved edge to keep the three layers together.

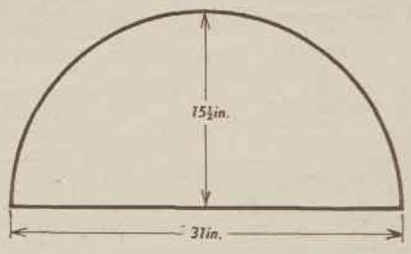
Mark the exact centre of the curved edge. With all the pleats directed IN to the centre, begin at the centre-point. Pleat and pin in place as follows:

- One pleat 1in. wide.
- One pleat 1in. wide.
- A double pleat: one 2in. wide, with another 2in. pleat directly on top of it.
- A double 1½in. pleat.

Repeat the pleat pattern on the other side of the semi-circle. Stitch all the pleats in place.

Cut two straight bands (17in. x 3in.) from the red plastic and one band from the clear plastic. Stitch one layer of red plastic to the clear plastic.

Right sides together, and matching centre points, pin and then machine the band to the hood along the pleated edge. (The overlapping band edges at each side are the button flaps.)



Then, with the clear plastic inside, machine the other red plastic band to the sides and lower edge of the double-band. Turn right-side out.

Pin under the red plastic band's seam allowance along the pleated edge of the hood on the wrong side. Machine this in place ¼in. from the edge, and then continue the stitching line all round the band to keep the other seams flat.

Make a button-loop from the plastic, and stitch it to the right-side flap (cut buttonholes in plastic can tear). Sew the button to the other flap.

Sew the crystal "raindrops" on to the hood by hand, scattering them unevenly round the face-framing edge and on the top.

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Louise Hunter Here's your answer

Dancing know-how

"I AM a girl of 14. I cannot dance, therefore I never go to school socials. I do not know of a place in our town where I could learn. Could you please help me?"

"Non-dancer," N.S.W.

How did all your classmates who DO go to school socials learn to dance? If you have a radiogram at your place, ask two or three friends round for "do-it-yourself" dance lessons to records. If you haven't a gram, one of your friends is sure to be able to help you out. Then take the plunge and go to the next social.

You can't learn to swim if you don't go near the water. You'll find that you know at least as much about dancing as many of your partners.

Si si . . . ja . . . oui?

"IF a boy asks you on a date and this would be the very first time in your life that you are going out with a boy, what would be the correct words to say 'Yes'? Also, if it's the first few times that you're going to the beach with a boy, is it correct to bring food along from home?"

"First Time," W.A.

An old pop song goes: "In Spain they say 'Si, si'; in France they say 'oui, oui' . . ." But in English you can't do better than a simple "Yes." (You could, of course, add, "Thank you, I'd like to go.") Let the boy have the pleasure of treating you to hamburgers or hot-dogs on the first beach outing. Later on, by all means, suggest that you bring a picnic lunch.

Reputation risk?

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and have always enjoyed a good reputation. At a recent church camp I met a 17-year-old boy I came to like very much. He holds the respect and trust of his own Fellowship, yet I have heard that he has a bad reputation and sometimes moves in the 'wrong' crowd. And he admits to this. I feel that my reputation would not be harmed if I went out with him occasionally. Do you think I am right?"

"M.J.," Qld.

If this boy has always behaved well toward you, go out with him by all means. As you get to know him better, you should be able to judge whether his bad reputation is deserved—or just built on idle gossip, as reputations often are.

Learning to accept people as you find them, not as others think they are, is one of the lessons of growing up.

There is nothing really wrong with his desire to mix occasionally with people who don't think and behave the way he does. It would be a dull world if the old "birds of a feather" maxim were always true.

Which brings us back to reputations again—yours and his. Character is built on your own actions, not on those of your friends.

Dates and heels

"WE are two 16-year-old girls very much in love with two 16-year-old boys whom we met two weeks ago at a dance. We had quite a few dances with them and while we weren't dancing with them they kept staring at us. Do you think it would be right to ask them to our party this coming month? Also, do you think we are too young to wear three-inch-high heels? Could you please tell us if we are too young to go on blind dates?"

"Wanting to Know," N.S.W.

1. Yes, ask them.

2. No, if your mothers approve of you wearing them. (But mid-height heels are more fashionable and comfortable.)

3. Yes. And I'm sure your mothers think so, too.

Dating difficulty

"I AM a young man of 21 and Italian blood. I was born and have lived all my life in this small country town. All my life I have worked on dairy-farms and tractor driving. I own my own car and a nine-room house. I still have about £250 to pay on the house. I know nearly every girl in town from 14 to 25. I go to pictures and dances regularly. I have tried dating different girls. When I ask them out they say, 'I'd love to go with you,' but when I go to the house to pick them up they have either gone out with some other guy or refuse to come with me. I asked several of them why, but they just shrug their shoulders and say they had no reason at all, so I ask them out a second time, and again I am left cold. At dances it seems the only time a girl does not refuse to dance is when she is the only girl still sitting and no other boy looks like asking her. Recently I went to another town for a few days and attended a dance there. I didn't know any person by name, yet I was not refused a dance once. All my relations back home say I am good-looking and have an excellent build and that I am a good matrimonial catch. I love children and get along very well with men. I don't smoke or drink alcohol. After all I put up with, when any of the girls have a problem they come to me and ask for advice. It seems as though I am just a big brother to most of the girls in town. Could you please tell me what I should do — put up with things as they are and wait till the right girl comes along, or should I just leave town and go some place else?"

G.D.R., Qld.

The role of big brother is a disappointing one to be cast in when you'd rather be a Romeo. But at least it shows that the girls don't really dislike you, despite their bad-mannered reactions to your advances.

Perhaps you are just a little too conscious of being a good matrimonial catch. Or being a bit too obvious about finding a wife to install in that nine-roomed house. Girls can be marriage-shy as well as men—especially when they're in their teens and enjoying playing the field before settling down.

There could be a very personal reason why you're getting the brush-off so consistently. Have you asked any of your men-friends if they can give you a clue? They are usually much franker than girls about revealing something "your best friend wouldn't tell you." Relax a little about trying to date the local girls. And go to dances in another town more often.

Beauty in brief — FIGURE ALLURE

NO one will mistake a girl for her kid brother this year, nor will she need to look like a Dior fashion model in order to wear the new winter clothes successfully.

Ideal for the purpose, say the experts, is the figure with a softly rounded bosom, a waist that goes in, hips that curve somewhat.

Actually the non-scrawny yet non-fat shape is always in vogue, for it's young at any age.

If you consider that your own shape leaves something to be desired, do this: watch your posture and your diet and do a few spot exercises according to your needs.

Good posture creates an instant impression of bosom height and imparts "line" to the whole body. When combined with a slender middle (achieved with up-stretch and side-bend types of exercise), extra care in general deportment works wonders.

The twist (exercise version) "spanks" oversize hips and buttocks to firmer, more slender lines. For this, lie on back, arms folded under the bosom. Roll right over on the floor on one side, then roll right over on the other side. Do 10 times, then many more.

Above all, where it applies, stop settling down in a lump, for it's a youthful habit that can wreck a tidy torso in no time at all.

When it comes to diet, use some imagination as well as common-sense about what you eat; a good basic idea, if you aim to shed just a few pounds, is to eat three well-balanced meals each day and cut out all extras.

— *Carolyn Earle*

A word from Debbie

ARE you all set to cheer your favorite rowing eight or football team to victory? Why not dress for the home team, as well as cheering them on?

And instead of the usual ribbons pinned to your shoulder, here's how your feet can join in the fun.

Pick a pair of your third-best shoes, clean off every spot of dirt and grease—but don't polish them.

Instead, hunt up a box of poster paints, select your team's colors, and paint away.

Paint any design you please—stripes, spots, or squiggles.

School sandshoes can be decorated with colored chalks.

Another way of proclaiming your team spirit is by threading the school's colors (a yard or so of ribbon) through your sandshoes to lace them up.

If you're wearing flatties, sew pieces of ribbon together and attach them to a piece of elastic.

Slip it over your shoe so that the ribbons cover the upper of the shoe, with the elastic underneath the instep.

And now, with your gaily decorated toes, you're all set to "Rah Rah Rah, Go Go Go."

Day starvation

"I HOPE you won't think we are silly when we tell you of our problem. We are two average girls working in a city office and our problem isn't the usual one, but we hope you will be able to help us. It starts at 9.30 every day without fail, and from then on we just seem to starve. We eat quite a lot during the day, but it just doesn't do any good. Please try to help us, as we are worried about putting on weight."

"Lyn and Lu," Vic.

Have you tried starting the day with a really good breakfast so that you're not attacked by hunger pangs by 9.30 a.m.? Then keeping your mind off food (concentrating on your job might help) until lunchtime?

It's those snacks between meals which multiply the pounds. Also, few employers appreciate constantly munching typists.

Changing partners

"WE are two 17-year-olds considered very mature and attractive. We both have boy-friends with whom we have been going for a few months. Unfortunately we have a problem. We are in love with each other's boy-friend. Do you think we should say anything to the boys about this, as we think the feeling is mutual? Also, they are 21 and 22 years of age. Our parents think they are too old for us, but we seem to like the same things as they do and get on very well. Do you think they are too old?"

"In Love," N.S.W.

1. If the feeling is mutual, the boys will get round to sorting out the quartet eventually. (But it would be as well to stick to foursomes instead of duo dates in the meantime). 2. It seems likely that your parents think you are too young for the boys, not that they are too old for you!

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LISTEN HERE —*with Ainslie Baker*

Rick to get £20,000 a year for records

● Like to hear a 22-year-old boy's first disc under a new 20-year contract that's guaranteed to bring him in more than £400,000 by the time it runs out?

THE young moneybags is Rick Nelson, and the disc, made for American Decca, and released in Australia by Festival, is the Ray Charles composition "I Got A Woman."

How did the fabulous contract come about? Well, Rick's one of the best-known young men in America and has been a darling of the public since the age of eight, when he first began appearing in his parents' radio and TV shows, "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet."

Apart from this, he has had five million-seller records, has had 9000 fan clubs scattered over the face of the globe, and after his first Hollywood film, "Rio Brave," was placed at the top of the "Ten Top Stars of Tomorrow," nominated by U.S. film exhibitors.

On the personal level Rick (real name Erick) is a bit of a wonder-boy, too. He has been ranked number five as a Californian junior tennis player, is a skilled trapeze performer, has had a fling at bullfighting, and is a judo expert.

Rick goes before the Hollywood cameras again later this year to play himself in a film version of the family-comedy series "Ozzie and Harriet."

His five million-selling singles have been: "Stood Up" and "Believe What You Say" (1957), "Poor Little Fool" and "Lonesome Town" (1958), and "Be Bop Baby" (1960).

WHEN I asked **Judy Cannon** to describe her new C.B.S. single, "Up Town," she answered, "Well, it's pretty strong"—so you can expect plenty of drive and up-beat.

This is the first record Judy's made for a long time and is being hustled into a rush release.

Judy's off to England by slow cruise boat in July and expects to be away for six months. What does she expect to be doing when she gets there? "Anything might happen," she says mysteriously.

Local talent: Bet you can't guess the age of the newest girl on the local recording scene, **Jewel Blanch,** the pride and joy of well-known Country singers Arthur and Berice Blanch?

Jewel's first disc is a catchy little tune written by her dad, "(I Wanta Stay On) Jumbo" (W and G 45), and her age is just four years.

Don't write it off because of that—it's cute, and on the other side Arthur joins his daughter in "On Account-a I Love You." It's cute, too.

ONE of the most ambitious productions given an all-Australian single has been lavished by Festival on "The Big Fight," which introduces actor **Chips Rafferty** in his new role of recording artist.

Against the rising excitement of a dramatic musical backing, cheers, and yells, Chips narrates the story of the boxer who — well, hear it for yourself.

Singer Jay Justin was one of the number's co-composers.

THOSE who liked that steady, slowed-down beat of "The Stripper" will find that the **Dee Jays'** "Big Daddy" (Leedon 45) is an instrumental with something of the same appeal. This one has wolf whistles as an extra. There's a pretty, slow tune, "Lost Love," on the flip.

Pops: Some exceptionally pleasant tunes ("Melissa," "Piano Roll Rock," and the intriguingly named "The Twelfth of Never") are on offer on "Swing Along With **Floyd Cramer**" (R.C.A. LP).

On some of the tracks the **Anita Kerr Singers** are an additional attraction to the celebrated Cramer piano.

HERE'S a chance to get in on that old "Dion and the Belmonts" sound, which was disbanded in 1960 after **Dion,** the lead singer, went solo.

"Dion Sings His Greatest Hits" (Festival LP) offers their early "I Wonder Why," "Teenager In Love," plus Dion on his own with "Little Miss Blue," one of the first songs he recorded after the break-up.

His current single, also on the Festival label, is "Sandy."

HE has never had a million-seller or, as far as I know, a major hit, but listening to **John D. Loudermilk's** fine R.C.A. single "Guitar Player"-"Bad News," it's hard to imagine why.

He makes "Guitar Player" somehow outstandingly different as a Country ballad, and the bluesy other side is almost as good. Together they're a great pair.

WHILE the beat's sometimes Latin, the spirit of **Brian Hyland's** new Ampar single "If Mary's There" is strictly Country. It seems a crazy mixture, but turns out to be attractive.

The flipside, "Remember Me," is sorrowful and sobby, and Brian, who's now 19, sings both in a mature, warm style.

ANY new single from **Don Gibson** is always worth listening to, and "Head Over Heels In Love With You"-"It Was Worth It All" (R.C.A.) has the additional interest of showing Gibson in two distinct styles. The first song's a beaty, driving number, while the second's a very pretty, typical old-style Country ballad, gentle and full of charm.

WORTH HEARING

Flagstad and Melchior sing Wagner

ONE of the most important results of the invention of the gramophone has not yet made its full effect. This is the fact that the great performers of the day can be faithfully put on record (in the literal sense) for posterity to judge.

We have records from the beginning of the century, though most of the early ones are too wheezy to give a clear impression. But from the time that electrical recording was introduced (about 1925), we can fairly say that the essentials of the performance are faithfully captured.

A disc just issued by R.C.A. brings back to life the voices of two of the greatest operatic singers of the recent past. They are tenor Lauritz Melchior and soprano Kirsten Flagstad, who are heard together at the height of their powers in the Love Duet from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" (recorded 1939) and the bridal chamber scene from the same composer's "Lohengrin" (recorded 1940).

Wagner made new and greater demands on operatic singers, largely because of the more important role that he gave to the orchestra. In fact, he caused to be created a special race of "Wagner singers" with voices powerful enough to be heard above the surging orchestra. Melchior and Flagstad were two of the great Wagner singers of all time, for, as you will hear from this disc, they could achieve the necessary power along with a natural and supple expressiveness.

—*Martin Long*

RICK NELSON, who will play himself in a new film about the Nelson family this year.

A THOUSAND TIMES NEIGH!

● I see that an English girl called off her wedding—for the love of a horse.

THE girl, 20-year-old Pamela Clews, said "Neigh," instead of "I do," to her boy-friend, Clive Lucy, 21.

Clive told Pamela she had to choose between him and the horse, a bay filly called Velvet, for which Pamela had paid £32.

Obviously he was not going to be a filly minion!

Or, you might say, one girl's horse-meat was another man's poison.

If Clive is saddened by the broken romance he should be philosophical and heed old horse-sense.

You know the saying:

Into each life some rein must fall!

Actually, when you think of it, it's not so surprising that a girl with wedding-bells on the brain should be interested in horses.

After all, isn't a wedding a ring-event?

And could not a bride-to-be well be described as a steeplechaser?

Then there's that famous old hunting song, "Here Comes the Brid-le."

And, of course, the groom (after the minister does his bit) is saddled with his girl.

And, brother, that's no cinch!

Even though, as I've shown above, marriage can be a truly beastly business, animals other than horses can come between engaged couples.

Would any girl let her fiance ban her beehive?

Nor would a girl want her boy-friend to part her from her pet platypus in restaurants.

Damsels dining out love to duck bills!

I must say, however, there's one animal no girl would ever let impress her.

No lass likes aardvark!

—Robin Adair

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ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman **No. 16**

Modern buildings are reaching for the sky

ONE of the most noticeable things about modern architecture is the way buildings are reaching up into the sky in all the civilised countries of the world.

For a long time America had a monopoly of these so-called skyscrapers, but half a century ago Sydney's buildings began to shoot up.

However, the authorities became so alarmed at this development that they limited building heights to 150 feet. Buildings built under this law, nevertheless, were for generations the highest in Australia.

Tallest building

All that now is changed, and every Australian capital city is building towering blocks of offices and flats.

One of the most spectacular of these, and one of the most notable in Australia, was built recently in Sydney by the Australian Mutual Provident Society.

This great office block, familiarly known as the A.M.P. Tower, is on the south-east side of Circular Quay.

It was designed by architects Peddle, Thorp, and Walker and took two years to build. It is 384 feet to the topmost part, thus being the tallest building in Australia, although others now planned will eventually surpass it.

The tower has two floors below ground, which were cut from solid rock, and 25 floors above the ground floor.

The frame of the building is welded steel, with steel decking carrying the concrete floors. Most of the windows face north and south, the west walls being kept blank to exclude the heat of the afternoon sun.

The shaping and modelling of the tower is its most remarkable feature and gives a sculptured effect to the mass of the building. This effect is heightened by the contrast of the solid walls with the glass walls.

The gentle curve in the front of the building adds a note of elegance to such a huge bulk and the horizontal block near the ground makes an interesting foil to the slender lines of the tall walls above.

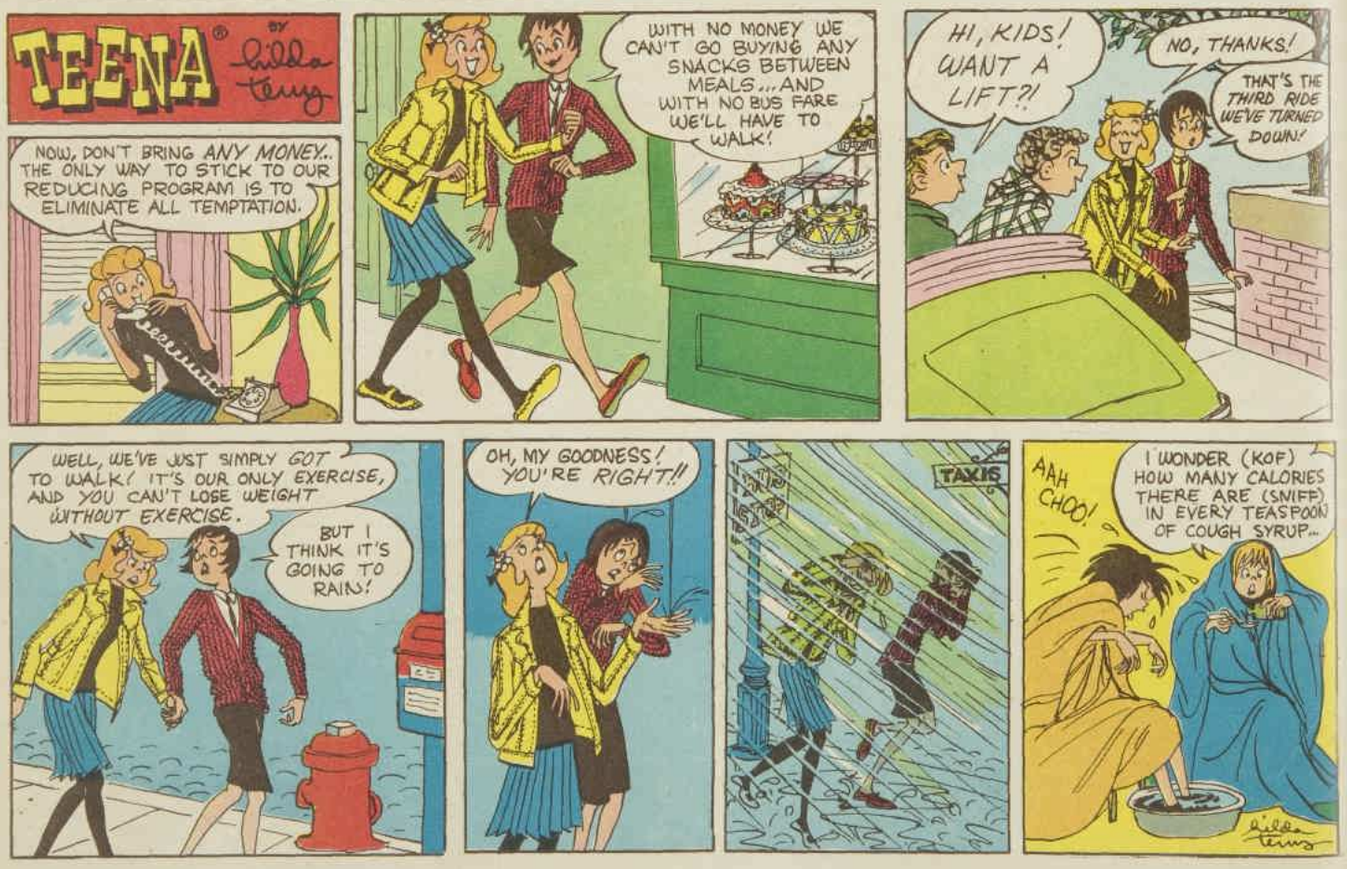
Exciting future

The building does not cover the whole of the site, so that when other great buildings go up nearby, the tower-like effect of the A.M.P. building will still be evident.

This is the last of our series on Australian architecture. In it, and in the preceding series, "Architecture Through the Ages," we have traced the evolution of architecture from ancient Egyptian times right up to this moment.

Australian architecture, with a century and a half of achievement behind it, now faces an immediate future exciting in its tremendous possibilities.

THE A.M.P. TOWER, at Circular Quay, Sydney, is one of the most notable of Australia's modern office buildings. Note how the curved front gives elegance to the massive structure.



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THE LONG EVENING DRESS returns to Fashion

● Holding new sway in autumn-winter fashion is the grand-occasion dress that comes out in full glory after dark. The silhouette can be slinky or frothy; the skirt is always long. Colors to dazzle the night: the green of grass, carnation-pink, and oriental colors mixed in superb prints.

—BETTY KEEP

● *Yves Saint-Laurent's long pink cloque evening chemise (above) is narrow and full of grace. The neck scoops low at back and is trimmed with a rose.*

● *Nina Ricci's printed chiffon evening sheath (above); the bodice finished with a lei of looped chiffon. The skirt is slashed to above knee level.*

● *Hardy Amies calls the ballgown (left) "Green For Danger." The floating, feather-trimmed panel can be worn as a hood or dropped into a train.*

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KEEP Cold Free

Colds, coughs and 'flu are part of the miseries of life which you just grin and bear. Or do you? By taking Anti-Bi-San now you can build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu.

All you have to do to make sure of Anti-Bi-San protection is to take 7 tablets. Not all at once but over three days. At the same time make sure all the family take their dose too—there is a special 3-tablet treatment for children.

So keep cold-free this winter and throughout the year. Take your Anti-Bi-San now—before colds get you in their grip.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week Starting April 17

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, aqua, black. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Your ruling star has some unhappy aspects for a while, so make this week one of constructive initiative. The 22nd favors original ideas, but the 18th and 23rd are both adverse.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, pink, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Personal affairs could be muddled on the 18th. Don't believe all you hear, and sign nothing new. The 23rd is also unfavorable, but the 19th-22nd excellent for new plans.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky numb. this week, 12. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Not a very lucky week, but your buoyant nature accepts the challenge and rises to the occasion. The 18th and 23rd are adverse for contracts, romance, and marriage.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, mve. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

★ Your inbuilt warning system will be working overtime. Financial muddle and emotional entanglements on the 18th and 23rd, but the 21st-22nd are kinder for romance and money.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, aqua, black. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ If you want to experiment, the 22nd is ideal. Invention and originality will mark your efforts. But the 18th and 23rd bring muddle and deception to partnership and marriage matters.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, mve., pink. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ The 22nd could bring an intriguing love interlude, or you could make exciting new friends. Your prestige stands high. However, the 18th and 23rd are bad for speculation.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, mve. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ You could be betrayed by a friend or through confiding in the wrong person on the 18th. The 22nd favors signing documents and meeting interesting people. The 23rd is unfavorable.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ You'll need your remarkable sixth sense on the 18th—a day of false appearances and misunderstanding. Surprising things could happen on the 22nd, but the 23rd is adverse.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, pink. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Never short of ideas, you will be positively teeming with them on the 22nd. A fortunate day to start new ventures, perhaps an informal romance. The 18th and 23rd are adverse.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky numb. this week, 10. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ The period 19th-22nd favors marriage matters and the signing of contracts. Romance blossoms. However, the 18th brings muddle which could affect your plans.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, mve. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ Not a good week for romance. There could be misunderstanding on the 18th, and the 23rd is adverse for personal and marriage matters. Good, strong influences help solve problems.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, blk. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ Use caution on the 18th and 23rd. Don't be taken in by all you hear or read. The 19th-22nd is fortunate. Some could benefit unexpectedly from the job.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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& SEE NOUMEA AND HAYMAN ISLAND

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Millions have proved it! Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads provide today's most effective corn relief. They stop pain instantly. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions. 3/6 pkt. at Chemists and Stores.

For every foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy

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DRW18.21

THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 1/6

Everybody's

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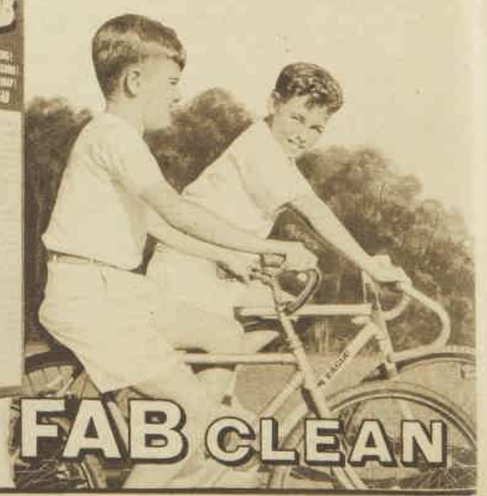
NOTHING BEATS FABULOUS FAB SUDS at getting really dirty washing really clean . . . **because only Fab contains Actergent.** And Fab with Actergent makes fabulous Fab suds that work harder . . . last longer.

No hard rubbing . . . no hard scrubbing . . . even children's grubby playclothes come sparkling clean with Fab. Fab does all the hard work. Buy fabulous Fab, and prove it yourself.



THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS FAB CLEAN

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Only Helena Rubinstein atomizes real Silk into make-up

... to give you the glowing look of silk

Superfine Face Powder from real silk ...
to make your complexion delicately translucent

Yes—real silk is atomized to make Helena Rubinstein's Superfine Silk Complexion Powder—the most cherished powder for every skin. It clings so lightly, never clogs and imparts the natural translucence of silk itself, keeping the skin moisturized and soft. Three new translucent shades, transparent Beige, transparent Rose and transparent Tan . . . 14/11.

Helena Rubinstein's Silk Cosmetics also include the new colour in Lipstick, "Temptation," 14/11, Refills, 9/11. Liquid Rouge, Foundation, Shampoo and Hand Lotion.

Special Offer

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Available from Helena Rubinstein's Salons, all leading department stores and leading chemists throughout the Commonwealth.

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A beautiful woman

Dreams and wishes come true when a girl keeps her figure—and how better to begin, than with an enchanting Berlei bra. Berlei bras are in favour of fashion the world over—so much so, you'll find a glamour Berlei for every imaginable neckline. You've a yen for a certain shape? Berlei moulds you. You yearn for lingerie prettiness? Berlei supplies it. Love to revel in comfort? Berlei indulges you. Above all, Berlei makes your beauty sure, womanly and wonderful. Wish on Berlei this year—for every beautiful woman begins with a Berlei bra.

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begins with a Berlei bra

"Gayhearts" bra in embroidered cotton shapes a gentle, young line for "beginning" figures **17/6**

Short cotton "Hollywood Vassarette" shaper, whirlpool stitched and "ribbon embroidered." Dacron elastic inserts for diaphragm comfort **29/6**

New Berlei short "Criss-Cross"—diagonal elastic 2" insertions give comfy, independent movement **32/6**

Prettiest neckline, "Hollywood Vassarette" flower embroidered cotton, edged demurely with sheer nylon marquisette; high rounded uplift **32/6**

Debut of the divinely elegant "Hollywood Vassarette" 'Zephaire' bra. Low curved cups round you softly to exciting femininity; wide separation **47/6**

Waist-depth "Criss-Cross"—the comfort-minded new Berlei bra for fuller figures **49/6**

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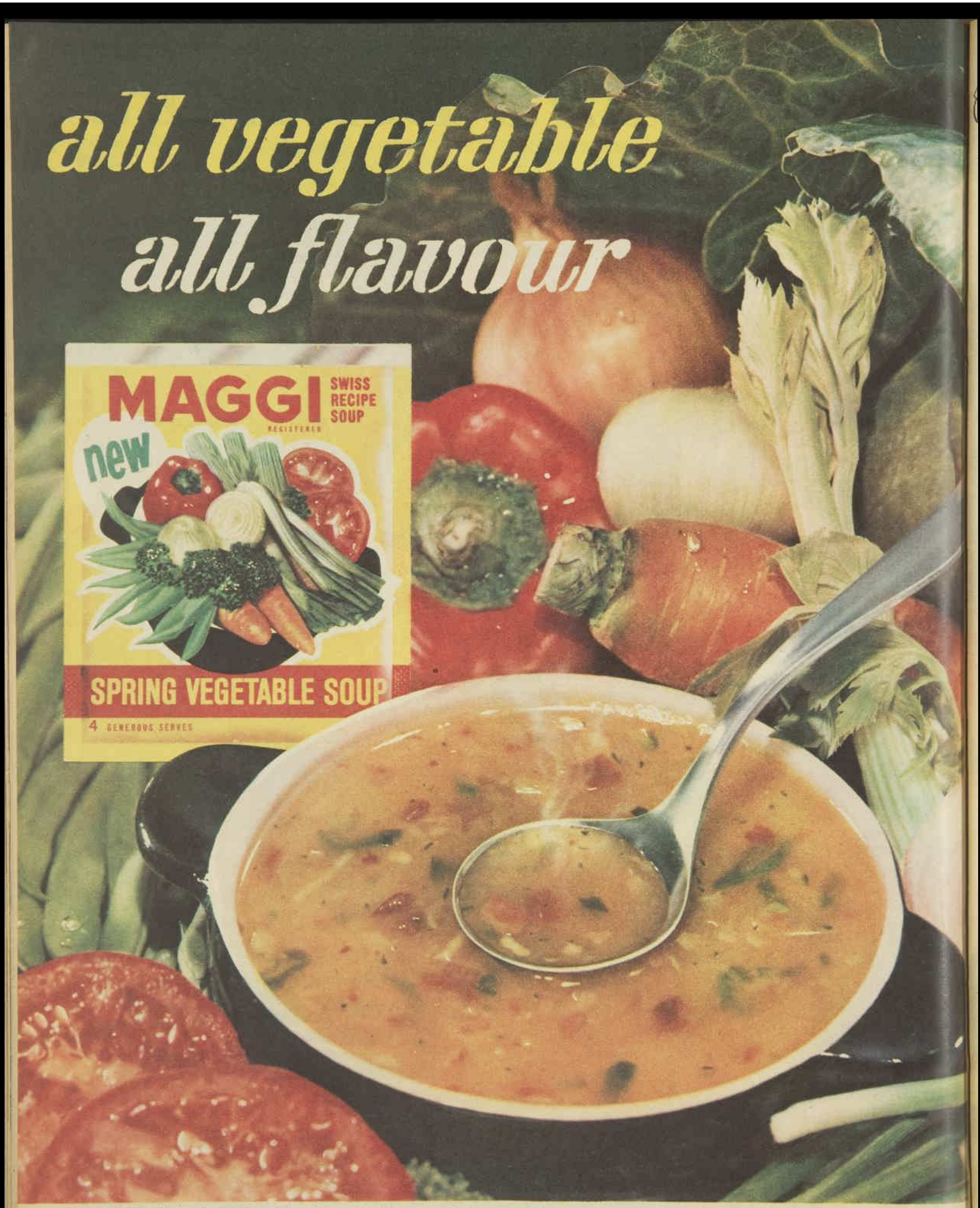

That's MAGGI Spring Vegetable Soup. Nothing but the youngest, juiciest vegetables. Picked dew-crisped, simmered long hours with light seasonings, they make richly savoury all-vegetable soup (just right for meatless mealtimes).

Only MAGGI soups have that real home-cooked flavour and goodness.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The little heroes

WITH the football season looming ahead, it is nearly time for "The Little Heroes" to emerge. These are the boys from five years and upward who must attend football practice two and three times a week, who are put on special diets. Their club provides Bermuda jackets for each member—five-year-olds included. They are feted, praised, and glorified until they begin to think they are out of this world. Is all this hero worship of our youngsters proper?

£1/1/- to "Mother of Four" (name supplied), Harbord, N.S.W.

Phenyle fanatic

IN my first pregnancy I experienced none of the usual fads such as food cravings and midnight snacks. In fact, I secretly thought they were a cunning feminine invention. Alas, I find I am wrong. Not for me the craze for foods, but for various scents. Nothing is more delightful than the smell of phenyle, with the result that a bottle of it is always within reach—and my husband thinks I am slightly mad.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. E. Wade, Rosanna, Vic.

He's a noisy picturegoer

MY husband and I both enjoy good films, but while in the pictures he talks out loud, waves his hands, laughs, and generally makes a nuisance of himself. I get terribly embarrassed and scold him about it, but he seems to be getting worse. He acts the same way when we go to a relative's place to watch television. We cannot buy a set of our own as we do not have the room. How do I solve this problem?

£1/1/- to "Maricus" (name supplied), Kingsford, N.S.W.

Copy-cat

MY mother-in-law has one very strange fault. If ever I buy something, she goes as soon as she can and buys something similar—if not the same article. Sometimes I only say I THINK I'll buy something and she rushes in before me to buy it for herself. How can I cure her?

£1/1/- to "Had It" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

Simple playthings preferred

DO other mothers find that their young children seem to get more pleasure out of playing with pegs, saucepan lids, and plastic household items, rather than their own brightly colored—and, one would think, more interesting—toys?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), South Hobart.

War relics

ROSINA GOULD (W.A.) wrote that she had an interesting World War I souvenir of an emu-feather plume. I can go one better. Not only have I the feathers, but also the hat and pugaree, together with the breeches, leggings, and spurs. In fact I have the whole works—including the man who wore them at Gallipoli. Last year, in a procession here, he marched, wearing the original uniform that he wore all through the Palestine campaign. And, believe me, I was proud of him.

£1/1/- to "Digger's Wife" (name supplied), Orange, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I ALSO have a feather plume. It was worn by my great-grandfather in the Battle of Waterloo and it is still in good condition.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Weston, St. Peters, S.A.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a very unusual letter which was written by my late husband to his sister during World War I. It is written on a piece of trouser leg cut from his uniform, as he had run out of writing paper. It was folded up like an envelope with a button sewn on. In it he finishes up by saying—"There is no more trouser leg, so no more letter."

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. M. Neal, Croydon, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I ALSO have emu feathers and a pencil in the shape of a bullet which was sent with Christmas greetings to the soldiers on Gallipoli in 1915.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Prisk, Kurralta Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a crucifix made from German bullets. My father, who was an Anzac, was guarding some Germans when one asked him for extra food. In return the prisoner made him the crucifix.

£1/1/- to "Relic of Anzac" (name supplied), Belgrave, Vic.

★ ★ ★

SOME weeks ago I was going through my wife's sewing-machine drawer when I came across an old souvenir of mine which I had stopped at Lone Pine Ridge, Gallipoli. I was then a jam-tin bomb-thrower and this piece of shrapnel passed through my shoulder. When it was removed, I had it mounted and a gold shield embossed on it with an inscription of the place and the date on which I got it.

£1/1/- to Geo. F. Gibson, Charlestown, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

IN the old days, as far as I can remember, parents had more social life than their children.

Today it is the children who do most of the gadding about.

Mrs. Simpson, who lives near us, was complaining about it. "Maureen is away at the Hopkins' for the weekend," she said, "and Harold Spink is at our place for lunch, and Gary is having lunch at the Whipples', and Wendy and Rowena Jones haven't decided whether they will have lunch at the Jones' or here. I don't know whether I'm coming or going."

One result of all this to-and-fro-ing is that the visitors learn how other families live. When they return home they talk about it.

Lately I have been told, for example: "The Thompsons all stay up and watch the late movie on TV."

"The Wilsons have got a fridge that defrosts by itself."

"They have a beaut ping-pong table at the Buntings'."

GREENER PASTURES

By showing the high standard of living elsewhere, these reports indicate the primitive conditions prevailing at our place.

They suggest that we are heartless in sending children to bed before the late movie. Also that our fridge is behind the times, and we are fuddy-duddies for not providing a ping-pong table.

What makes the deepest impression at other houses is the delicious food served there.

My wife has listened, without comment, to rapturous descriptions of Mrs. Trumble's sausages. She has heard about the fabulous potato chips at the O'Brien household, and the Watkins' wonderful steam pudding.

But an incident last week was a bit more than she could take. Our second daughter had spent a night at the Hopgoods'. She said to us later at the breakfast table: "Gee, we had a gorgeous breakfast at the Hopgoods'."

"What did you have?" said her mother coolly.

"Oh, crunchy flakes and fried eggs and toast."

"And what have you just had for breakfast here?"

She thought for a moment, and replied: "Crunchy flakes and fried eggs and toast."

The sad fact is that food does not taste as good at home as elsewhere. At the Hopgoods', the crunchy flakes are crunchier.

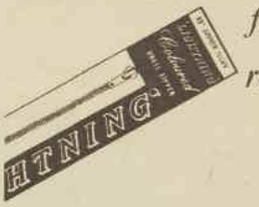
Fortunately it works the other way round as well. Visitors to our place often praise the food, and sometimes say it is better than they get at home.

My wife was especially pleased when Penny Trumble, having dinner with us, said: "I wish my mother made pancakes like these."

After that it was easier to put up with the glowing accounts of Mrs. Trumble's sausages.

'LIGHTNING' coloured ZIPPERS

It's 'LIGHTNING' for reliability



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Rates	½ Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
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HOME IS THE SMELL OF APPLE PIE

. . . the sound of laughter . . . the gentle touch that heals a skinned knee or an aching heart. Home is the place where foods are lovingly chosen to build strong bodies and active minds. Foods like butter — rich in the natural vitamins and health-values of milk, from which it comes. Delicate, delicious, energy-loaded butter — how nutrition-wise you are to cook with it, spread with it, add it to other foods! Home is the taste of good things baked with butter.

Butter makes it better...*and better for you too!*

DAIRY FOODS

BUTTER

AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

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That is Cathy's idea of a conference. She's always coming up to me and saying something like "Wouldn't it be nice to have panelling in the basement?" or "Don't you wish we had more cupboard space?" I answer absently, "Yeah," or "Uh-huh," and the next day when I come home from work the house is teeming with carpenters.

Well, as I was saying, we had our son Dan. He didn't do much for the first six months except cry and spill things, including a bottle of fish-liver oil, on my bed—and if you have never slept on a mattress reeking of fish-liver oil, you have never known anguish. But I got a new mattress, and the boy eventually turned fat and pink and agreeable to have around. In due time he began to walk and talk. His first word was "dumb-waiter." Very few parents can claim that.

One night after this satisfactory young man had been put to bed and Cathy and I were curled up on the red-and-blue pouf, she said to me, "Many authorities agree that being an only child can lead to serious neuroses. Don't you think that's true?"

"I guess it is," I replied absently, and before you could say "twilight sleep" I was the father of another boy.

(Every time I open my mouth, something new and costly accrues to me. If I could figure out a way to

Continuing . . SO PASS THE DAYS

from page 23

smoke through a gag I'd wear one.)

After Bud (for that is his name) joined the family, there were no longer enough poufs to go around, so, of course, we had to move to a bigger place. "Why not buy a house in the country?" suggested Cathy. "It's just as cheap as paying rent, and it'll be so wonderful for the children."

"Well—" I said, and while I was scratching my head I became the owner of a split-level house on 1.2 acres of grass in Westport, Connecticut.

For Cathy and Westport, it was love at first sight. Almost before we were unpacked she had had a baby daughter, bought a large brown dog, and joined the P.T.A., the League of Women Voters, the Woman's Club, the Nurses Aides, the Mental Health Association, and the Town Planning Commission. "How wonderful," she would cry, slinging Dan on one hip and Bud on the other, tucking Martha under her arm, putting the dog on a lead, and rushing out on errands of mercy, "to live in a town with real community spirit!"

My own enthusiasm for Westport was kept under somewhat tighter control. I liked the place, mind you. It did have, as Cathy said, real community spirit, and the people were friendly and bright, and the schools were fine, and the landscape was impeccable. But living in Westport was a blessing not entirely unmixed.

Let me set down, without comment, a timetable of a typical day in my life:

6.30 a.m.: Rise, shave, shower, breakfast.

7.00 a.m.: Wake Cathy to drive me to station.

7.10 a.m.: Wake Cathy again.

7.15 a.m.: Cathy starts driving me to station.

7.20 a.m.: Cathy scrapes fender on milk truck.

7.36 a.m.: Arrive at station.

7.37 a.m.: Board train for New York.

8.44 a.m.: Arrive Grand Central Terminal.

9.00 a.m.: Arrive law office.

5.08 p.m.: Leave law office.

5.25 p.m.: Board train to Westport.

6.27 p.m.: Arrive Westport. Cathy waiting at station.

6.41 p.m.: Traffic jam at station untangles. We start home.

6.42 p.m.: Cathy tells me sump pump broken.

6.46 p.m.: I ask Cathy what is sump pump.

6.47 p.m.: Cathy says sump pump is pump that pumps sump.

6.48 p.m.: I say, Oh.

6.50 p.m.: Cathy tells me Bud swallowed penny.

6.52 p.m.: Cathy tells me dog has worms.

6.54 p.m.: Cathy tells me Dan called his kindergarten teacher "Old Poop."

6.55 p.m.: Cathy tells me Martha is allergic to the mailman.

6.56 p.m.: Cathy tells me she signed me up to give blood at Red Cross Saturday.

7.02 p.m.: Arrive home.

7.03 p.m.: Dan, aged 5, Bud, aged 3, and Martha, aged 2, watching television. Dan wants to look at Kukla, Fran, and Ollie. Bud wants to look at Kevin Kennedy. Martha neutral. Cathy rules in favor of Dan. Bud swallows another penny.

7.30 p.m.: Cathy puts children to bed. I go out on lawn to pick up their toys.

7.36 p.m.: Dinner.

8.01 p.m.: Strange woman rings doorbell. I ask her what she wants. She says she is sitter. I ask Cathy what we need with sitter. Cathy says tonight is P.T.A. meeting. I remind Cathy we just went to P.T.A. meeting three days ago. Cathy says that was regular meeting; tonight is special emergency protest meeting. We go to special emergency protest meeting.

8.32 p.m.: Arrive special emergency protest meeting. Special emergency protest seems to be about a hole in school playground. Chairman of Board of Education, a jowly, conservative type, says no appropriation in budget for fixing hole. Cathy rises and demands special appropriation. Chairman of Board of Education calls this creeping socialism. I doze off.

9.51 p.m.: Cathy jams elbow in my ribs, wakes me to vote on motion to refer hole to Special Committee to Study Hole in Playground. Motion carried.

9.52 p.m.: Meeting adjourned.

9.53 p.m.: Cathy and I go to ice-cream parlor with the Wallaces and Godkins, fellow P.T.A. members. Women discuss hole further. Men yawn.

10.48 p.m.: Leave ice-cream parlor.

11.20 p.m.: Arrive home. Cathy asks sitter if everything all right. Sitter says Bud woke up once and started crying, but she gave him some pennies and he went back to sleep.

11.31 p.m.: I let dog out before putting him in basement for the night. Dog spies possum and chases him into woods. I chase dog.

11.56 p.m.: I catch dog and carry him home. Dog heavy.

12.14 a.m.: To bed.

So passed the days of my years. If it wasn't a meeting, a caucus, a rally, or a lecture, then it was a quiet evening at home licking envelopes. Or else it was a party where you ate cubes of cheese on toothpicks and talked about plywood, mortgages, topsoil, and children. Or it was amateur theatricals. Or ringing doorbells for worthy causes. Or umpiring Little League games. Or setting out tulip bulbs. Or sticking transfers on cribs. Or trimming hedges. Or reading Dr. Spock. Or barbecuing hamburgers. Or increasing your life insurance. Or doing everything in the whole world except sitting on a pouf with a soft and loving girl and listening to Rodgers and Hart.

It was more and more on my mind—the pouf, the phonograph records, the long, languorous nights. I would look at Cathy in a nubbly-tweed skirt and a cardigan with sleeves pushed up, rushing about dispensing civic virtue, wisps of hair coming loose, her seams crooked, and I would remember another Cathy in white toreador pants, sunning herself on the terrace, the picture of seductive ease.

I would look at my house—the leaks, the cracks, the things that had to be repaired, re-covered, rewired, replaced, remodelled — and I would recall the days when all you did when something went wrong was phone the landlord.

I would look at my children—God love them. I would watch them devouring sides of beef and mounds of eggs; poking toes through stockings and elbows through sweaters; littering the yard with balls, bats, bicycles, tricycles, scooters, dolls, blocks, crayons, paints, tops, hoops, marbles, bows, arrows, darts, guns, and key bits of jigsaw puzzles; trailing mud on the rugs; breaking off corners of playing cards; eating watermelon in bed; nailing pictures of athletes to walls; leaving black rings in the tub; getting car-sick.

I would observe this arresting spectacle, and I would think, yes, they are fine children, they are normal, I love them very much, and I will guard and keep them always. But, oh, how sweet and satisfactory those golden days on the pouf!

I brought up those happy times one morning when Cathy was driving me to the station. "Do you remember," said I, "that red-and-blue pouf we used to have in Greenwich Village?"

"Do I!" exclaimed Cathy with a snort. "My back still hurts from that darn thing!"

"H'm," I said, suddenly filled with a great, leaden sadness.

All that day the sadness would not leave me. Cathy's remark had shaken me — shaken me to the marrow. Those tender nights we had spent on the pouf — those shimmering hours — and all Cathy remembered was a backache! Oh, sad! Oh, sad, sad, sad!

Where was my laughing girl now? Where was my princess with the golden hair? Where was my cuddle bunny? Striding through Westport in sensible shoes, that's where. Attending committee meetings, typing lists, planting rhododendrons, trading recipes, presiding over seminars in toilet training. Homemaker, mother, clubwoman, patriot—that's what happened to my gossamer goddess, my soft and supple true-love.

Still smarting, still encased in melancholy, I boarded the 5.25 that night and headed promptly for the bar car. This for me was not a regular habit. I had never had any fondness for drinking; added to that, liquor contains its own neutralising agent. Whenever I think that a drink is costing me 85 cents, I grow instantly sober.

But, being in dire need of solace as I was, I did not count the cost that night. By the time we were 30 minutes out of Grand Central I had put away two good bourbons. For me, setting a world record. I was not, however,

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD

Continuing . . . ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

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"Well, suppose, officer," he went on helplessly, "suppose you wanted to get in touch with any of the patrol cars still out on the road and find out if anything had happened, in, say, the past few minutes—would you have any way of doing that?"

The trooper nodded.

"Well, would you do that?"

"Certainly." Quietly spoken though it was, the word seemed loud in the room. Now the trooper picked up a telephone. Never taking his eyes off his visitor, he spoke tonelessly into the mouthpiece, contacting cars on patrol.

Acutely self-conscious under the deadpan stare, Tom Bentley looked away and gazed around the bright room. The rotating fan riffled the pages of the cheesecake calendar and the maps pinned to the wall. Above the water cooler was a framed placard that proclaimed:

"If you're neat, you're conceited.
If you're polite, you're a flirt.
If you're fair, you're a sucker.
If you're honest—"

And so on through a long list of ironies heavily underscoring the fact that the policeman's lot is not a happy one.

The trooper replaced the receiver on the hook and said, "No, sir. Nothing."

"Well, I just wondered."

"If you'd care to leave your name and address?"

"Never mind. Thanks just the same. Goodnight."

As he turned away from the desk, the expression on the trooper's face plainly said, clearer than any words, "Brother, have you got a problem."

At the dam he pulled in behind the rear car, as before, and shut off the motor. Silence again; even the radio was still now. He felt like a spy in alien territory, with the all-too-present enemy lying low all around him, because his presence among them had become known.

He sat there in a state of suspense, taking deep breaths and trying to calm the stepped-up beating of his heart. Then he took the flashlight from the glove compartment and got out of the car.

He had barely reached the rear door of the nearest parked car when he suddenly stopped in his tracks as if stricken; involuntarily, not even knowing at the moment what he was doing, he raised the flashlight high over his head, and, choking back a sob of anguish, almost hurled it into space, into the dark.

. . . . . .

Mary was sitting in a chair, waiting for him when he went in. She had on thin cotton pyjamas too short for her at the wrists and ankles. She looked up at him calmly and said, "Well, Daddy, what's my punishment?"

He weakened; he did not want to go through this at all. For the moment, all he could think of was: "How long have you been home?"

"About half an hour, I think. Mama said you'd gone out looking for me, so I waited up for you."

He sat down opposite her. He remembered his promise to himself not to scold her, remembered how he had thought he would only be glad and relieved to know she was home safe.

But there were, after all, questions to be asked. They could have waited till morning, when he would be calmer; but she was so clearly ready to answer them now that he had to go on. "Mary, dear, where have you been? Look at the time — it's one o'clock in the morning!"

"We went swimming."

"You went swimming! Who went swimming? Sheila was home and in bed three hours ago!"

"I know. We took Sheila home around ten, and then, on the way here, the boys said why don't we go for a swim, and we did."

"You went swimming with those boys—" he tried to still the rising anger of his voice. "What about your bathing suit?"

"We came here first, so I could ask you and Mama. But the lights were all out, and I didn't want to wake you. So I just went upstairs and got my bathing suit."

The explosion came. "Listen here, Maryl I was in bed on the sleeping-porch. I haven't been to sleep at all! I've heard every sound! Now, do you mean to tell me that you came into this house and up those stairs and got into your suit and then went downstairs and out again without me hearing you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," he thundered, "you must have been awful darned quiet!"

To his dying day he knew he would never forget the composed self-possessed way she sat there in the chair and looked back at him with heartbreakingly candid eyes in the face of his disbelief.

And then she said, as quietly and simply as if the words had no shattering impact at all, "The trouble with you, Daddy, is you just don't want me to grow up."

"Mary, listen to me," he said, but his heart was no longer in it. "I'm responsible for your future. That's what I'm worried about. I've had more experience with the world than you have, and I only want to give you the benefit of that experience."

"I know. But people have to get their own experience, don't they? You did."

Wiser than she knew. He had always felt that about Mary. But the fact remained that she had been seriously at fault. She had promised to be home by ten-thirty and had failed that promise.

Just as he was about to speak of this, she herself brought it up again—not so much, it seemed, as if she knew his mind, but as if she herself were still troubled on that point.

"I asked you before, Daddy, what's my punishment? I'm sorry I went out again and was late. It was wrong of me, and I know it upset you, and I'm sorry."

"Sure," he said. "That's the trouble with you kids today. You always say 'I'm sorry,' as if that takes care of everything. It's too easy. You've simply got to learn to think of 'sorry' before the fact. Otherwise, it doesn't mean a thing." He stood up. "As for punishment, I'll discuss it with your mother in the morning. Now, bed."

"Want a glass of milk before you go up?"

"No, thanks." Then he added, because, while there would be a loss of privileges the next day, the thing was not yet complete between them, "From now on, you don't have to tell me everything." And, to his surprise, he found that he meant it. He meant it with a kind of wry relief, because to go on believing otherwise was to go on living in the fool's paradise of the doting, blind parent.

Mary's life was very much her own, and it was sheer vanity — and had nothing whatever to do with love—for him to expect her to tell him all about it.

As he went upstairs he knew that the nightmare he had been through that evening was already falling into place among the classic episodes of family life, not far removed from the comic strip.

If he remembered it at all, it would only be with a rueful smile, a smile at himself. Growing pains are something for parents, too, as his wife had tried to tell him.

At the same time, he knew that he would not forget that he had been anxious not because he loved Mary but because for too long he had tried to dominate and direct and possess. It was no good. All you can ever do for your kids, anyway, he thought, is love them; not money, not overfond protection, not education or advantages—nothing is any good but that.

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perceptibly cheered. I kept thinking of what lay in store for me at the end of my journey. Here I was, a man still young despite the bald spot and the tendency to yawn toward 10 p.m.; a man whose juices still flowed, however sluggishly; a man whose fires were banked but far from dead; a man still eager and ready and altogether fitted for a bit of romance, a spot of excitement.

And were romance and excitement waiting for me in Westport? You bet they were! In the romance department, there would be a quick, inaccurate peck on the cheek from Cathy. For excitement, there would be a book of wallpaper samples to flip through after dinner—or, if I was very lucky, the discussion group might be meeting tonight for a round table on the works of Dr. Gesell. I ordered another bourbon.

"Westport!" called the conductor. "Westport next stop!"

Suddenly I just couldn't face it. For the sake of my sanity, for the safety of my wife and children and possibly the neighbors, I knew I could not go home that night. I didn't know where I would go instead; all I knew was that I simply, flatly, purely could not get off that train.

THE train stopped in Westport and started again, and I stood rooted at the bar. I ordered another drink, then another and another. Nothing much seemed to be happening to me — neither thickness of speech nor looseness of limb nor gaiety nor stupor nor balm nor forgetfulness; only self-disgust, which increased in geometrical progression with every bourbon I downed. "Give me another," I said to the bartender.

"Sorry, mister," he said. "We're in New Haven. That's the end of the line for this train."

So I walked soddenly into the New Haven station and looked at its dank and dreary interior, and it was clear that this was no place to repair a shattered psyche. I went out the front door and found a bar.

This, too, was not a place to make the heart leap. The bar was scarred, the plaster was cracked, the booths were empty, the bartender needed a shave, and over the bar a 12" television set was showing an ancient movie starring C. Aubrey Smith.

Glumly I ordered and glumly drank — once, twice, three times. Still the liquor was having no effect, except possibly a slight burning sensation in the duodenal region. I stood like a lump at the bar, sipping joylessly, watching C. Aubrey Smith and thinking about a day when I was five years old and my mother hadn't let me go swimming with my older brother.

I had sulked and pouted and grumbled and felt sorrier and sorrier for myself until finally I decided to run away from home and stay away for ever and ever—then, by heck, Mama would be sorry she'd been so mean to me! I waited till nightfall, sneaked into the pantry, stole a hard-boiled egg and two oatmeal cookies, and went out into the world. I got as far as the corner, ate the egg and the cookies, burst into tears, and went running home to Mama on my little fat legs.

And now, 35 years later, I was about to do the same thing. My rebellion had ended. The seeker after adventure had discovered a flea-bitten bar in New Haven. The quester after romance had found heartburn. "Bah!" said I to the bartender, to myself, to the trap that ensnared me, to the world in general.

Then the door of the bar opened, and in walked adventure and romance. She was somewhere between 30 and 35. She was slender and bright eyed and dressed in mink. Her perfume was heady, and her gait was light. "A glass of ginger ale, please," she said to the bartender. She turned to me with a friendly smile. "Missed my train," she said. "Won't be another for three hours."

Three hours, thought I, my heart beating wildly. A kind Providence had granted me three hours to recapture my youth, to find adventure and romance, to escape the soggy world of P.T.A. meetings and sump pumps. Not, mind you, that I intended to abandon my home and hearth and spend the rest of my life gathering moonbeams with this mink-clad lovely. All I wanted was the next three hours — 180 minutes — to be gay and mad and young and careless, and then the lady would board her train and pass into the realm of sweet memory. And I, refreshed and renewed, would return to real and earnest Westport.

But, thought I, my spirits suddenly plummeting, how do you go about picking up beautiful women in mink coats? Especially when you are rumpled and middle-aged and your feet hurt? No, I thought hopelessly, the whole thing is a big, crazy, impossible dream. I'd better slink home.

But suddenly determination returned to me. This was defeatism, I told myself sternly; this was cowardice. So what if I was 40 years old? Some of the most romantic men in the world were 40 years old. Yes, and older, too. Take Cary Gant, for example. Take George Sanders. Take Ray Milland.

Would Cary Grant shrink from a problem such as mine? Would he go skulking home like a whipped dog? He most certainly would not. He would be suave, assured, resourceful. He would turn to the lady in mink, and he would grin a crooked little bittersweet grin, and he would say, "Funny."

And she would say, "What's funny?"

And he would say, "Life."

And she would say, "What do you mean?"

And he would say, "I mean us. Here we are—ships that pass in the night. Will the passage be brief, dark, silent, soon relegated to that melancholy limbo of things that might have been?"

And she would say, "I'm afraid it must, for we, sir, are strangers."

And he would say, "True. Strangers. A world full of strangers. Who will reach out his hand? Who will touch the stranger beside him and say, 'See? I touch you. We are strangers no more'."

And she would say, "You must be terribly lonely."

And he would say, "Aren't you?"

And she would say, "Yes. Yes, I suppose I am."

And he would say, "We are all of us alone—alone in a world that cruelly, senselessly keeps us apart."

And she would say, "Must it be so? Can we never escape the tyranny of the world?"

And he would say, "For a little while, perhaps. For three hours, say. But it will take courage. Are you strong, my dear?"

And she would say, "I will take strength from you."

And he would say, "And I from you."

And she would say, "What is your name?"

And he would say, "I am called—Man."

And she would say, "I am called—Woman."

And he would say, "Take my hand."

Continuing . . SO PASS THE DAYS

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And gently, trustingly, she would lay her hand in his, and three hours later he would kiss her, full on the lips but softly, and put her on her train, while he, a new and better man, returned to Westport to resume his obligations with fresh vigor and resolution.

Well, sir, I thought, if Cary Grant can do it, so, by heck, can I. Whereupon I turned to the lady in mink and gave her my best crooked, bittersweet grin and cleared my throat and was about to speak, when, all of a sudden, a new and appalling thought hit me: What if, after it's all over, she decides she doesn't want to get on her train? What if she says, "Oh, darling, it's been so mad and wonderful that I can't bear to leave you!"

Then what do I say? "I'm sorry, lady, your three hours are up?" How in the world do I get rid of her? If I tell her I've got a wife and kids, she may throw a fit right there in the railroad station, and the whole police force will come running up and nab me. Or maybe she'll whip a hatpin out of her bag and plunge it into my eye. Or maybe she won't do a thing —just go away quietly—and two weeks later I'll go out to start the car and there'll be a bomb under the hood.

"Were you going to say something?" said the lady in mink.

"No!" I cried.

"Oh, I though you were going to say something," said the lady in mink.

"No!" I shouted. "No, no, no!"

She looked at me curiously, then shrugged and finished her drink. "Well, I think I'll go to a movie," she said.

"You do that," I said eagerly. "It's a wonderful picture."

"What is?"

"I forget," I said. "But you'll love it."

She looked at me with more than a little alarm, paid her check, and left.

"Whew!" that was a close one!" said I, dashing perspiration from my brow. "Bartender, give me my check."

He did, and I paid, and then I started for the door. But before I could reach it, in came my wife Cathy. "Hello, sweetie," she said cheerily.

I sat down heavily in a booth. She sat down across from me. "How," I asked, "did you find me?"

"When you weren't on the five-twenty-five, I waited for the six-two. Then the seven-two. They suggested my coming up here. This kind of thing happens pretty often in Westport."

"I see," I sighed. "All right, Cathy, chew me out and let's get it over with."

"Chew you out? What for? I'm not mad."

"No? What are you, then?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm thirsty. Aren't you going to buy me a drink?"

"No!" I shouted, banging my fist down on the table. "I know you're sore, so let's just skip this good-sport bit. Let's at least be honest. You scream at me, and I'll scream back, and then maybe we'll both feel better."

"Darling," Cathy insisted, "I'm not a bit angry. Honestly, I'm not. I know what the trouble is. I've known for a long time."

"Would you be good enough to tell me?"

"Of course, dear. You're unhappy because you think the romance has gone out of your life. But don't you see? That's what happens to people. We grow up. That's all it is—just the years creeping up on us."

"I see. We're decrepit. It's impossible that romance could still dwell in a couple of old wrecks like us."

Cathy grinned. "It dwells," she said. "But not on the main floor. Up in the back bedroom maybe."

"No, sir," I cried, thumping the table again. "I'm not ready for the pipe and slippers yet. I'm a young man, still full of fire."

"Fireball," said Cathy, taking my hands in hers, "I love you. Right this minute, pathetic and bedraggled as you are, I love you so much I can hardly stand it. You're a romantic idiot, and I love you for it. But I love you for other things too — important things, like your being chairman of the hospital fund drive last year, building that bookshelf in the den, teaching Dan how to ride his bike."

"Bookshelves and bikes," I said bitterly. "The story of my life."

"I'll tell you a much sadder story," said Cathy. "No bookshelves and no bikes. Just emptiness."

"Emptiness? When two people have each other?"

"But that's only a beginning," Cathy said. "What do you think love is—a sensitive plant you must nurture and protect all your life? Well, it isn't. Not our kind. Our kind is a rock to build on."

"But we've built all over it, Cathy. We can't even see it any more."

"It's there. If it weren't, everything would come tumbling down." She looked at me searchingly. "Don't you know that?"

"Well—"

"Don't you?"

"Yes, Cathy, I know it. I know everything you say is true. But there's something you ought to know too. For me, romance hasn't quite retired to a back bedroom. It's still in the front parlor, and wide awake."

"I'll remember," said Cathy.

"That's all I ask," said I.

"Oh, darling!" said Cathy, and leaned across the table and gave me a warm, lingering kiss.

Then we smiled at each other, and I said, "Let's go home."

"All right," said Cathy. Then suddenly she cried, "No! No, let's not go home. There's a wonderful country inn around here where we can get dinner and a room for the night. Let's go there."

"What about the kids?" I asked.

"I'll call the sitter. She can stay overnight."

"You sure you want to?"

"I'm sure," said Cathy, and she gave me another kiss — again warm, again lingering.

So we found the country inn and had dinner and stayed the night, and the next day when I took the 5:25 home from New York, I hummed and whistled all the way, because I knew I had been wrong about Cathy. Homemaker and clubwoman she was, but underneath the tweedy clothes and the efficiency, the old Cathy was as alive and silken and responsive as ever.

And when I got home that same night, my joy, already immense, was multiplied tenfold, for I found that Cathy had taken our old red-and-blue pouf out of the attic and put it right smack in the middle of the living-room, where it is to this day!

And I have every confidence that some night when we don't have to go to a meeting or rally or lecture or caucus or recital, when the lawn doesn't need cutting and the rubbish doesn't need burning and the hinges don't need oiling and the stairs don't need runners and faucets don't need washers and the weather strips don't need tightening and the drawers don't need loosening and the children don't need changing—I have, I say, every confidence that should such a night ever occur Cathy and I will curl up on the pouf once more.

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Continuing . . . THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

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We had a wonderful weekend, Robert and I, planning our lives, resolutely ignoring the face of danger and all the war implied. He infected me with his spirit, and, anyway, he was not merely mortal—surely he had a charmed life. When I was in his arms, nothing untoward could happen, and I was always in his arms that weekend.

I was to follow him to Florida in two weeks. He would make all arrangements, rent an apartment, and life would begin. My mother and I entered on the frenzied accumulation of my trousseau. My father staunched his doubts. Robert was waiting for me, and I was infinitely happy and aware of it. Perhaps that is always the time to beware.

ONE week later, he was dead. He died in a stupid training accident, without benefit of battle, a sacrifice on the altar of experiment, with all his glorious deeds undone. He died in mud and fire and anguish and blood, the victim of our corporeal frailty. What became of the bright spirit and the noble aims? How could Robert die?

I do not remember much about that time. I lapsed into a void, from which it was difficult to rouse me. I rose and dressed and spoke and answered, and life went on; but it made no impression on me.

My anguish was too deep for tears, and my memory too flagrant to be denied. Over and over, I relived the last weekend we had together, feeling his lips on mine and his arms around me and his head in the hollow of my arm.

My father, I suppose, had reason for concern. He was a doctor. Finally, he called me to his office and told me I was to work there, acting as receptionist and file clerk and general flunky to his nurse. I said I could not do it, that I only wanted to die. My father said I must do it and he would not listen to such talk. He said I was a young woman with my life before me and I owed something to him and my mother and to God, who had given me life. I said I owed nothing to God, and my father slapped me, as if I had been a child.

I was so amazed that I registered fury, and after that, I came out of my trance. When I had apologised to God and my father, I went to work in his busy, overworked office. The war was on, and there were no young men, and my father was out day and night. I would have been an ingrate if I had not recognised the need and tried to pull myself together.

I hadn't been there a week before Lewis came in. He was a detail man for Wilding and Franks, a pharmaceutical manufacturing concern, and it was his business to call on physicians and introduce them to new products, which hopefully they would prescribe in their practice. My father was never available, because he was so busy, and when Lewis discovered that I was his daughter, he got in the habit of sitting around and talking to me. I think he expected, by this means, to get into my father's sanctum.

At the time, he was an uncouth young man, without any distinction as to features or person. He had big, horny hands, natural to a farm boy, and big feet, and the shadow of his beard was heavy on his jaw. He wore flashy clothes, but the fabric was cheap, and he had no grace.

However, even then, there was the quality of authority in his voice, and he had natural self-assurance — with what seemed to me very little to bolster it. He had the manners of the pool hall or bar-room, which he must have picked up in the hotels he stayed in, and I can remember being offended when he called me "honey" on very short acquaintance.

"My name is Elizabeth Stewart," I said. "Miss Stewart, please."

He laughed. "You the doc's daughter?" he asked.

"Yes," I said shortly.

"How about coming out for a soda with me?" he said.

"No, thank you," I said.

"You don't have to be so high and mighty," he said. "I was just trying to be nice. Don't know any girls in this town."

I did not say anything.

"Thought I might take you to dinner," he said. "Run out to the Blue Lagoon and get a steak."

I stared at him and through him, and I suppose it is now safe for me to admit that I hated him because he was alive. "Why aren't you in the service?" I asked nastily, and I could hear the hard anger in my voice.

He blushed as I had never seen a man blush. His heavy face turned crimson down to the collar of his striped shirt. He looked at the toes of his offensively bright oxblood shoes. "I'm four F," he mumbled. "Got a plate in my head. Kicked in the head by a horse when I was a child."

His embarrassment and genuine distress communicated themselves to me through a thick wall of self-pity. I was ashamed, really ashamed, and for the first time since Robert died, I thought of someone besides myself. I got up and walked around the receptionist's desk and laid my hand on the coarse tweed of his arm. "I'm sorry," I said. "I'm truly sorry. Please forgive me."

"Natural enough mistake," he said. "I don't blame you. I look like cannon fodder, but I've tried everywhere. They won't have me."

The way he said "They won't have me" made me feel that rejection had been the theme of his entire life.

That may have been the reason we drove to the Blue Lagoon and had a steak, something that in my wildest imagining I had never expected to do.

A month later we were married. When I come to the explanation of this circumstance, plough over old ground, I find that I cannot write it plain. I wish I could say that Lewis fell in love with me and overpowered me with his ardor. I am afraid he did not. I think, still, that he began to court me because he wanted to get into my

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father's office and advance his own interests.

I was not the kind of woman he could have been expected to like. He was a lusty sort and had been exposed to sex in the animal kingdom all his life. His feelings about it were direct. His taste certainly ran to more buxom and less fastidious women. I do not demean this aspect of Lewis. He was a healthy young man, naive in spirit, and I couldn't have been very inspiring at the time.

I think he was impressed with my father and mother and he began to frequent the house, with our home and all that surrounded it and lay behind it. It was like some dream he had dreamed as an unloved child. It was part of all he wanted for himself. Maybe he thought I had the key or took me as a chattel along with the general idea. Lewis did not know much of anything about love. He never did until Bliss was born. In any event, by some compulsion or plan, he asked me to marry him.

I wish I could say that I married him out of compassion or that I saw in him all he would come to be or that he stirred in me, or that I wanted him. I can't. I married Lewis because I didn't know what to do next. I did not submit to him as a bridegroom without revulsion. When he made love to me, I closed my eyes and tried to conjure Robert.

But, as they said in Milton, I had made my bed and I had to lie in it. I was determined to be a good wife to Lewis according to the marriage contract. I meant to live up to my bargain, and I have done so in every way except that which matters most. Lewis has never asked anything of me that I haven't tried to do. He would have liked a son, but I couldn't manage that. He never asked me to love him, but simply expected to accomplish it, as he accomplished everything else he set out to do.

As Milton applauded the idea of Bliss and Thad, they sat on their hands where Elizabeth and Lewis were concerned. They could not well restrain their astonishment that I should recover so quickly from tragedy. It was not meet. A period of mourning was indicated. They examined Lewis and found him wanting. He was nothing but a travelling salesman, with no background and no taste. Whatever did I see in such a man? How could I have thrown myself away on the first man who came along, especially since he was neither handsome nor rich? Couldn't I have given it a decent interval and improved my prospects?

If my father and mother did not share these sentiments, they could not be said to be enthusiastic. Although they rallied gamely, my mother was often caught sniffling, and I could see my father shake his head. It was only after Bliss was born that they took us to their hearts.

That was a trying year, and I will say for Lewis that he bore up bravely. He was not sensitive enough to pay much attention to the clatter of teacups and the rattling of old bones; but he was anxious for social life and proud of the pathetic apartment we had rented in Milton, and everything was complicated by my pregnancy.

I was wretched the whole time, and he was as gentle as a man of his stripe knew how to be. The happiness that goes with such a time in marriage was abjectly missing, and Lewis turned his boundless energies to making money so we could have a better life.

His business genius is now legend, and there is no reason for me to try to describe his rise to wealth and power. The brilliance of his mind and his financial cunniness cannot be gainsaid. He began the ascent at a time when he had little competition from men of his own generation, since they were away at the war, and he dealt in products whose fortunes were forwarded by war.

But there was more to it than that. He worked like a horse. Nothing was too much trouble for him. He poured into the battle for success all the concentrated drive that other men dissipate in fondness or pleasure. He soon became an executive in Wilding and Franks.

Within a short time after that he became president of the company. With the money earned and finagled he bought research and started his own factory. He pyramided that company into many others, until he owned a complex. With the advent of miracle drugs he had the equipment and the know-how to take the field.

When he had conquered that, he went in for land, real estate, oil, cattle — all the assets that are indicated by tax structures of the present —and he learned to manipulate them the way a musician plucks the strings of an instrument. I never doubted, after that first year, that he was a phenomenon. I understood that. It was as a human being that I had more difficulty understanding.

If I did not learn to love Lewis, I learned to respect him. I want that fact to be established. But what is life without love? The gnawing of a mouse.

The engagement of Thad and Bliss was accomplished with the protocol intrinsic to the Mercers. Thad would have had it no other way. At Easter he presented Bliss with a square-cut emerald, which weighed down her hand, and the wedding date was set for early June. Lewis and I entertained the Mercers at a formal dinner, one of the stuffier occasions to transpire in our house, and subsequently announced the approaching nuptials at a reception in the couple's honor.

Bliss then embraced the prerogatives of bridehood, choosing attendants, invitations, stationery, monograms, linen, silver pattern, china pattern, bridesmaids' dresses, flowers, decorations, photographs, gifts, and trousseau, in an exhausting round. Lewis assigned secretaries for everything and settled on her a dazzling dowry — a trust fund with a sizable income — which impressed even the Mercers.

He threw himself into preparations with as much eagerness as Bliss, and they were constantly together — the tawny head and the iron-grey one, bent over lists, invitation cards, Press clippings. I did my wifely and motherly duty —a full-time job, for such a wedding is like launching a company.

Lewis seemed to have faced the fact that he would have to give Bliss away, and it was only late at night, when the grey shadow of fatigue crept over his face, that I could see the wistfulness overwhelm him. He fought his battle alone. To all outward appearances, he was happy to see her about to be settled in life.

For a month before the date, Thad and Bliss were entertained almost every waking moment, and, though we were all at the point of exhaustion, everything seemed to be progressing smoothly—almost too smoothly. I sometimes thought, and shivered; a ghost walking over my grave. My emotions on the subject were rarely consulted, even by me.

Continuing . . . THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

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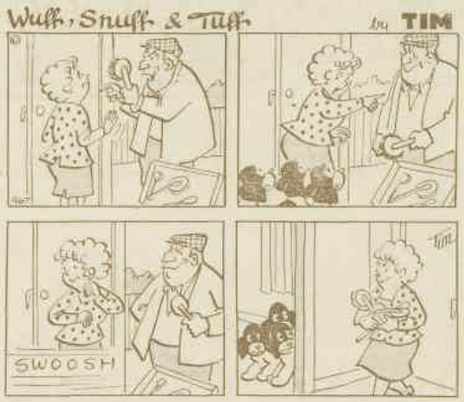
Bliss seemed happy and pleased with herself. She had certainly sought this deliberately, and she basked in the approval of Lewis and the town. I hoped, and I had no reason not to, that this was the best of all possible happy endings.

Somewhere along the line, I thought I ought to have a talk with her; but I was timorous about trying. She was so assured and knowledgeable that it did not seem to me I could tell her anything she didn't know. I thought she could probably tell me a few things. I thought I was getting to be a sentimental old fool, and as I have said Bliss and I had never been close.

I loved her with a kind of yearning inadequacy, which never could break through the barrier of her self-sufficiency, and I had watched her with admiration most of her life, as one watches a beautiful and beloved creature somehow remote from oneself. I didn't know very much about her.

FOR THE CHILDREN



On the eve of the wedding, Thad was entertained with a traditional bachelor's dinner by his cronies. (Everything Thad did was traditional.) Bliss' friends rallied and had an all-girl party for her, which could have been expected to break up at eleven o'clock and give her a decent night's sleep. (Women alone have little to keep them up.) I had planned to wait up for her and tell her goodnight and say whatever I could bring myself to say. But when she hadn't come in at midnight, I lay down on the chaise longue in my room and soon dropped off, as I was bone tired.

I awoke with a start. It was 2 a.m. by the little French clock on the marble-top table, and I could hear a curious muffled sound through the open door. My heart plummeted, as it had when Bliss was a small child and I heard a croupy cough in the night. I put on a gown and went down the hall to her room. The door was closed, but the sound of her tempestuous weeping came through it. I knocked. There was no answer, so I opened the door and went in.

She was lying face down on the bed, beating the pillow with her fists, as she had when she was a child and something was denied her.

I closed the door and went to the bed. "Bliss," I said, "what in the world is the matter?"

She sat up, her face swollen and scarlet, and flung herself into my arms. "Mummy, Mummy," she cried, reverting to her childhood name for me — for years she had called me "Liza"—"I can't. I can't. I can't!"

"Now, darling," I said, "calm down, and tell me what has happened."

The tears rained down her face. "I can't do it," she said.

"Can't tell me?"

"I can't marry Thad."

I accepted this as the timeless cliche of the wedding eve. "Every bride in the world feels that way, dear," I told her. "You're just overtired. Now, go to bed and try to get some rest. In the morning, everything will be completely different."

"No, no, no!" Bliss cried, burrowing her tearstained face into my shoulder and clinging to me as if I were an anchor in a storm. "It's nothing to do with that. It's nothing like that at all."

"Well, what is it, then?" I asked. "Surely Thad—"

"It's nothing to do with Thad, either. He's exactly the same."

"Then it has only to do with you," I said. "So you can control it."

"I'm trying to control it," Bliss moaned, "but I can't. I can't."

"If you don't tell me, I don't think I can help you," I said, pushing back the tumbled tawny hair and wiping her face.

"It's Nick," Bliss said. "Nick and me."

"Nick?" I echoed stupidly.

"He's here," Bliss said. "He's here in town. He's been here all week."

"Have you seen him?"

"Of course I've seen him. I've seen him every second I could get away from everybody."

"I don't think that was very wise. And I don't think it was very kind of him to come here at this time."

"His mother died," Bliss said. "He came to the funeral. He just phoned me to say hello. He didn't know I was getting married."

"Doesn't he read the papers?"

"Why should he? He doesn't live here any more. He's some kind of electrical whiz. I always knew he would turn out to be a genius."

"That's neither here nor there," I said. "It was very foolish of you to see him, under the circumstances. Very unfair. Unfair to Thad and unfair to him. Unfair to yourself."

"What has being fair got to do with it?" Bliss demanded. "What has ever been fair where Nick and I have been concerned?"

"There is such a thing as being honorable," I said. "You must have told him your wedding was tomorrow. I can't believe he would have wanted to see you if he'd known."

"I don't know whether he wanted to see me or not," Bliss said. "I only know I had to see him. The minute I heard his voice on the telephone, it all rushed over me again. I had to see him. Can't you understand that?"

I wanted to say no, but I couldn't, in all honesty, so I said, "Did he come here?"

"No," Bliss said. "Everything was in such confusion here — not that I wouldn't have been proud to have him walk in that door," she added defensively. "But there were such mobs of people around, and I wanted to see him alone. I picked him up in front of the post office, and we drove out in the country."

"That must have been last Monday," I said. I remembered that Bliss had left a tea in her honor too early and yet had been out until seven o'clock.

"I think it was," Bliss said, "but I've lost track of time."

"Oh, Bliss," I said, "why couldn't you have used a little discipline?"

"If I could have, I wouldn't have," she cried. "I wouldn't take anything for this week. Everything was just the same with Nick and me. It was as if he had never been away. We went to Beaver Creek and sat on the grass under the trees, and oh, Mummy, it was so right!"

"My poor darling," I said. "My poor child."

"Don't pity me. Some people go through life and never know what it's all about."

"That doesn't alter your dilemma," I said.

Bliss said, "I didn't tell him I was going to be married for two whole days. I couldn't bear to break it up. I couldn't bear to think of not being where he was. I couldn't bear to think at all."

"But you did tell him?"

"I finally told him, and he said that of course I would have to change all that—that the only thing to do was tell Thad at once and ask him to let me off, since I couldn't possibly marry him."

"You must have known that was impossible."

"It didn't seem impossible to me then. When I am with Nick, nothing seems impossible. That's exactly what I meant to do."

"But you couldn't."

"Well, I didn't. It wasn't that I couldn't have told Thad. I could. Thad would take it in his stride. He's a pretty cold fish, you know. It was just that I couldn't bear to do it to Lewis."

"Lewis isn't exactly a weakling," I said.

"When I looked at the house and all the invitations and presents and decorations and publicity and hullabaloo, it was like an avalanche over me. I knew that Lewis wanted this with some kind of deep hunger, and I couldn't do it."

"I'm glad you came to your senses," I said.

"I went back to Nick and said I would have to go through with it, to save Lewis' pride or something, and that Thad would let me go afterwards and then we could be together. I could get a divorce later and save all the hysterics."

I could not think of anything to say to that.

Bliss went on. "Nick was absolutely furious. I thought he was going to beat me. I've never seen anybody so mad. He was simply terrible to me. 'How dare you,' he yelled, 'hold me so cheap! What do you think I am?' He called me a bad name, and, Mummy, it didn't make the slightest difference to me. I wouldn't have cared if he had hit me. I'd have liked it!"

I remembered that Lewis had once called Nick Egan trash, and it occurred to me that the world's goods and the world's snobberies have no bearing on such matters. "I think you deserved it," I said. "It has never been possible to have your cake and eat it. He couldn't marry a divorced woman, anyway. He's a Catholic."

"I suppose that would have come up sooner or later," Bliss said wearily. "He was too mad to think of it. We had a terrible fight. He said I had no honor and no courage and didn't love him, that I was just stringing him along. We said all the terrible things we could think of to each other, and then we fell in each other's arms again, and that was the end of that. All day yesterday I was going to tell Thad and try to stop everything, but I kept thinking of Lewis, and I knew it would kill him."

"Lewis has no inkling, I suppose."

"No, no," Bliss said. "Nobody does. And all these preparations kept going on, and it was like being caught under a steam roller. So this morning I made up my mind. I had to go through with it. I had to give Nick up, because maybe I wouldn't be any good for him, anyway. I had to make him go away at once, so I could be strong again. So we had this big renunciation scene tonight. I shouted at him that I didn't love him and I never had, I told him I never wanted to see him again and that tomorrow I would be Mrs. Thad Mercer and to hell with him.

"I wouldn't let him touch me or come near me, and I stood there like a marble statue, saying all those awful lies to Nick, and I was dying inside. I told him I had just one final wish and that was that he would go away as soon as possible and as far as possible and never think of me again."

"Did he promise?"

"Nick? Of course not. He said he would do as he damned pleased. He said this was one wedding he planned to attend."

"He wouldn't have so little taste."

"I'm afraid taste hasn't anything to do with it, Liza."

"He wouldn't dare," I said, a cold fear gripping me.

"He would," Bliss said. "And I can't go through with it. We've got to postpone it, Mummy. I've got to have time to pull myself together. I can't do it, I tell you!"

"Bliss," I said, "you have made your decision. Now you must stand by it. Of course you must go through with it. To postpone it would be truly scandalous. If you have decided to stand by your word and act like a grown person, you can't put all of us through this sort of nonsense."

Bliss was silent, her body still racked by long, dry sobs.

"You know what this would do to Lewis," I said. "You've already admitted that. You have some responsibility to Thad. You have some to me and to the people of Milton. Try to put yourself in the place of other people you have involved in your life. Thad has never done you one iota of harm, and yet you can consider embarrassing him in this way.

"What has Nick Egan ever done for you to deserve having you wreck your life? Years ago, he went off, and you never heard from him again. This kind of attraction is one of those chimerical things that cannot last. What you call love could not last." As I heard myself say these things, I knew the extent of my treachery. Why couldn't I tell her the truth?

"It would kill Lewis," Bliss said again. "I guess that's what matters."

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"Go away and wash your face," I said. "Soak some cotton pads in witch hazel, and put them on your eyes." I was all efficiency, and I had handled the crisis. "Then go to bed." I kissed her. "Good-night, darling," I said. "I want you to put everything out of your mind except the wonderful future in store for you as Thad's wife. This talk must be between us. You must never mention it to anyone as long as you live."

"There's nobody I can tell," Bliss said. "There has never been anybody I could really talk to except Nick."

"I am very proud of you," I said. "I want you to remember that. You have achieved maturity."

"Who wants it?" Bliss asked, and turned her face to the wall.

. . . .

It was noon before I arrived at the church. The chancel was massed with hundreds of shaggy white peonies, nodding in the shadowy air and diffusing their delicate, summery fragrance. The florist's men were tacking the white satin pathway down the red carpet of the aisle and putting up wrought-iron standards, bearing white candles and satin-tied bouquets. The altar was decked with ecclesiastical finery — lace and linen and a forest of tapers. Outside the church, the green-and-white marquee was in place. Everything was on schedule.

THE church was old and beautiful, and it had always seemed to me to encompass a hallowed air. As I stood at the rear of the church, staring down the nave to get the full effect of the florist's design, a ray of sunlight flickering with motes filtered down from a high Gothic window and fell across the pulpit. Something caught at my heart and all the thoughts and fears I had been holding back all day tumbled through my mind.

"What have I done?" I asked myself. "How can I have had the effrontery to deal with another life, when I have always lived a lie?"

I stumbled to a pew and sank down on the kneeling bench and put my face in my hands. I prayed incoherently for guidance, for help, for a sign, for some emanation of God's will. I prayed for forgiveness and for penance for all the mistakes of my life and for strength. I offered myself as a sacrifice, as an instrument, with a humility I had never known. A selflessness I had never managed before coursed through me. I prayed for Lewis and for Thaddeus and for Edward Egan and for Bliss and for my unworthy self. I prayed for all the world.

I have no idea how long I stayed there, but it must have been a long time. When I got up to go away I did not experience the peace I had sought. I was shaken to the depth of my person and almost unable to control my trembling. I shook as if in the throes of a hard chill. I must be coming down with something, I thought. I'm too tired, I thought. It's too much, I thought.

When I got home and dragged myself upstairs, Bliss was not there. Cora said she had gone to the luncheon and then to the hairdresser's and would be back about three.

"How was she?" I asked.

"Looked a little peaked," Cora said.

"Was she alone when she left?" I asked. I had a terrifying moment when I thought she might have disappeared with Nick Egan forever.

"No, ma'am. The Griswold girls came after her," Cora said. "They went in their car."

My heart resumed beating. Bliss was bearing up. Now it was up to me to bear up.

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Like an automaton, I checked the dining-room, kitchen, the living-room, the library, the morning-room, the guest-rooms, the bathrooms, the terraces, the tent. I conferred with the caterer, the florist, the police who had come to see about parking cars and handling the traffic, the musicians who were to play for dancing, the photographer, the newspapers, the detective who was guarding the wedding presents. I made several phone calls.

I went over Bliss' travelling bags, which were packed and ready for closing, and I looked at her wedding dress, hanging on its padded white satin hanger, a drift of virginal silk, appliqued with rose point, and at the beautiful veil clouding the full length of the guest-room bed. Then, in a kind of hysteria, I ran out of the room.

I could not rid my mind of the wild disorder of thoughts that rioted through it, and the conviction that I had been wrong, wrong, wrong to force this issue. I thought of calling Mary Carter, my cousin, and asking her to come and hold me together; but I could not trust myself. And I knew she would think it was strange. I wanted to sleep, to disappear, to die, in order to get away from the pounding implications; but there was no rest for me. I wandered through the house like some disembodied spirit, stumbling over the precise arrangements and getting in the way.

"Don't you want a bite of lunch, Mrs. Latham?" Cora asked me. "I may be able to get rid of some of those folks in there long enough to find you something."

"It's past lunchtime," I said.

"It's only two o'clock," Cora said.

How could I survive the next three hours?

I got into my car, with some unformed notion of finding Nick Egan. I drove to the old house by the depot where the Egan family had always lived; but it was deserted — ramshackle and derelict. Nobody had lived there for a long time, and I suppose the family was scattered and gone. Mrs. Egan had been the last of the Egans in Milton.

I drove aimlessly up one street and down another, peering at passers-by, and out on to the highway to the new motel. I had no idea where Nick could be staying; but I was possessed with the need to speak to him, although I was not sure I would recognise him. I could scarcely remember what he looked like.

I didn't see anyone who remotely resembled him, though I drove all over Milton for two hours. When I got back to the house, the driveway was full of cars and the house was full of the sound of high, girlish voices. The bridesmaids — eight of them — were posing on the stairs for the photographer in their embroidered organdie dresses and pale blue satin sashes and wide-brimmed garden hats. They looked like a Winterhalter painting.

"Here she is, Bliss," they chorused when they saw me.

Bliss came to the top of the stairs in her slip. Her color was high and her eyes were unusually bright. There were no telltale marks on her unlined face to remind one of the ravages of the night — only an ineffable sadness. She had not yet put on her make-up, and she looked so young and vulnerable that the tears I had been holding back for hours sprang to my eyes.

"Where have you been, Liza?" Bliss said. "Lewis is wild."

"I had an errand," I said. "I'll go and find him at once."

"He's in his room," Bliss said, "struggling with his tie."

"Why aren't you dressed?" Lewis demanded when I went into his dressing-room. He was fully clothed and he looked for once, in the sober habiliments requisite to the occasion, like his own dreams of himself.

"It's only four o'clock," I said. "There have been no hitches so far. Why don't you sit down and have a drink?"

"I can't sit down, damn it!" Lewis complained. "Have to keep the crease in my trousers! Please go and get dressed. I have the galloping jitters."

"Now, Lewis," I said, "calm yourself. You will have to support Bliss going down the aisle. And for heaven's sake, don't say anything to her that will upset her — anything sweet or sentimental, I mean. Brides going down the aisle are in a highly emotional state."

"Don't tell me how to act," Lewis said irritably. "I've learned to get around."

For once I welcomed his familiar irritation. It took my mind off the apprehension that had been gnawing at it. I marvelled at my ability to give advice and soothing syrup to everybody else, when my own mind was such a welter.

Cora had laid out my clothes — the chiffon dress, to soften my boniness, and the matching moire slippers and long white gloves, and the violet toque that was presumed to set off my blue rinse. I went through all the motions—bathing, perfuming, primping, combing, dressing —with the sureness of habit, thinking how the civilised routines mindlessly go on while our violent thoughts lead lives of their own. I pinned on the nosegay of violets that matched the hat and caught up my gloves and went down the hall to Bliss' room.

She was standing in the middle of the room, surrounded by the fluffy skirts of her attendants. The sibilant silk of her dress moulded her slender young body and flowed into a great skirt around her knees and backward in a court train. The curved neckline outlined her young breasts, and she would wear a necklace of matched pearls, from the jewellery vaults of the Mercer family.

I wish he could see her now, I thought, not willing to admit whom I meant. Just this once.

"Come and help us with the veil, Liza," Bliss said.

Restraining a sigh, I went forward and lifted the beautiful veil. My knees were trembling.

. . . . . .

The cream of Milton was there. There had never been such a turnout. Both sides of the church were packed — friends of the bride, friends of the groom. I saw them — my relatives and friends, the people I had known all my life, and the people who had known my family before I was born—in a haze. As I was ushered down the aisle, on the arm of Howard Starrett, to the bridal pew I could not keep my eyes from straying to both sides of the aisle, hunting that alien face.

"But of course he wouldn't carry out that threat," I told myself. "He wouldn't come. No man could do such a thing to the woman he loved."

I swallowed hard and tried to still my trembling as I entered the pew and sank to my knees on the kneeling bench. As I knelt there, the emotions of the morning flooded over me, and I fought a rising sense of hysteria. I must get up, I thought. I must! And finally I was able to get to my feet, just before the organ burst into the wedding music.

Thad, pale and impeccable, emerged from the door beside the choir loft, with MacGranger, his best man, and they advanced to their places. I had given Thad little thought, but now I looked at his unreadable face and wondered. Is it fair to condemn him to this—to a lifetime of half a loaf, and maybe things much worse?

The bridesmaids came down the aisle, stiffly bearing their sheaves of delphiniums, their faces struck with awe, and then Phyllis, serious with the responsibilities of being maid of honor. Step-slide-step-slide-step-slide, and the triumphant fanfare of "Lohengrin." Lewis, clothed in sober majesty, bore Bliss toward her appointment with destiny.

I remember that I kept swallowing and swallowing, as if I were gasping for breath, and I thought, what will I do if I get sick? And then the music sighed to a muted undercurrent, and I heard Doctor Davidson, the rector, intoning the age-old words: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God . . ."

I stood there, swaying, my gloved hands damp and trembling as they clung to the pew before me. In that second, these words from Morning Prayer registered in my mind: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done." In my state of mind they seemed to me to be the sign. I have no other way of accounting for what transpired.

"And therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. Into this holy estate, these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

I heard my own voice, which seemed to me to have been torn from me in a scream. I heard it loud and clear. "Let me speak." I heard myself say. "I have just cause."

In that infinitesimal instant before unconsciousness overtook me, I was aware of the shocked, indrawn breath of the congregation, as if they had breathed in as one person, the pindrop stillness of the church, and the rustle of Bliss' dress as she turned toward me. In that instant which must reward me for the rest of my life, I saw the expression of blazing radiance on her face, the radiance that surpasses understanding. Then the world went dark.

I have no way of knowing what happened in the church after that. I have heard a number of versions.

Most of them are too unbearable for me to consider. On one aspect, everyone seems to agree. Bliss merely laid her hand on Thad's arm, as though in supplication, handed Phyllis the bouquet of orchids showered with jasmine, gathered her train in her hand, and ran to the chancel door, with her veil floating out behind her.

She went alone. I don't know how she found her lover, for I have never seen her since. All her silken trappings and the emeralds and the pearls were found in her room, but we did not hear from her for a long time. By then she was the wife of Edward Egan.

I remained mercifully unconscious until the following afternoon. I came out of sedation, at home in bed, to find Lewis standing with his back to me, staring out the window.

By that time, most of the storm had quietened down. Lewis had organised the dismantling of the wedding reception that had never happened. It had given him something to do. He had done it with the dispatch and coldness of the captain of industry he had become.

ALL the garlands and ribbons and furbelows and garden tent had vanished. The wedding presents had been packed and labelled by one of Lewis' crews, working all night, and were returned to their givers. The refreshments had cheered the inmates of Milton hospitals. The accounts had been settled. The notes had been written.

There was nothing left but the susurration of tongues, which would never be stilled in our time. The house was in order, as quiet as death, and it remained only for Lewis to outwit the Press and lock himself away from all who knew him. A policeman had been stationed at the gates to drive away reporters, who had arrived from all the wire services and from as far away as New York, as well as sympathetic friends.

"Lewis," I said tentatively. "I don't know how to tell you—"

He turned from the window and came to the bed. His face, usually so strong and ruddy, was grey and old, and his lips were thin and set. A monolithic bitterness had settled behind his eyes, so that they looked almost opaque. "Don't talk," he said.

"We will have to talk," I said. "I owe you that."

"Talk will get us nowhere," he said. "I want you to build up your strength, so we can get away."

"You don't mean you are willing to go on having me around," I said, painfully touched. "You can't mean that!"

"I don't understand you," he said. "I never did — so I can't hold it against you. But I expected more of her."

"It was my fault," I said. "You can't blame Bliss."

"I can't bear the sound of her name," Lewis said. "So don't speak it in my presence. I never want to hear it again."

"But it was my fault," I reiterated. "It was I who shamed you."

"It was her fault," he said. "Don't try to tell me you had any reason but one she gave you."

That was the moment I could have told him, but he had suffered too much. I could not lay another straw on his burden. Not then. It would have been such a relief to have told him and have had done with it — to start over, to be free. I had meant to tell him, but I couldn't do it. Punishment comes to us in various ways, but we do not escape it. At that moment, I received a life sentence. I made my prison, and I am mine own gaoler.

"As soon as you are able," Lewis said, "I thought we could go to Venice. You liked it there, didn't you? We could take six months and look around — Italy, Greece. Give people a chance to forget a little. Not that they ever will. The Mercers will see to that."

"But your business," I said.

Lewis shook his head, as if there were no longer any reason to conquer the world. "I can manage," he said. "Maybe I'm not too old to learn about the things you like — art, music, stuff like that."

The weak tears came to my eyes. I would have preferred his rage. I had learned to cope with that. I could not bear to see him so beaten, and I suppose, for the first time, some feeling for him assaulted my heart. If he was not too old to learn, maybe I wasn't. "You're a good man, Lewis," I said. "I want you to know that. You're better than I deserve."

"Maybe we deserve each other," Lewis said.

A few weeks later, we flew to Rome from New York. The night before our departure, we were entertained at a dinner in a restaurant by an executive of one of Lewis' many companies. Lewis had grown expansive under the stimulus of new activity, new plans, the endless arrangements for travel, and now the excellent wine. He was almost having a good time, lording it over people, showing off.

The syndicated columnist who joined our party was affable and social for quite a while, and I suppose that put Lewis off his guard. Late in the evening, the man moved to sit beside Lewis, and in a lull in the conversation, I heard him say, "Where is your daughter now?"

I saw Lewis stiffen and the red flush come up from his neck. "Who?"

"The famous Bliss. Mrs. Egan, believe."

"I don't know what you mean," Lewis said.

"Your daughter," the man reiterated.

Lewis looked at him frigidly. "I have no daughter," he said, in a voice that rang like cold steel.

This announcement fell into the stillness and could be heard all over the room. The man mumbled something and took himself away. Lewis, with an aplomb he had lately acquired, turned to the woman on his right and began to talk. Conversation resumed; but I sat there, cold and mute.

I alone, in all the world, Robert, knew that he spoke the literal truth.

THE END

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"In this life we have three great lasting qualities — faith, hope, and love. But the greatest of them is love."***
— 1 Corinthians 13:13.

● ***"Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."***
— Proverbs 14:34.

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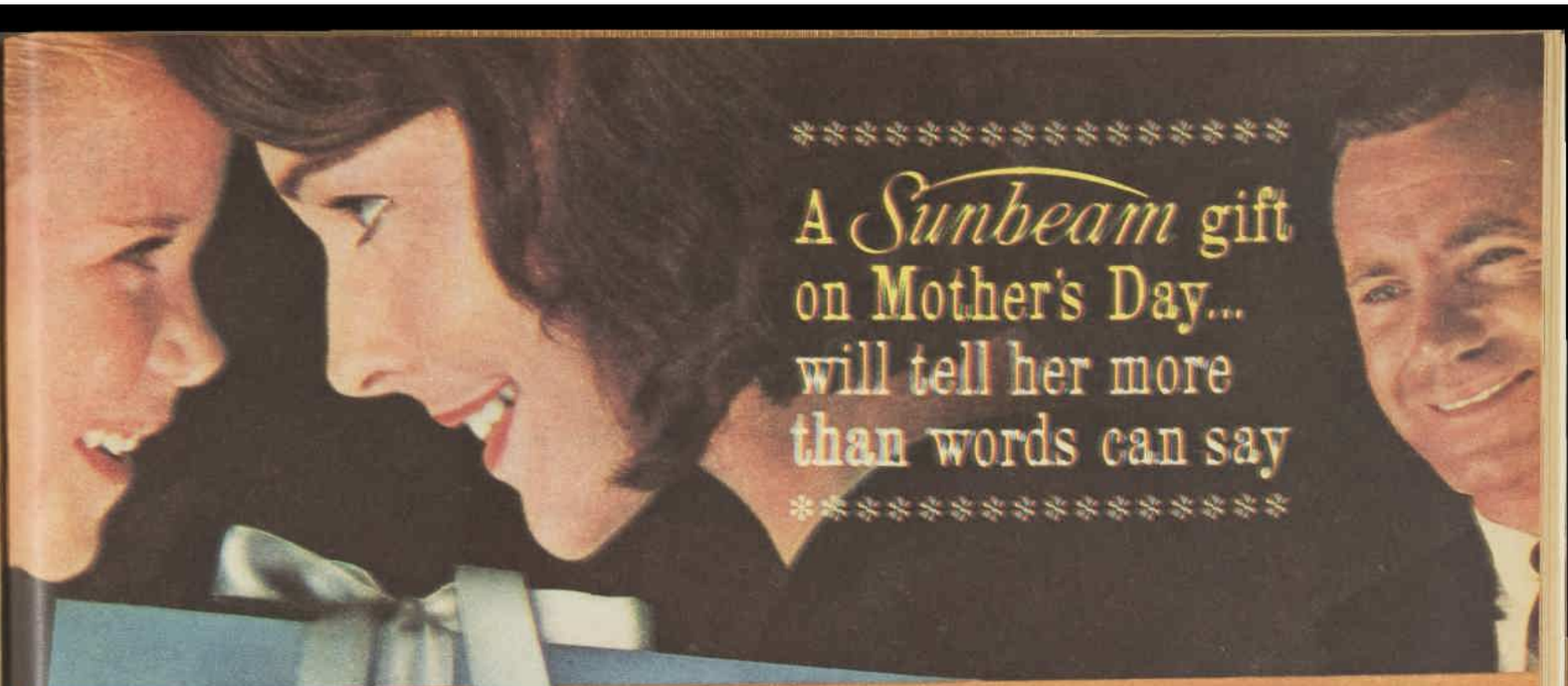

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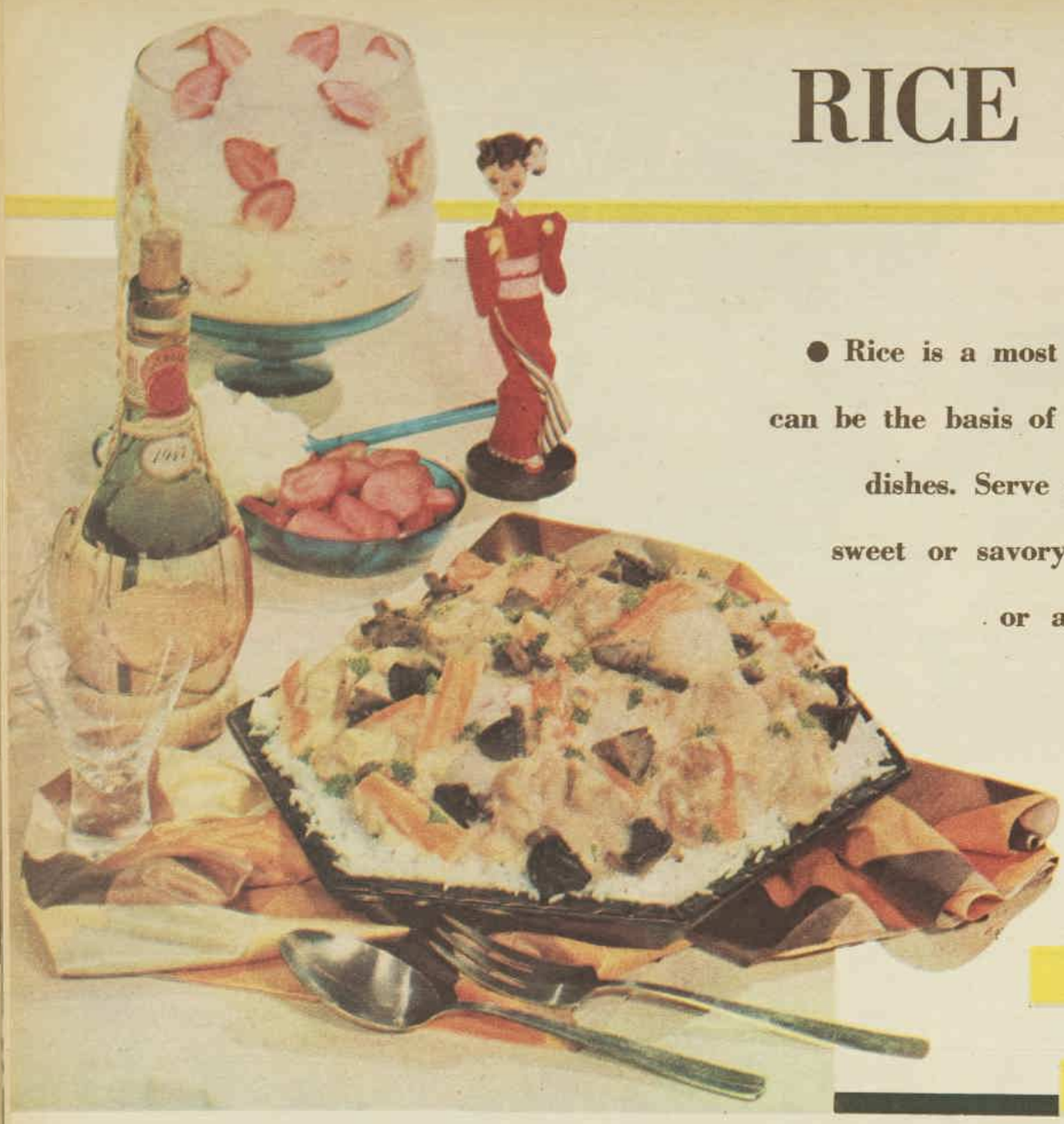
RICE DISHES



● Rice is a most versatile food that can be the basis of many attractive dishes. Serve it hot or cold, sweet or savory, as a main dish or a featured ingredient.

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

PIQUANTLY flavored Veal Malay and luscious Almond Rice Fantasia each use one of the many different varieties of rice available in Australia.

VARIETIES OF RICE

THE types of rice available in Australia can be divided broadly into the following categories:

White Rice: Available as polished (refined) and unpolished (unrefined) rice. Polished rice has the snowy whiteness of grain; the unpolished rice, because it goes through fewer refining processes, is less white but has greater food value.

White rice is available in both short-grained and long-grained varieties. Use the short-grained types for puddings and sweet dishes, the long-grained varieties (either Australian-grown or imported long-grains, such as Patna or Carolina) for pilafs, risottos, and other entrees.

Brown Rice: This is a whole-grain rice high in essential food values. It requires slightly longer cooking time (up to 10 minutes more) than white rice. It has a pleasant nutty flavor, but is also more perishable, so needs greater care in packing and storing. Always make sure it is stored in an airtight tin away from the light.

Wild Rice: This is not widely grown, the main source being the lake region of Minnesota, U.S.A. Only a very small quantity is imported here and it is expensive.

Wild rice, although it faintly resembles thin brown rice in appearance, is actually not a rice at all; it is the seed of a marsh grass. It is apt to be dusty, and thorough soaking and washing before cooking are necessary to ensure cleanliness. It needs longer cooking than ordinary rice and in a larger amount of water. It triples in bulk in cooking.

As an accompaniment to game or in fine poultry stuffing, wild rice is eagerly sought by gourmets.

Savory dishes

CANADIAN FISH LOGS

Three cups hot cooked rice, 1 beaten egg, 1 can salmon, juice 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 finely chopped tomato, 1 finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, few drops hot chilli sauce, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, bread or cereal crumbs, fat or oil for frying, lemon wedges for garnish.

Combine cooked rice with beaten egg, salmon (bones and any loose skin removed), lemon juice, parsley, chopped tomato and onion. Season with salt, pepper, chilli sauce. Form into oblong patties with floured hands, coat with egg-glazing, then with bread or cereal crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat or oil until golden. Serve hot with lemon wedges to garnish. Serves 6.

CHICKEN RISOTTO

One ounce butter, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 stalk celery, 1 small carrot, 4oz. mushrooms, 2 skinned tomatoes, 1lb. chopped cooked chicken meat, ½ cup chopped ham, ¼ pint dry white wine, ¼ pint chicken stock, salt, pepper, 12oz. rice, extra 1 pint chicken stock, extra 1 or 2oz. butter, 1 cup grated parmesan cheese.

Heat butter in deep pan, saute chopped onion, garlic, celery (sliced), and chopped carrot 5 minutes. Add chopped mushrooms and tomatoes, allow to cook together 3 minutes. Stir in chopped chicken meat, ham, and wine; cook a few minutes, add seasoning and stock. Cover, simmer 20 minutes. Add rice and half the extra chicken stock, cover and continue cooking until rice has absorbed liquid (add more stock as required). Just before serving fold in butter and grated parmesan cheese. Serves 6.

VEAL MALAY

Two pounds veal steak, seasoned flour, 1 small chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 2 cups stock or water, ½ cup dry white wine, 2 medium-sized carrots (cut into pieces), 6 small white onions (peeled but left whole), 1 tablespoon softened butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup sour cream, salt, pepper, ¼lb. mushrooms (cut into quarters), 3 cups hot cooked long-grain rice, snipped parsley.

Cut veal into serving-size pieces, coat with seasoned flour. Brown lightly in heated fat or oil, remove veal from pan, and saute sliced onion and garlic lightly. Pour off any fat remaining in pan. Replace veal, pour over stock or water and wine. Cover, simmer 15 minutes. Add prepared carrots and onions, cover, and continue cooking further 30 minutes. Blend softened butter with flour and sour cream, stir gradually into mixture. Continue stirring until sauce thickens, but do not allow to boil. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add mushrooms and continue cooking slowly until vegetables and meat are tender. Pile on bed of hot fluffy long-grain rice, sprinkle over the snipped parsley. Serves 6.

SATURDAY CARNIVAL BAKE

One cup raw rice, boiling salted water, 2oz. butter or substitute, salt, pepper, 1 or 2 tablespoons capers, 1lb. tomatoes, 2 thinly sliced onions, extra 1oz. butter, 1 can shredded tuna, juice 1 lemon.

Cook rice in boiling salted water for about 15 minutes or until tender; drain, mix with butter and seasonings. Press over base and sides on 9in. pie-plate, sprinkle with capers. Reserve 2 even-sized tomatoes for garnish, chop remainder. Saute onion slices in extra butter until softened, add tomatoes, season well. Simmer 5 minutes. Combine tuna with lemon juice and a little salt and pepper to taste. Place alternate layers of tomato and tuna mixture in rice case, finishing with tuna layer. Slice reserved tomatoes into quarters and arrange around top of dish. Bake in a moderate oven until well heated. Serves 6.

Continued on page 60

In all the recipes in this feature, level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

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...sweet and savory

HOW TO COOK RICE

THERE are innumerable ways of cooking rice, each of which is good. But basically it is resolved into two methods:

- **In a small amount of water in a covered saucepan.**
- **In a large amount of water in an open saucepan.**

Examples of these two methods are:

METHOD 1: Wash rice in several lots of water until water runs clear. Place in saucepan, add cold water to 1in. above level of rice. Cover with tightly fitting lid, bring to boil, then simmer 20 minutes very slowly (otherwise it may burn). Remove from heat, allow to stand ten minutes, still tightly covered. This steams rice inside pan so it becomes light and fluffy.

This method produces a firm, dry, unseasoned rice suitable for savory dishes.

METHOD 2: Drop rice into a large quantity of boiling water with salt and a little lemon juice or rind. Boil rapidly, uncovered, 15 minutes. Strain into colander. Run under hot-water tap to separate rice grains. Stand colander over boiling water to keep rice hot.

This method, less tricky than Method 1 above, results in soft, separate grains, ideal to make sweet dishes.

In both methods, 1 cup raw rice yields 3 cups cooked rice.

Color pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron

CRISPLY FRIED Canadian Fish Logs and colorful Saturday Carnival Bake both feature rice as an important ingredient. Recipes opposite.

Luscious desserts

BAKED PINEAPPLE RICE

One cup rice, 1 large can pineapple pieces (drained, reserving ¾ cup of pineapple syrup), 4oz. butter, ¾ cup brown sugar.

Cook rice in usual way, rinse, drain well. Place in well-buttered baking-dish in layers with pineapple pieces, finishing with rice layer. Dot each layer with a little butter, sprinkle with brown sugar. Pour over the reserved pineapple syrup. Cover, bake rice in moderate oven 1 hour. Uncover, bake further 30 minutes. Serves 6.

DUTCH APPLE PANCAKES

One egg, 1 tablespoon flour, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1lb. cooked rice, 2 cooking apples (peeled and chopped), grated rind 1 lemon, pinch cinnamon, ¼ cup sultanas, butter.

Beat flour, sugar into egg, mix in rice, apple, lemon rind, cinnamon, sultanas. Heat frying-pan, grease well with butter. Spoon about 1 tablespoon of mixture at a time into pan, cook until golden brown underneath. Turn and brown other side. Serve warm. Serves 6.

BUTTER-MALLOW RICE

Two cups milk, ½ cup rice, 2oz. butter, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup chopped marshmallows, grated chocolate, whipped cream.

Combine rice, milk in top half of a double saucepan. Cook over hot water about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Melt butter in separate saucepan, add brown sugar and salt; place over low heat until sugar has melted. Allow to cool a little, stir slowly into hot rice. Continue cooking over hot water further 20 minutes; add vanilla. Allow to cool, then fold in chopped marshmallows. Fill into serving-dish, top with whipped cream and grated chocolate before serving. Serves 6.

ALMOND RICE FANTASIA

Four tablespoons rice, 1 tablespoon almond meal, 1 pint milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs (separated), 1 small can well-chilled evaporated milk, few drops almond essence, 1 tablespoon brandy (optional), 1 box strawberries (hulled and sliced), 1 tray vanilla ice-cream (bought or home-made).

Place rice, almond meal, and sugar in saucepan, stir in milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until rice softens. Stir in egg-yolks, simmer 5 minutes. Add brandy and almond essence. allow to cool slightly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, beaten evaporated milk, and half the sliced strawberries. Fill into serving-bowl; chill. Just before serving, top with scoops of ice-cream and remaining strawberries. Serves 6.

MOCHA RICE GLACE

One pint boiling coffee, ½ pint milk, ¾ cup castor sugar, 1 cup cooked rice, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons gelatine (dissolved in little hot water), 1 teaspoon vanilla essence or rum, 2oz. melted chocolate, ½ pint cream, glace fruits and extra whipped cream to decorate.

Mix coffee and milk together, stir into gelatine mixture. Add sugar, allow to cool. Stir in the rice, salt, vanilla or rum, melted chocolate. When beginning to thicken, fold in whipped cream, turn into wetted or oiled mould. Chill in refrigerator until firm and very cold. To serve, turn out on glass dish and serve decorated with glace fruits and whipped cream. Serves 6.

CITRUS TANG

Eight ounces rice, water, 8oz. sugar, extra ½ pint water, grated rind and juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon, chopped pulp from 2 oranges, lemon to decorate.

Wash rice, boil in plenty of water in the usual way until tender. Drain and rinse in cold water to separate grains. Boil sugar with ½ pint water and grated rind and juice of orange and lemon until syrup is slightly thick. Mix into rice, place in top half of a double saucepan, and cook gently over simmering water about 1 hour with lid on. Allow to cool, fold in orange pulp, and fill into glass dish. Decorate with lemon slices before serving. Serves 6.

APRICOT CREAM PARFAIT

One large can apricots, ½ cup sugar, 4 egg-whites, ½ pint cream (whipped), 1 cup cooked rice.

Drain juice from apricots and add water to make up to 2 cups, add sugar. Boil until it spins a thread (about 10 minutes 230deg. F.). Add this syrup very slowly to whipped egg-whites, beat until cold. Rub half the apricots through sieve or strainer and chill. Fold apricot pulp into whipped cream, mix in rice; add to the syrup mixture. Fill into freezing-trays, freeze until firm. To serve, spoon into tall glasses, decorate with apricot halves and wafer biscuits. Serves 6.

FRIENDLY FRITTERS

Four tablespoons self-raising flour, pinch salt, milk, 1 egg, 1¼ cups cooked rice, 2 to 3 tablespoons sugar, butter for frying, jam.

Blend flour with just enough milk to make smooth paste, add salt and beaten egg; add a little more milk if necessary to make smooth thick batter. Stir in rice and sugar. Spoon mixture in large spoonfuls into pan in which butter has been heated. Cook until browned lightly, then turn and brown other side. Serve very hot with jam. Serves 6.

RICE MOON GLOW

One can pear halves, ½ cup rice, piece lemon rind, 1½ pints milk, ½ pint pear syrup, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg (separated), ½ pint cream, glace cherries, ½ cup apricot jam, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, extra 2 tablespoons pear syrup.

Place rice in top half of double saucepan with lemon rind, milk, pear syrup, and sugar. Cook over hot simmering water, stirring occasionally until rice has absorbed most of liquid. Remove lemon rind, add vanilla, beaten egg-yolk, and whipped cream. Chop 1 or 2 pear halves into small dice, fold into rice. Fill into buttered ovenproof dish, top with remaining pear halves and glace cherries. Heat apricot jam with lemon juice and pear syrup, rub through fine sieve, then spread over pear halves. Serve hot or cold. Serves 6.

Continued on page 61

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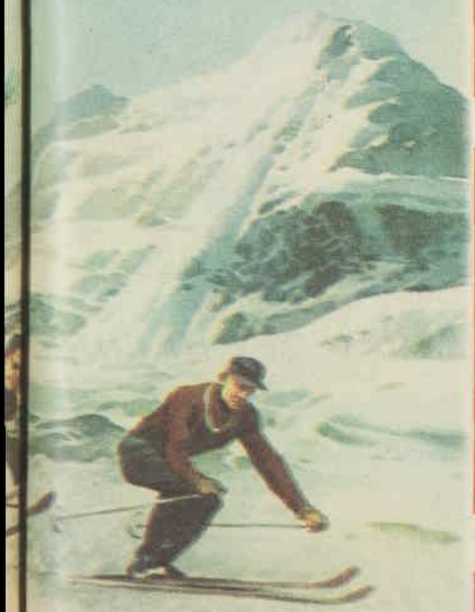

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STARLIGHT Narrow borders of white surround five-inch checks in subtle pastel hues. Illustrated: green, pink and lavender.

LIMELIGHT Four-inch block over-checks are highlighted by a double border of white. Illustrated: new autumn tonings of chestnut, olive and white.

a bed...

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

STRAWBERRIES

***STRAWBERRIES** were planted in holes in the side of this strawberry pot, but the trailing sprays are mock strawberries (Fragaria indica), which were planted in the top of the pot.*

FOR the flat-dweller with a sunny balcony or gardener with a small plot, a strawberry pot can be used to grow this delicious fruit.

Fill the bottom of the pot with two to three inches of crocking, then add fibrous material (leafmould or peat-moss) so that the soil will not dry out too quickly. Top with rich, friable soil.

Plant strawberry runners row by row, starting with the lowest row of holes, watering and firming the soil as you put in the plants. Enrich the soil once a month with cow manure or one of the liquid fertilisers.

Place the pot in a sunny, open position, and when berries come turn the pot each day so that they are exposed to the sunniest position.

Berries grown in a pot remain clean and do not touch the soil.

When the strawberries begin to ripen, protect the fruit from birds with black cotton attached to bamboo sticks.

Gardening Book — page 134

● ***April is the month for setting out healthy young strawberry runners.***

ONE hundred bearing plants will supply the normal needs of a family of four adults and can usually be grown in a patch of soil 20ft. square.

Suitable types vary in different parts of Australia.

Auchincruive Climax is one of the best all-round varieties, with strong plants and large, high-flavored berries.

Other reliable varieties are Preston's Special, Richmond Red (a good type for either home gardener or commercial grower), and the old favorite Phenomenal, which is popular in Queensland and northern New South Wales.

Consult your local nurseryman to find the best variety for your climate and soil conditions.

Strawberries ripen in late spring and early summer. After a mid-summer resting period the plants go into active growth during autumn. In the warmer parts of Australia they develop a second crop in late autumn or winter.

Strong-rooted runners can be taken up with a ball of earth and will suffer little setback from being moved. If you can get pot-grown plants you'll find them even better.

They need abundant plant food to develop good strong crowns, so new beds should be dug over thoroughly and enriched with old manure.

Plants should be set 12 to 18in. apart, with 2ft. between each row. Keep them in individual "hills" by removing new runners as they form.

The crowns should be set level with the surface of the soil and well firmed in. Take care that no soil is left over the centre of the crowns, and do not leave the roots exposed to sunlight. Plants left standing high out of the ground may be dislodged during wet, windy weather.

Unless the soil is very wet when planting, a thorough watering should follow. A light cultivation to mulch the surface between rows is advisable.

Many gardeners use old tanbark as a mulch to conserve moisture and prevent berries becoming soiled during heavy rain.

Chopped straw is also used to mulch between rows and round plants.

It may be found that these mulches encourage slugs, the strawberry's worst pest. However, the loss of a few berries is better than a lot of gritty fruit, which cannot always be washed clean.

Gardening Book — page 135

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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RICE . . . continued

Savory dishes

(from page 54)

CREOLE SOUP

One cup rice, 3 cups boiling water, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup tomato puree, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch paprika, chopped parsley.

Cook rice for ½ hour in boiling water. Meanwhile, cook onion in heated butter, do not brown; add tomato puree, cook further 5 minutes. Add to rice with salt, sugar, and paprika. Fill into bowls, top each with parsley. Serves 6.

EGG LEMON SOUP

Two pints chicken stock, 4oz. rice, 3 eggs, juice 1 lemon, salt, pepper.

Bring chicken stock to boil, add rice, cook over heat for 15 minutes or until rice is tender. Beat eggs in basin with lemon juice. Do not remove saucepan from heat, bring basin with eggs and lemon juice to it. Add boiling stock to eggs in basin, spoon by spoon. Beat mixture all the time or eggs may curdle. Remove stock from heat, add mixture in basin to it with salt and pepper to taste. Stir soup for few minutes over low heat. Serves 6.

OYSTER JAMBALAYA

Half pound bacon (diced), 2 pints oysters in their liquor, 5 large onions (chopped), 2lb. canned tomatoes (or fresh skinned tomatoes), 3 cups rice, 2 cloves garlic (chopped), salt, pepper, water.

Put bacon in deep heavy saucepan and fry until crisp. Take bacon out, put in onions, fry until light brown. Add 1 cup water, cook until water evaporates. Add tomatoes (chopped), simmer 10 minutes. Add oysters and liquor, fried meat, garlic, and 4 cups water. Season with salt, pepper to taste; add washed rice. When it comes to boil put lid on and simmer about 25 to 30 minutes or until rice is plump and tender. Serves 6.

FRIED RICE

Half-pound cooked long-grain rice, 1 egg, ¼ cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green shallot tops, 1 cup cooked shelled prawns, oil for frying.

Heat oil in pan. Beat egg well and pour into pan; when it has cooked on one side, turn and cook other side. Remove from pan, cut into thin strips, reserve. Add rice to hot pan, stir with fork until rice is well coated with oil, then cook, stirring frequently with fork, until rice is golden brown and firm. Stir in egg strips, shallots, finely chopped celery, and prawns; cook, stirring, until heated through.

Golden Saffron Rice: To give a golden color and delicious flavor to fried rice, add ¼ teaspoon saffron to water in which rice is boiled.

Dark Soy Rice: This is a nice accompaniment to grilled meat. Mix 1 dessertspoon soy sauce with 1 tablespoon water. Fork through rice, a few drops at a time, while rice is frying.

When making the fried rice recipe on this page, cook rice by Method 1 given on page 55. Some people prefer to cook the rice the day before required, then leave it in the refrigerator overnight to dry out further. The rice grains become firm but tender inside, quickly turn gold when fried.

BENDELLA RICE BUFFET

Three rashers bacon, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 cups rice, 1½ to 2 pints chicken stock, 1lb. small prawns (shelled), 2 cups cooked chicken meat (cut into small pieces), 3 tomatoes, 1 green pepper, butter, salt, pepper.

Chop bacon into small pieces, saute with the onion until browned lightly. Add rice and stir over heat until well coated with bacon fat. Stir in about 1½ pints chicken stock, simmer over gentle heat or bake in moderate oven until rice has absorbed liquid and is soft and plump. If mixture becomes too dry, add more stock. When cooked, fold in shelled prawns, chicken meat, skinned chopped tomatoes, and green pepper (which has been sauteed in a little butter). Season with salt and pepper, reheat. Serve hot on large platter. Serves 6.

CHICKEN LIVER SOUFFLE

Eight ounces chicken livers, seasoned flour, 1oz. butter, ½ pint Marsala wine, 8oz. rice, 2 pints chicken stock, ½ cup grated parmesan cheese, extra 4oz. butter, 4 eggs (separated).

Cut chicken livers into fine strips, flour lightly and fry in hot butter with the wine a few minutes. Allow mixture to cool. Meanwhile, cook rice 20 minutes in chicken stock; fold in cheese, butter, and the chicken liver mixture. Cool, then add egg-yolks. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture. Grease souffle-dish large enough to hold the whole mixture, line with buttered paper and pour souffle mixture in. Cook in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve at once to 6.

SPANISH RICE SALAD

Two cups cooked and cooled rice, 2 green peppers (sliced), 2 red peppers (sliced), 4 even-sized tomatoes (skinned and chopped), 1 finely chopped white onion, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, ¼ cup olive oil, ¼ cup wine vinegar, salt and pepper, 1 clove garlic (chopped finely), lettuce leaves.

In salad bowl combine rice, green and red peppers, tomatoes, onion, and parsley; toss lightly. Blend together the olive oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and garlic. Pour over rice in salad bowl, again toss lightly. Serve in crisp lettuce leaves on individual cold plates. Serves 6.

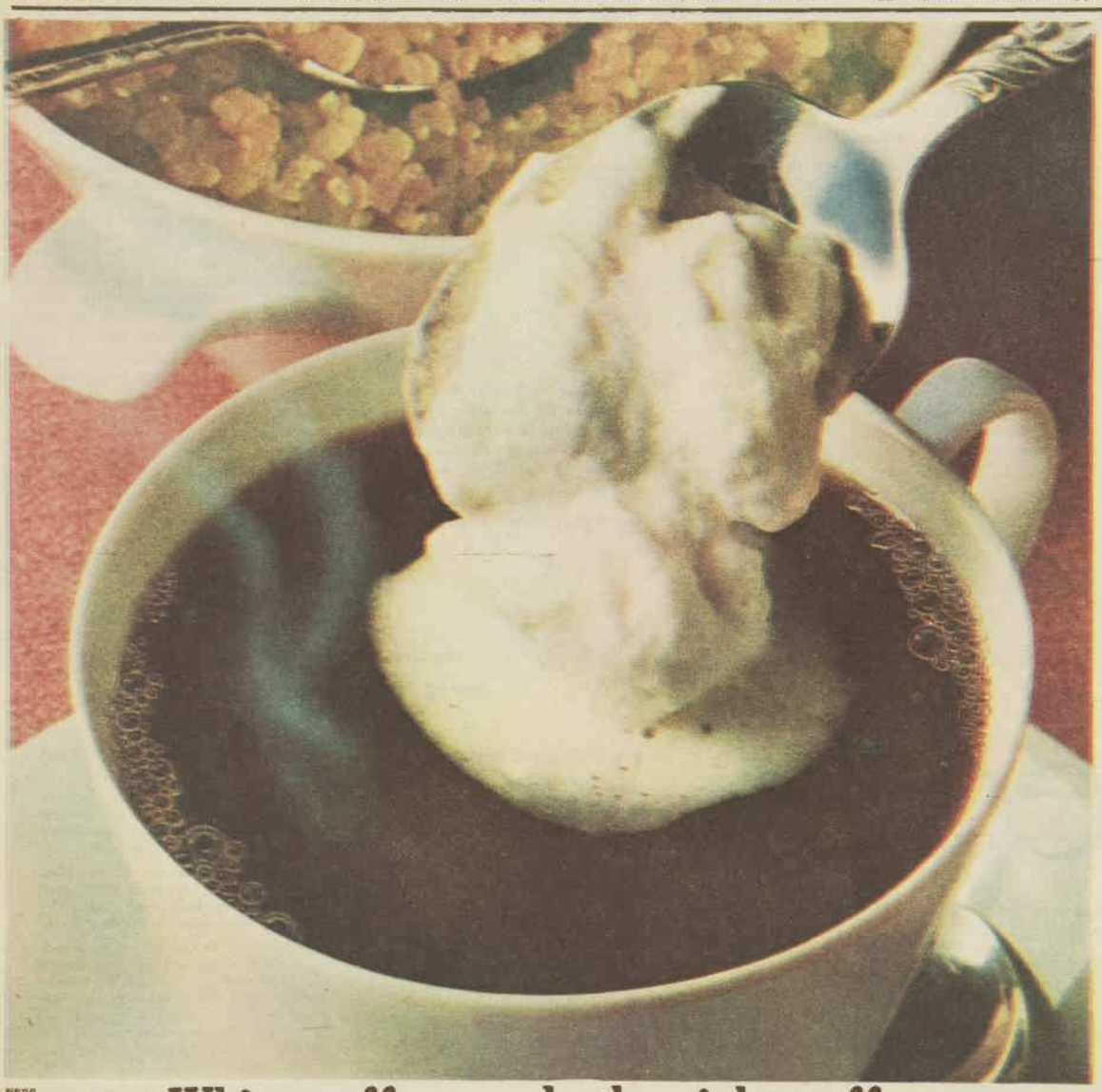
SPANISH RICE

Four slices bacon (chopped), ¾ cup rice, ½ cup thinly sliced onions, 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 clove garlic (optional), 1 green pepper (seeded and chopped).

Saute bacon in pan until brown, remove, add rice. Brown lightly, add onions, and brown. Mix in bacon, tomatoes, salt, paprika, garlic, and green pepper. Cover, bake in moderately slow oven until rice is tender. Add more tomatoes or water if mixture becomes too dry. Serves 6.

Cheese Sauce: Half pound cheddar or any other soft cheese, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 beaten egg, ½ teaspoon each curry powder and dried herbs (both optional).

Cut cheese into cubes, place in top half of double saucepan. Stir over hot water until cheese melts, add evaporated milk and all seasonings. Remove from heat, add beaten egg. Stir and cook until mixture thickens. Pour over rice.



N656

White coffee needs the right coffee

Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended right, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.

So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: After-dinner strong, with a float of whipped cream . . . really milky with a dash of cinnamon, cocoa or grated chocolate . . . So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)

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RICE . . . concluded

Luscious desserts

(from page 55)

RICE SUNDAES

Half pint milk, 2oz. sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, 1oz. raw rice, 1 cup cooked sweetened apples, pink coloring, 1 egg-white, whipped cream.

Heat milk with sugar and lemon rind. When nearly boiling, sprinkle over rice, stirring well; cook 15 minutes. Cool the mixture. Rub apples through sieve, mix into cooled rice mixture, color a delicate pink. Beat egg-white until thick, fold through the rice cream to give two-tone effect. Spoon into glass dishes, top with cream. Serves 6.

RICE CARAMEL CUP

Three eggs (slightly beaten), ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup raw rice (boiled), 2 cups scalded milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, nutmeg.

Combine eggs, sugar, and salt, add milk and vanilla, beat thoroughly. Add boiled rice, pour into 6 5oz. custard cups; sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in pan of hot water in slow oven until mixture firms (about 40 to 45 minutes). Serve warm or chilled with caramel syrup trickled on top of each cup.

RICE CREAM BRULEE

Four eggs (slightly beaten), ½ cup sugar, ½ cup raw rice (boiled), 2½ cups milk (scalded), ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons vanilla, brown sugar.

Combine eggs, sugar, and boiled rice. Gradually stir in milk. Cook, stirring constantly, in double boiler over hot but not boiling water until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat, cool slightly, stir in salt and vanilla. Chill quickly. Just before serving, sprinkle over top of rice cream ¾ cup brown sugar to cover top completely. Place in pan containing ice-cubes, then place pan under hot griller 3 to 4 minutes. (This will give custard a bubbly brown toffee crust.) Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings.

PINEAPPLE FREEZE

One cup crushed pineapple, ½ cup cooked rice, ½ cup chopped shredded coconut, 8 marshmallows (cut into eighths), ½ cup plain biscuit crumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup cream.

Pour pineapple with syrup over coconut and marshmallows. Leave to soak several hours, or overnight, until marshmallows are soft. Brown crumbs lightly in butter; spread half over bottom of refrigerator tray. Fold rice and cream (whipped) into pineapple mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray. Sprinkle over the remaining crumbs; freeze until firm. Serves 6.

GINGER-FLAVORED RICE

Four ounces rice, 1¼ pints milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 eggs, 2oz. preserved ginger, 3oz. finely shredded suet, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon ginger (ground).

Place milk in saucepan, bring to the boil. Place rice and boiling milk in top half of double saucepan; cook over boiling water until milk has been absorbed, stirring occasionally. Turn into basin, allow to cool slightly, add the sugar, preserved ginger (which has been cut into dice), ground ginger, flour, and suet. Mix well, stir in the beaten eggs. Place mixture into greased pudding-basin, tie piece of buttered paper over top and steam 3 hours. Serve hot. Serves 6.

CITRUS DE-LUXE

Two cups boiled rice, rind and juice of 1 lemon, rind and juice of 1 orange, 4 tablespoons sugar, 3 eggs, milk, extra sugar.

Place rice in basin with the strained juices, rinds, and sugar. Separate 1 egg-yolk from the white, reserve the white. Add yolk to the 2 whole eggs, beat well; stir into rice. Mix well, pour into ovenproof dish, add milk to fill dish if necessary. Bake in moderate oven ½ hour. Beat egg-white stiffly, add a little sugar, beat well. Spread over pudding, return to oven until lightly browned. Serves 6.

LOTUS BUD SOUFFLE

Two tablespoons rice, ½ pint milk, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2lb. cooking apples, red-currant jelly, castor sugar.

Peel and core apples. Place in saucepan with enough water to cover them and a little sugar; cook gently until tender. Meanwhile, cook rice in milk until soft. Add egg-yolks and 2 tablespoons of sugar; mix well. Make wall with rice round side of pie-dish. Fill centre of dish with apples. Place a little red-currant jelly in each apple. Beat egg-whites until stiff, spread over the apples and rice. Sprinkle freely with castor sugar, cook in slow oven until lightly browned. Serve with cream or custard. Serves 6.

OLD-FASHIONED RICE PUDDING

Half cup rice, 4 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½ cup seeded raisins.

Combine rice, milk, sugar, and salt; pour into greased ovenproof dish. Bake in slow oven 1 hour, stirring several times. Add lemon rind, nutmeg, and raisins; continue cooking 2 to 2½ hours. Two-thirds cup brown sugar can be used in place of white sugar. Serves 6.

HONEY SPECKLE CREAM

One cup chopped cooked prunes, ½ cup honey, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup milk, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ½ cup partly cooked rice (cooked 8 minutes), 1 teaspoon baking-powder.

Combine all ingredients, mix thoroughly. Pour into greased ovenproof dish. Place dish in shallow pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream if desired. Serves 6.

DATE AND RICE PUDDING

One pint milk, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, ½ cup chopped dates, 1 tablespoon rice, 1 dessertspoon cocoa (which has been blended with a little milk), nutmeg.

Place rice, sugar, and chopped dates in bottom of ovenproof dish. Mix blended cocoa with the milk, pour over rice in dish; mix very carefully. Sprinkle with nutmeg, bake in slow oven 1½ to 2 hours until rice is tender. Serve hot. Serves 6.

REGAL SOUFFLE

Four ounces rice, 6oz. sugar, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 pint milk, 3 eggs (separated), vanilla, water.

Place rice in saucepan with water, parboil 6 minutes. Drain, place in top half of double saucepan. Add the butter, sugar, vanilla, and milk. Bring to boil, cover, and cook over boiling water until milk has been absorbed and rice is soft (about 1 hour). Cool slightly, add beaten egg-yolks. Meanwhile, place egg-whites in basin, beat until stiff. Fold lightly into egg-yolk mixture. Pour into buttered souffle-dish, bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Serve at once. Serves 6.

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EL/29

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● The sort of picnics I like best are the unpremeditated ones.

IF you choose a day and plan a picnic and think about the food and lay in supplies, something is sure to go wrong — either it rains and nobody can think of anything really interesting to do as a substitute, or somebody gets a cold the night before, or the chops or the salt get left behind at the last minute.

On Thursday Hugh cannily waited till the last of the children (Di, as usual) had made her dramatic mile-a-minute exit to catch her bus, and then announced that he had to go to Richmond for the day, and I had five minutes to make up my mind whether or not I was coming.

Lovely excuse to close the kitchen door on the breakfast carnage, forget the rest of the chores, and hurl the dog and spare cardigan into the back of the car!

Pretty soon it turned out that there'd been no earthly reason for all the rush, because somewhere out on the outskirts of the suburbs we got sidetracked by a junk-yard, and spent a happy hour and a half there poking round.

Hugh is constitutionally unable to pass a junk-yard without having a look.

Once upon a time I used always to take a book with me in the car, so that I'd have something to do while he indulged his passion for climbing over heaps of timber and rattling round among the abandoned sinks and ice-chests and whatnots.

The rot set in for me the very first time I was induced into one of these household cemeteries because I had nothing to read, and found four highly desirable metal doorstops which cost me five bob.

The economics of junk-yards and demolition work always puzzle me.

Why is it a good idea to break every pane of glass in every door, bash in the sides of stoves, and stand the more usable things, like shop-fittings and kitchen cupboards and padded armchairs, out in the open where two or three weeks' rain and sun warps them so that they'll never be usable again?

Hugh's theory is that the big junk-yards are really long-term reclamation projects, and that in a few years bulldozers will push earth over the pianos and the fire-escapes from city buildings and the refrigerators and the birdcages, and the tens of thousands of bricks, turning the area eventually into desirable building lots where the whole process of wearing things out and throwing them away can be begun all over again.

Finally we tore ourselves away, taking nothing with us except a large splinter I'd collected between my toes, due to the fact that I hadn't known junk-yards were on the agenda and had worn sandals.

Glimpses (and some smiles) at the far past

AT Richmond, where Hugh had some business to attend to, I spent a happy hour at St. Peter's, which is an early church I hadn't seen before.

It's a beautifully proportioned little church, built in 1840, red brick, a lot of it creeper-covered, with a delicate copper spire and beautiful side windows made of rich small squares of brilliant-colored glass without pictures or patterns in them.

By the time Hugh came back for me I'd crossed the road to have a look at the old section of the cemetery.

This was to be a graveyard day for us of one sort or another, because after lunch (delicious thick ham sandwiches bought in Richmond for 1/- each) we went back to Windsor for one more look at famous St. Matthew's Church.

The thing that has intrigued me every time I've seen it is to try to work out how much of the interior looks today as it did in 1820.

Now I know the answer to most of that, because there's a very good little booklet available at the church which tells most of its history.

One question it doesn't answer is what sort of windows the convict architect, Francis Greenway, put in to his superb design for the church.

All the existing windows seem to be memorials to parishioners, dated long after the building of the church.

The St. Matthew's graveyard is even older than the church, the first burial being of "Andrew Thomson Esq., of this Parish, came to the colony in the ship Pitt, in the year of our Lord, 1792. Aged 37 years, and was buried, October 25th, 1810."

In the early days it was the burial-ground for people of all denominations and even for those of none, and some of the entries in the register read like this — "Heathen —buried without service in south-east corner" or "Jane—an aboriginal, supposed 20. No service, the woman being unbaptised."

Some of the older graves have those touchingly sad and funny epitaphs written with so much feeling and so little poetic skill. At St. Matthew's I'm particularly fond of:

Far from the land where first he drew his breath,
He bowed obedient to all conquering death.
At Church he was and made his daughters brides,
On the next day it was the will of God he died.

Another of my favorites is:

Weep not for me my babies dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
It was God's will for us to part,
And left my wife with an aking heart.
He was a father dear and a husband kind,
The wretched drink distressed his mind;
Left me in grief for to regret.
While I am on earth you I never forget.
View this stone my Brothers dear,
And think of me and shed a tear,
I was cut off all in my bloom,
And left my dear friends to regret my doom.

"If a man-and-a-half eats an egg-and-a-half . . ."

DINNER (with mushrooms at 4/9 a pound from a roadside stall we passed on the way home) was enlivened by much argument and masculine crowing when Mike was the only one to get the right answer to Hugh's question:

If we drove to Windsor at an average speed of 30 m.p.h. (!) and drove home at an average speed of 20 m.p.h. (!!) what was our average speed for the round trip?

Fight that one out with your family before you turn the page upside-down to find the answer I've now reluctantly been forced to agree is the correct one.

ANSWER: 24 miles an hour; 25 is the average of the two speeds given, but not the average for the whole trip. The easiest way to see why it is work with a mileage. Say the distance is 60 miles (it's not, but it's a nice easy figure to divide things into). Sixty miles at 30 m.p.h. would take us two hours, sixty miles at 20 m.p.h. would take us three hours. Five hours' travelling time for 120 miles gives an average speed of 24 m.p.h.

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Tart recipe wins prize

● **For the winter nights ahead, why not serve our prizewinning recipe, onion cream tart. It will certainly fill the bill.**

ONION CREAM TART can be varied as desired by adding bacon, tomatoes, or green pepper to the basic mixture.

THE distinctive flavor of dates enhances the unusual waffle recipe which wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

ONION CREAM TART

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, little water.

Sift flour and salt together into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add egg-yolk beaten with little water, mix to firm dough. Set aside in cool place (covered).

Filling: Two large or 3 medium-sized onions (peeled and sliced very thinly), 1oz. water mixed with 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 eggs, ¾ cup cream or evaporated milk, salt, pepper, pinch nutmeg.

Gently cook onions in water and butter until transparent; leave to cool. Beat together eggs and cream or evaporated milk, add nutmeg, salt and pepper; fold in onions. Roll out pastry, line 8in. pie-plate. Press down well to avoid air traps. Turn onion mixture into case, bake in moderate oven until pastry is cooked and custard set.

First prize of £5 to Miss S. Lewis, c/o Mr. John Doohan, 3 Westmoreland Street, East Victoria Park, W.A.

DATE WAFFLES WITH LEMON CHEESE TOPPING

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup well-packed brown sugar, 1 cup dates (chopped finely), 2 eggs, 1¾ cups milk, ¼ cup melted butter or substitute, butter for greasing.

Sift flour and salt together, stir in brown sugar and chopped dates. Separate eggs, combine beaten egg-yolks with milk and melted butter or substitute. Add to dry ingredients all at once, mix until well blended. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, fold gently into batter. Bake in preheated greased waffle-iron at medium heat until waffles are deep golden brown (about 5 to 7 minutes). Serve as dessert topped with the following:

Lemon Topping: Eight ounces cream cheese, ¼ cup cream, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup sugar.

Beat cream cheese until softened, gradually beat in cream, lemon rind, juice, and sugar. Continue beating until light and fluffy.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Boorman, Taylor Ave., Caloundra, Qld.

HOME HINTS

● **These handy hints, sent in by readers, win a prize of £1/1/- each.**

ALWAYS iron curtains across the drop, never up and down, and they will hang straight.—Miss Marie Miners, Main Creek, via Dungog, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To make steak easier to mince, put it into the freezer until partly frozen. Then it will go through the mincer without any trouble.—Mrs. P. Catlin, 16 Metham Street, Trigg Island, W.A.

★ ★ ★

To restore dried-out paints in children's paint-boxes, add a few drops of glycerine to each block. Put aside until the glycerine is thoroughly absorbed.—Mrs. E. Righters, 33 Beatrice Street, Bardon, Qld.

★ ★ ★

When making apricot jam, add 15oz. of tinned pineapple pieces, from which the juice has been strained, to give a delicious piquant flavor.—Mrs. K. Harvey, 8 Ophir Crescent, Seacliff, S.A.

★ ★ ★

To hang a picture successfully on a plaster wall, stick a small patch of adhesive tape over the spot where you want to drive the nail and the plaster won't crack.—Mrs. A. Benson, 20 Marcel Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Never shake clear lacquer before using. It forms bubbles, which are hard to brush out.—Mrs. Ruth Cox, 9 Fidler Street, Cooee, via Burnie, Tas.

★ ★ ★

To prevent cream oozing out of a sponge sandwich when being cut, spread cream filling on bottom half only, then cut the top half into triangular slices and arrange on top of filling. Only the bottom layer of the cake needs cutting when serving.—Mrs. J. Anderson, 56 Seventh Street, Parkdale, Vic.

Treat your lips and finger tips to Judith Aden's "Wild Rose". A vibrant untamed pink . . . the most versatile of all shades. Wild rose petals inspired its hue, rose fragrance its utter femininity. Treat your lips and finger tips to "Wild Rose" . . . now!

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THE PAY'S GOOD, very good when you consider that you're fully maintained, cared for (with full medical and dental) in addition to being trained at WRAAC expense. On leave the return travel to your Home State is free.

PROMOTION OPPORTUNITIES are ever present. Girls with ability and ambition are encouraged to qualify for commissioned rank—which in turn brings higher pay and responsibilities.

YOU ARE ELIGIBLE if you are in good health, have reasonable primary education, are a British subject between 17 and 30. If under 21 your parent's consent is required.

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Think about it, talk about it. And inquire further from—Assistant Director, WRAAC, at Army Headquarters in your capital city.

Issued by the Director of Recruiting. GEA187.143.12

BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

HOW TO SCREEN A SNACK BAR

● ***A handy snack bar between kitchen and living-area often presents a privacy problem—particularly when entertaining.***

OPEN SNACK BAR between kitchen and living-room can be screened off as above.

THIS week our handyman has designed a simple hinged screen which, when pulled across a snack bar opening, makes a room divider that's a decorative asset, too.

Measurements given below have been estimated to screen an average opening 6ft. wide and 4ft. high.

To make:

From a sheet of ¾in. solid core timber, 6ft. x 4ft., cut four panels each 4ft. x 18in. Smooth edges of the panels with fine sandpaper.

The measurements given above can be cut from a standard-size board without waste. If the snack bar you intend to screen is a different size from the one shown here, there is a wide variety of boards available in different sizes.

Now the screen is ready for painting or varnishing. For a striking finish, use plasticised wallpaper or self-adhesive plastic.

Next, screw two 2½in. hinges on each panel so they fold like a concertina. Attach handle.

When buying hinges and handle fittings for this screen, look for something unusual, such as copper, brass, or gate fittings.

The method of fixing the folding screen is optional. For the opening illustrated (and larger), panels will operate efficiently if attached to a 6ft. length of sail track (available at hardware stores) or similar tracking. This is screwed to underside of overhead cupboards or wall to support the centre point of each panel. Panels will slide shut along the track.

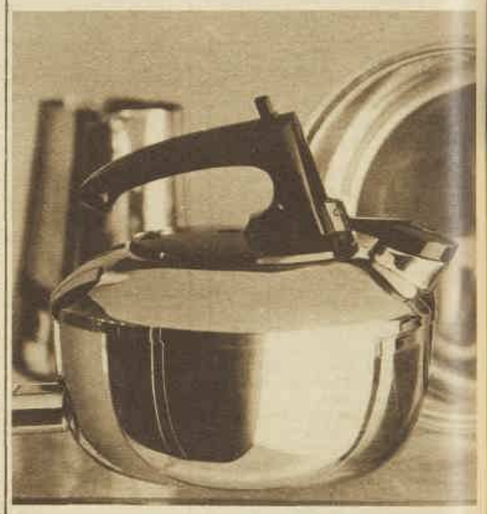
If the opening is smaller, make it a free-standing unit using lighter timber, and glue four strips of thin felt under the panels where they contact the counter.

Woven wood curtains with flat slats cost from about 2/11 to 5/8 per sq. ft., and can also be used as a screen. A venetian blind is another solution to the problem of privacy in an open-planned home.

NEXT WEEK: How to make a mosaic windowsill.

● *Home plan coupon on page 66*

Look what's new in forever gleaming stainless steel!!!!!!!



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Collectors' Corner

● *Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies readers' antiques.*

● *Cut-glass rummers.*

I have a pair of glass vases which stand about 5¼in. high and are very heavy. The cutting is uneven and seems to be almost inexpertly done. — Mrs. R. C. McKean, Black Springs, N.S.W.

These are beautiful cut-glass rummers (left), probably made in Ireland about 1825-1835. Note the finely cut bucket-type bowl surmounted on a short knopped stem with a circular footrim. The irregular cutting is a feature which adds to the charm of early glass.

The famous Waterford glass works opened in 1783, and soon afterward the Irish glass industry began to flourish. The early period may be described as Anglo-Irish in influence. Fine glass was also produced at Cork. During the early 19th century some good examples of glass were made by the Waterloo company also. The old Waterford works closed about 1851.

Could you tell me the age of my Japanese vase? The inside is a glazed cream color and the outside is richly decorated. — Mrs. M. H. Brown, East Malvern, Vic.

Your vase (right) is Japanese Kaga, made about 1870. It is a type of porcelain known as the "Akaji kinga style" which used gold designs on a red ground and was sometimes treated with enamel decoration. Kaga porcelain was made in the village of Kutanimura.

● *Japanese vase.*

How old is my highly glazed beer mug? It has a hunting scene on it and is colored gold and silver. It is marked Burley & Co., Chicago.—Mrs. A. Cox, Foster, Vic.

Your beer mug is about 60 or 70 years old.

★ ★ ★

Could you please give me some information about my three jugs? Each one is marked with the number 1275. — Mrs. K. Keir, Coorparoo, Qld.

Your jugs (shown below) are English Staffordshire, made about 1865 in the Wedgwood style. They were probably made by Adams of Stoke-upon-Trent.

● *Set of jugs.*

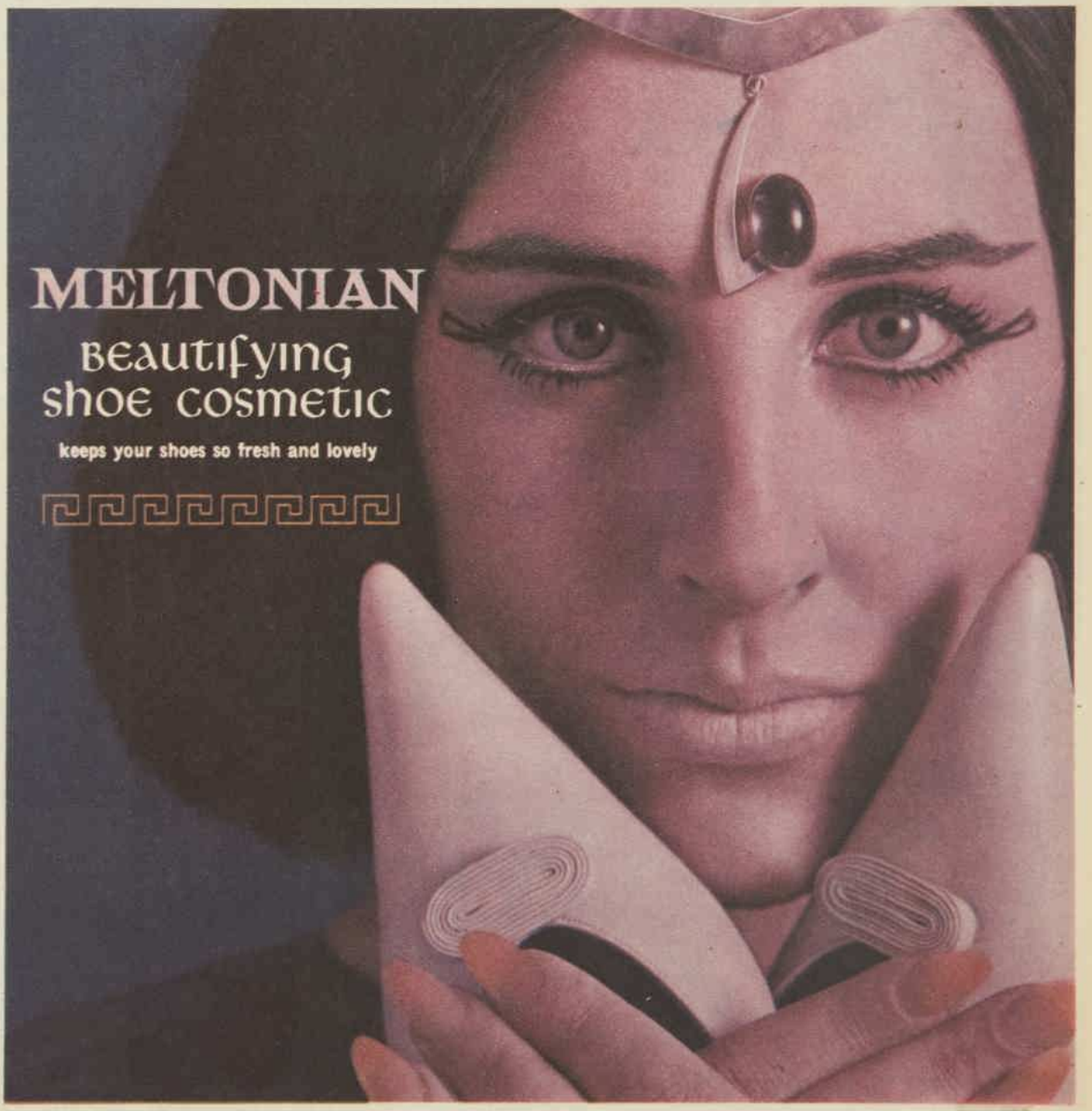
This brass plate is about 15in. by 9in. and is mounted on four brass shell-like pieces. There are no markings. It is heavily decorated with figures in sharp relief. These figures look as though they are meant to represent Greek gods. How old is it, please?—Mrs. E. F. Ayers, Mackay, Qld.

Your oval - shaped plaque (below) was made in England about 1875. The firm of Elkingtons showed similiar plaques at the Great Exhibition of 1851 and they became quite fashionable between that date and 1880. The subject matter depicts an allegorical feast, "Bacchantes Cupidinesque" (devotees of Bacchus with Cupids).

● *Brass plaque.*

My statue is, I think, made of porcelain and is of a barefooted girl standing on a pedestal of rocks and leaves. The colors are mainly green, gold, and rose-pink. It is marked with the letter K, Austria 4425B 5, Amphora Imperial Turn, a crown, crosses, and various other small marks.—Mrs. A. Burnham, Northcote, Vic.

Your interesting "Amphora" statue was made at the Royal Vienna factory. It is not more than 50 years old. The country of origin was not marked on pieces until 1891. This was to comply with new American regulations.



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A READER'S STORY

● The country woman may put up with bare floors, do the washing in an old-fashioned copper, and wash-up in a tin dish—and have good private reasons for not complaining to her husband or friends.

"FARMER'S WIFE"

● Recently a friend from town visited our farm. Proudly I showed her our latest acquisition, a gleaming and (I do admit) rather expensive tractor.

HER reaction, however, was not joyous as I expected. She simply grabbed my arm and led me over to the fuel copper sitting in the yard, without being set in, and a fair distance from the laundry.

"Look at this," she muttered.

She steered me inside to the unpainted walls and bare floorboards that are seen through most of our house, and finally to the dish and tray that serve as a wash-up sink.

"Just look at this! You farmers' wives make me sick.

"Why do you let your men pour every penny they make back into the farm?

"Why don't you wake up to yourself and get a few comforts to make life easier for yourself?

"Why wouldn't the old tractor do a while longer?"

Needless to say I was quite astounded at this outburst.

But, looking back, it is not so many years ago when I, a "townie" to the backbone, thought just as my friend did.

Unless you have actually lived on a farm and worked side by side with your man it is impossible to realise what reliable farm plant means.

You have to be out in the summer's heat, racing against time to harvest a crop, to appreciate fully the frustration of a motor that won't start.

You have to stand and watch him crank and crank, tinker and tinker, sweat streaming down his face, and his eyes on the clock to see if there is still a hope of catching the last train to the market before the weekend.

Then you know why "the old tractor won't do any longer!"

Stand by his side at a sale and see something (that would make his life infinitely easier) go "dirt cheap" because prices are bad, and he just doesn't have the money.

Watch him hide his disappointment and pass off a neighbor's kindly "thought you'd have been in on that, old man" with a shrug.

Notice these things, and it will be small wonder when the next bargain crops up that you are the first to say, "Let's get it."

Stand by his side at the top of a young banana patch and see 18 months of hard work and precious money lying on the ground after a cyclone, before you've had the chance to market any except a few cases.

Then you have an idea of what goes on in a man's mind at times like that.

"Stand by his side . . ."

See the relief light in his eyes when a return from an over-supplied market is better than he expects.

To share his joy when times are good and know the difference a little bit of luck can mean, are just a few of the things that bind a farmer's wife to him in a bond it is impossible for an outsider to comprehend.

The wet, the dry, the frost, the gales, the seed, the prices, the capricious markets, they are always there to be reckoned with, to batter him if they can.

Things like washing-machines, vacuum cleaners, carpets, etc, seem small prizes to forgo, if by doing without them she can make her man's life just that little bit easier.

So, next time, dear reader, you are out Sunday driving, or on holidays, and you pass an old unpainted farmhouse with a spanking new milking shed, or Mum stirring a smoking fuel copper with a pot stick while Dad rides nearby on his shining new tractor, don't feel sorry for the farmer's wife, as I once did.

Nine times out of 10 she wouldn't want it any other way.

— by "Mrs. E. M. Vee," Northern N.S.W. (The writer supplied her correct name and address, but wished to use this pen-name.)

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MIKE TODD and Liz were married in Mexico—he "spoiled her rotten" with jewels, a plane, new clothes galore, and a villa in France.

The whole truth and nothing but

From page 15

pregnant in a white lace robe with her bare feet on a coffee table, drinking iced punch from a pitcher.

Crawling around the floor were Elizabeth's two sons, picking caviare sandwiches off a low table and stuffing themselves. Soon Eddie Fisher came in to pay his respects to Liz. He was in and out all the time.

The pitcher of punch, the white lace robe, bare feet on a coffee table—and Eddie. That was the pattern. Eddie had latched on to Mike.

"You're just like a son to me," Mike used to say, sincerely attached to the singer from Philadelphia, happy that Liz had company during her pregnancy.

Back in Hollywood, Liz started on another picture, "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof." Then came the spring day when the plane, Lucky Liz, dived into the desert in New Mexico; the end of Mike Todd was almost the end of her.

She finished the picture like a trouper—only weeks later. The following July, I flew with her to New York. We sat up aboard the airliner until 3 a.m. talking about the happiness she had known with Mike.

She showed me his wedding ring, taken from his finger after death. "I'll wear it always," she said. "They'll have to cut it off my finger before they'll get it off my hand."

Liz spread the word that she was getting ready to go off on a long vacation in Europe. Eddie talked about having business to attend to that kept him in New York. Debbie Reynolds believed both of them.

Through the closeness of Mike Todd and Eddie Fisher, Elizabeth and Debbie had become what Hollywood called "best friends." Liz, in fact, looked down her nose at Debbie and usually referred to her as "that little Girl Scout."

Debbie and I went together to an "all young" party at the house of film impresario Arthur Loew.

Most of the girls had squeezed themselves into Capri pants as tight as their skins and a hundred times more brilliant.

HUSBAND No. 2, Michael Wilding, was 20 years older than Liz.

I left early with Debbie. "What's keeping Eddie so long in New York?" I asked, suspicious nature showing.

"Oh, he'll be back here tomorrow," she answered dutifully. Of course, he wasn't. He took a detour by way of the holiday camp at Grossinger's, a haven of rest and romance, where he had married and honeymooned with Debbie. There, he and Liz had arranged a rendezvous.

Then Liz arrived back in town, and every newspaperman was trying to find her.

Eddie, too, was back home with his wife and two children, though reporters camping outside their house could safely assume that the marriage was breaking up, if the shouts they heard were any clue.

I found Liz and phoned her.

"Elizabeth," I said, "this is Hedda. Level with me, because I shall find out anyhow. What's this Eddie Fisher business all about? You're being blamed for taking Eddie away from Debbie. What have you got to say?"

Elizabeth's voice was innocent as a schoolgirl's. "It's a lot of bull. I don't go about breaking up marriages. Besides, you can't break up a happy marriage. Debbie and Eddie's never has been."

"I hear you even went to Grossinger's with him."

"Sure. We had a divine time."

I sighed — I sometimes do. "Well, you can't hurt Debbie like this without hurting yourself more, because she loves him."

"He's not in love with her and never has been."

"What do you think Mike would say to this?"

"He and Eddie loved each other," she said.

"No, you're wrong. Mike loved Eddie. Eddie never loved anybody but himself."

"Well," she said calmly, "Mike's dead and I'm alive."

My voice was rising with my temper. "Let me tell you, my girl, this is going to hurt you much more than it will Debbie Reynolds. People love her more than they love you or Eddie Fisher."

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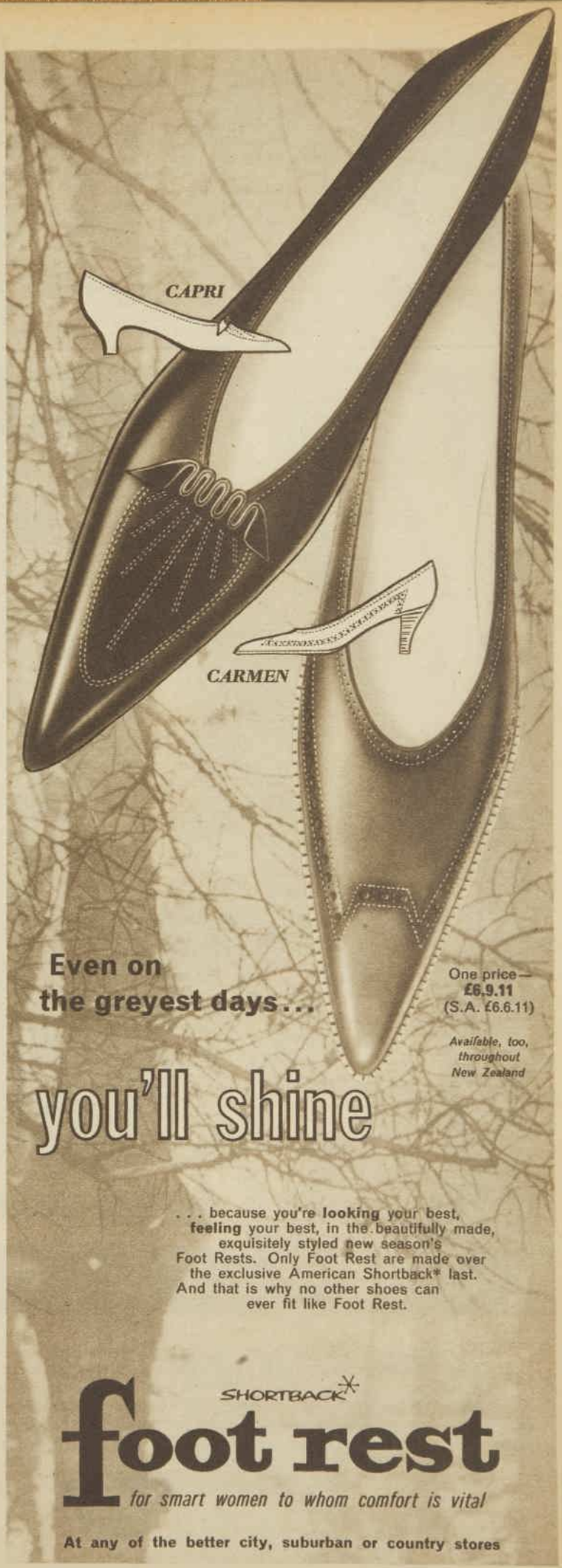

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Continuing The whole truth and nothing but

"What am I supposed to do? Ask him to go back to her and try? He can't. Now if he did, they'd destroy each other. Well, good luck to her if she can get him. I'm not taking away anything from her, because she never really had it."

We went at each other for a minute or two longer before we hung up. By then, she had said something that sent my anger soaring like a rocket. Mike Todd had been dead not quite six months. And Liz said: "What do you expect me to do? Live alone for ever?"

One of the first people to read my story was Elizabeth. She called the next day, naturally furious, storming over a portrait in print which she believed pictured her as being as cruel and heartless as a black-widow spider.

That was the last time we spoke to each other for a year. At the office the mail came in stacks, all in Debbie's favor.

It wasn't the moment to tell Debbie that Eddie had never wanted to marry her.

In my book the little baritone from Philadelphia wanted a reputation as a great lover. He preened in the publicity that marrying her brought him, but I believe she urged that marriage.

The storms continued to blow for months. Debbie applied for a divorce, but that wasn't fast enough for Eddie. He got a quick divorce in Las Vegas.

Liz and he were married in that paradise of syndicates and slot machines on May 12, 1959.

Elizabeth's hatred of me lasted for a year. But when she had packed to leave for England and the first disastrous attempt to make "Cleopatra," she phoned. "Hedda, don't you think we ought to be friends again?"

Before she returned, she had nearly died in London with the lining of her brain inflamed by an infected tooth. The first of the millions that 20th Century-Fox poured down the drain had vanished in "Cleopatra."

But the women of America, who had been ready to all but stone her, forgave all because of her illness.

She won her Academy Award not for "Butterfield 8," but for nearly dying.

She had been back in town 48 hours when the telephone rang: "Will you come over, Hedda?"

Liz looked pale, quite different from the woman I'd last seen. "You won't know me," she said. "I came so near death I'm just thankful to be alive. I lie out in the sun, listening to the birds sing, look at the blue sky, and say: 'Thank God for letting me live.'"

I believed her. She felt in that mood that day.

Champagne was ruled out during her convalescence, so she drank beer. She'd send her chauffeur down to a delicatessen to pick up cartons of spiced stew, which she'd eat to accompany the beer. When she left for Italy for her next stab at "Cleopatra" she was too fat for her costumes.

£A4500 a day

Her doctor had to be flown from Hollywood to put her on a crash diet so she could be photographed as the Serpent of the Nile in the most snarled-up motion-picture production of all time.

She has become Cleopatra to the life now, and the world is her oyster. What she wants she takes, come hell or high water.

In the huge Roman villa which she made her home during "Cleopatra's" making, she reigned like an empress, reclining on a chaise, summoning Eddie to bring guests up to her for an audience.

The million dollars (£A4500 and more a day) which her "Cleopatra" contract gave her was doled out, at her insistence, in instalments on every morning of shooting. She consented to work only after the day's cheque lay snugly in her hand.

While he lasted, Eddie drew £A750 a week for getting his wife to the set on time. Yet she spends money faster than she makes it.

At Liz's say-so, Eddie had adopted Liza Todd, though Michael Wilding wouldn't let him take over the two boys. Even after he knew what was going on in Rome, Eddie hung on.

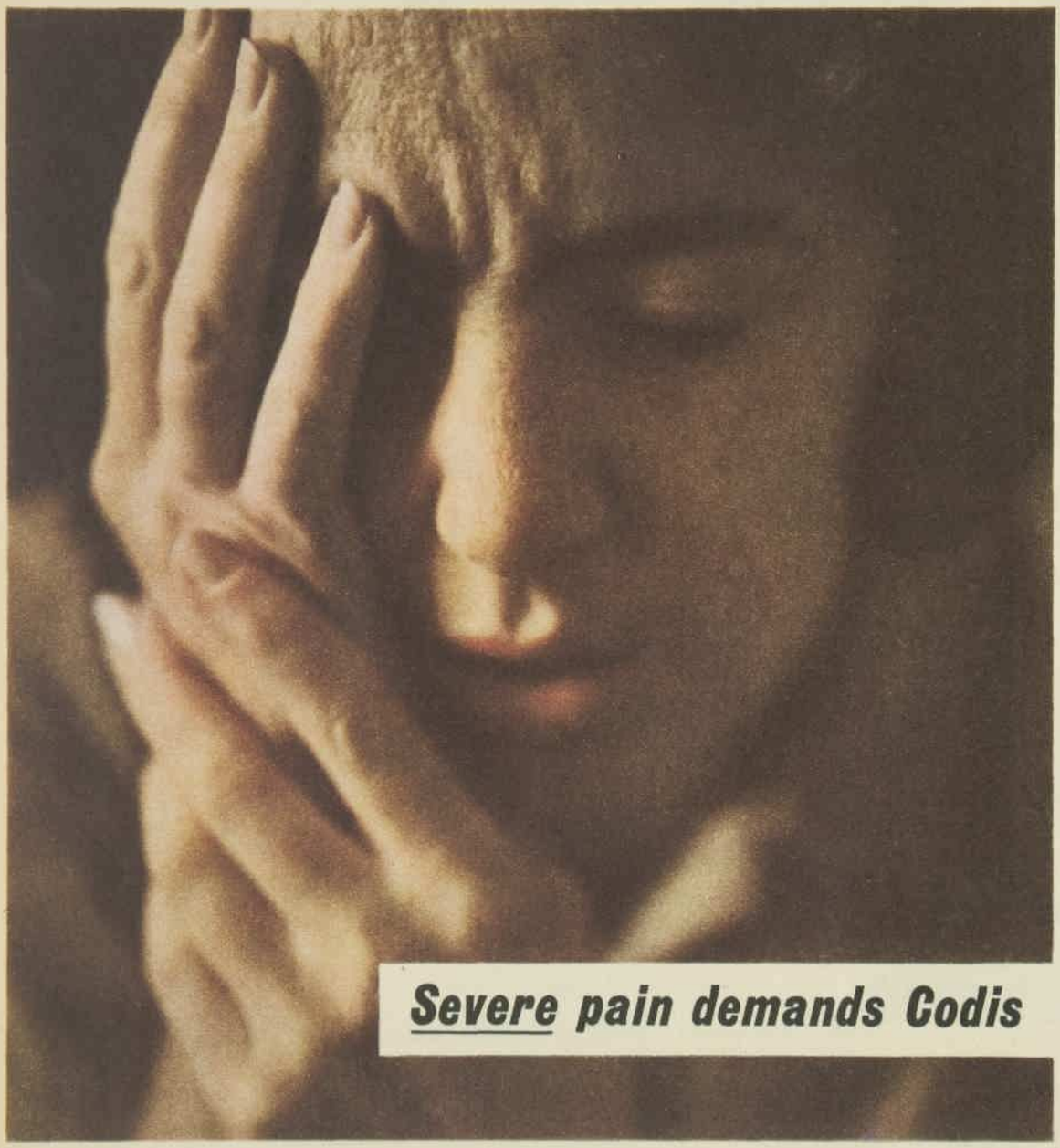
Eddie wasn't his smiling self when he flew to Rome to try to quash the news that he was out. Liz was in the hospital again; the newspapers said "food poisoning," but the real diagnosis was too many sleeping pills.

Even after he landed back in New York, he was still declaring the marriage to be a happy one — until Liz spelled it out for him in three words over the telephone.

At last she finished the picture and gave herself the asp. It was an epic on and off the set.

Men are supposed to be the stronger sex. I do not condone what Liz has done, I do condemn these fellows who followed her around like puppy dogs. They took her favors as long as she'd give, then each and every one of them wanted more.

What's left for Liz but to go on repeating her mistakes? What's to become of her? I'm not a prophet, but I have my suspicions.



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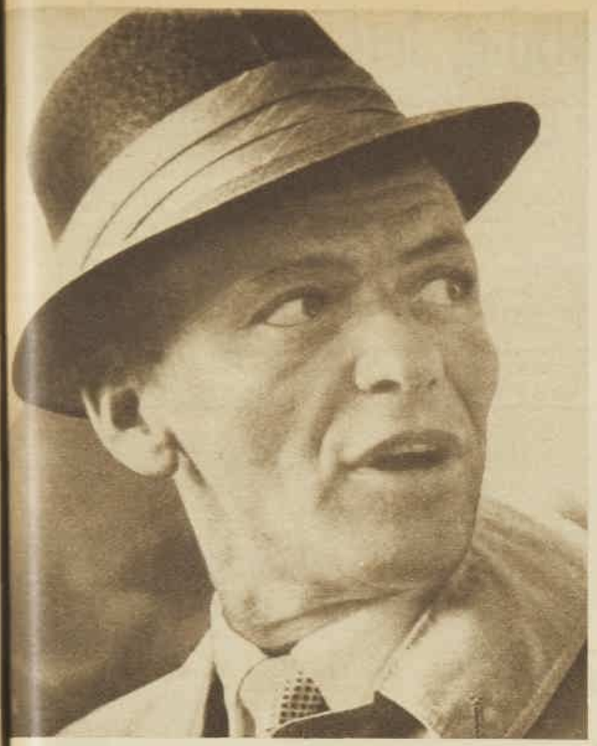

FRANK SINATRA — the roll-call of his dates is extensive. He keeps a master list behind his dressing-room door.

"Let's blow this creepy party," said Frank Sinatra to Hedda Hopper

● Come 11 o'clock I was dancing with Sinatra. "Confidential," the scandal sheet which was the scourge of Hollywood, had just printed the doleful reminiscences of one young woman whose expectations, she confided, had been aroused when Frank invited her off to his Palm Springs hideaway.

BUT hope had crumbled when he spent the night constantly getting up to eat breakfast cereal.

"Let's blow this creepy party," he said to me, "and go down to my Palm Springs place."

"Why, Frank, I couldn't do that; I didn't bring my cereal."

The wisecrack popped out without a second's consideration, and he nearly fell down on the floor.

So ended the chances of getting the name of Hopper on the roll-call of Sinatra dates, which has included Marilyn Maxwell, Anita Ekberg, Gloria Vanderbilt, Kim Novak, and, according to witnesses, a master list of friends among the female stars at M.G.M. that he used to keep behind his dressing-room door.

He continues to send me gorgeous flowers for Christmas and Mother's Day, so I guess I'll be content with that.

I got asked up to his handsome new house on top of a Beverly Hills mountain, equipped with lights that fade at the touch of a switch and a telescope through which he studies the stars (celestial variety) in their courses.

But I haven't been invited to Palm Springs again.

Maybe it's for the best. I consider Frank the most superb entertainer of this age. When he's in good voice and a good mood he's ahead of the field, and nobody can equal his charm.

Like almost everybody, his nature has many sides to it—more than most people, because he has more talent than most.

But on a host of subjects we're far apart, not omitting politics. If I'd gone to his desert house and written about it we might have seen a beautiful friendship dented.

Frank afire

When Charles Morrison, owner of the nightclub the Mocambo, died he left a mourning wife, Mary, with a mountain of debt. Like Sinatra, he'd spent it when he had it and also when he hadn't.

Frank telephoned Mary and said he'd like to bring in an orchestra and sing for her, free, for a couple of weeks. On opening night he caught fire, and his quips were as good as his singing.

He never worked harder than he did for two months arranging President Kennedy's inaugural ball.

He wanted Ethel Merman and Sir Laurence Olivier for the show, but they were playing on Broadway in "Gypsy" and "Becket," respectively.

So Frank closed the two theatres for a night and refunded the price of the tickets to every disappointed theatregoer.

After the inauguration Frank and most of his co-workers, including Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, went to Joe Kennedy's Palm Beach home for a weekend's rest.

I don't think the President has fully repaid Frank for that memorable evening.

Sinatra swears his private life is his own.

Until the recent era of peace with the Press dawned, he'd let fly with his fists to prove his point with some reporters.

He once told me: "If a moviegoer spends two dollars to see me in a movie, or 10 dollars to watch me in a nightclub, he has the right to see me at my best.

"I do not feel, however, that I have any responsibility to that moviegoer or that nightclub-goer to tell him anything about my private life."

He likes to quote something said by Humphrey Bogart, one of his good friends: "The only thing you owe the public is a good performance."

He must have remembered that when Bogey's widow, Lauren Bacall, announced that she would like to marry Frank.

A pal with him at the time—he was staying at Miami Beach—told me: "He was so angry he blew the roof off the hotel." That marked the end of that romance.

Frank has let his temper and temperament explode too often for his relations with many newspaper men and women to be anything but spotty.

Believe it or not, that has him chewing his fingernails sometimes.

"There are a handful of people who won't let go of me and won't try to be fair," he said, defending himself one day. "And after a thing is over and I fly off the handle, I feel twice as bad as when I was angry. You get to think, 'Say, I'm sorry that had to happen!'"

He isn't the man he's sometimes painted to be—the brandy drinker who shrugs off advice.

He was a guest of mine at a small dinner party for Noel Coward, along with the Bill Holdens, Clifton Webb, and one or two others.

Over the liqueurs, Noel, who'd spent the previous weekend with Sinatra at Palm Springs, said: "I'm very worried about you, Frank. You're the finest singer since Al Jolson. But unless you follow a strict discipline your career won't keep going up—it's going to start running downhill."

Frank listened as attentively as a new boy getting the business from his headmaster.

"I think you're right, Noel," he said quietly. And he took the advice.

Is he the headstrong egomaniac who thinks he owes nothing to anybody?

"You know, there's one thing I wanted to say when

To page 70

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From page 69

The whole truth and nothing but

I accepted the Oscar for 'From Here To Eternity,'" he said on another day. "I wanted to thank Monty Clift personally. I learned more about acting from Clift — well, it was equal to what I learned about musicals from Gene Kelly."

He sits up to take notice of his children, too, if they criticise him. There are three of them, Nancy, Frankie, and Tina. He drove up to see me once in a new fishtail Cadillac that, he said, his son despised.

"Frankie wondered what I wanted with all that tin on the back." Father Frank dragged me out to take a look. I knew he couldn't live with the car after his boy's jeers. He sold it one month later.

Can he be at heart the wilful adult version of the lonely boy that millions of women have adored since those days when he had them swooning by their radios? Bet your boots he can. As for example . . .

JULIET PROWSE — did the "Rat Pack" oust her?

After "The Miracle Of The Bells," which he made for R.K.O. on loan from Metro, he was ordered to San Francisco for a charity opening of that hunk of religious baloney.

Frank, who harbors an almost fanatical resentment against being told what to do, went to Jesse Lasky, the producer, whom he admired, and asked: "You won't be paying the bills?"

"Not I. R.K.O."

"That's all I want to know. I'll go for you."

Frank hadn't taken off his hat and coat after checking into his four-bedroom suite at the Fairmont Hotel before he called room service.

"Bring up 88 Manhattans right away."

Press-agent Jack Keller, manager George Evans, and composer Jimmy Van Heusen, who'd all gone along on the trip, were determined not to ask Frank why he'd ordered the cocktails, and he never explained.

Four days later, when they checked out, the 88 Manhattans stood untouched on the waiter's wagon.

Meantime he'd taken the three of them on a shopping spree in the most expensive men's shop in San Francisco to buy them alpaca sweaters, 15-dollar neckties, and socks by the box, while the cash register clicked up a score of thousands of dollars for one member of the party alone within 45 minutes.

"Send the lot up to the Fairmont and have 'em put it on my bill," Frank said.

Fog covered the city the morning they were due to leave, and every airliner was grounded.

Marooned

Mad as a caged bear, Frank tried to persuade Jimmy, who is a pilot, into chartering a private plane.

"You think I'm nuts? Take a look outside," Jimmy said.

"Forget it then," Frank snarled. "I know what to do."

He had one of his favorite picnic baskets made up, then hired a car and chauffeur to drive Jimmy and himself to Palm Springs, 500 miles away.

But the limousine got stuck in the mountain snows and Frank and party were marooned in a farmhouse for three days. Jack Keller and George Evans caught a noon plane when the fog lifted and were home in Los Angeles by mid-afternoon.

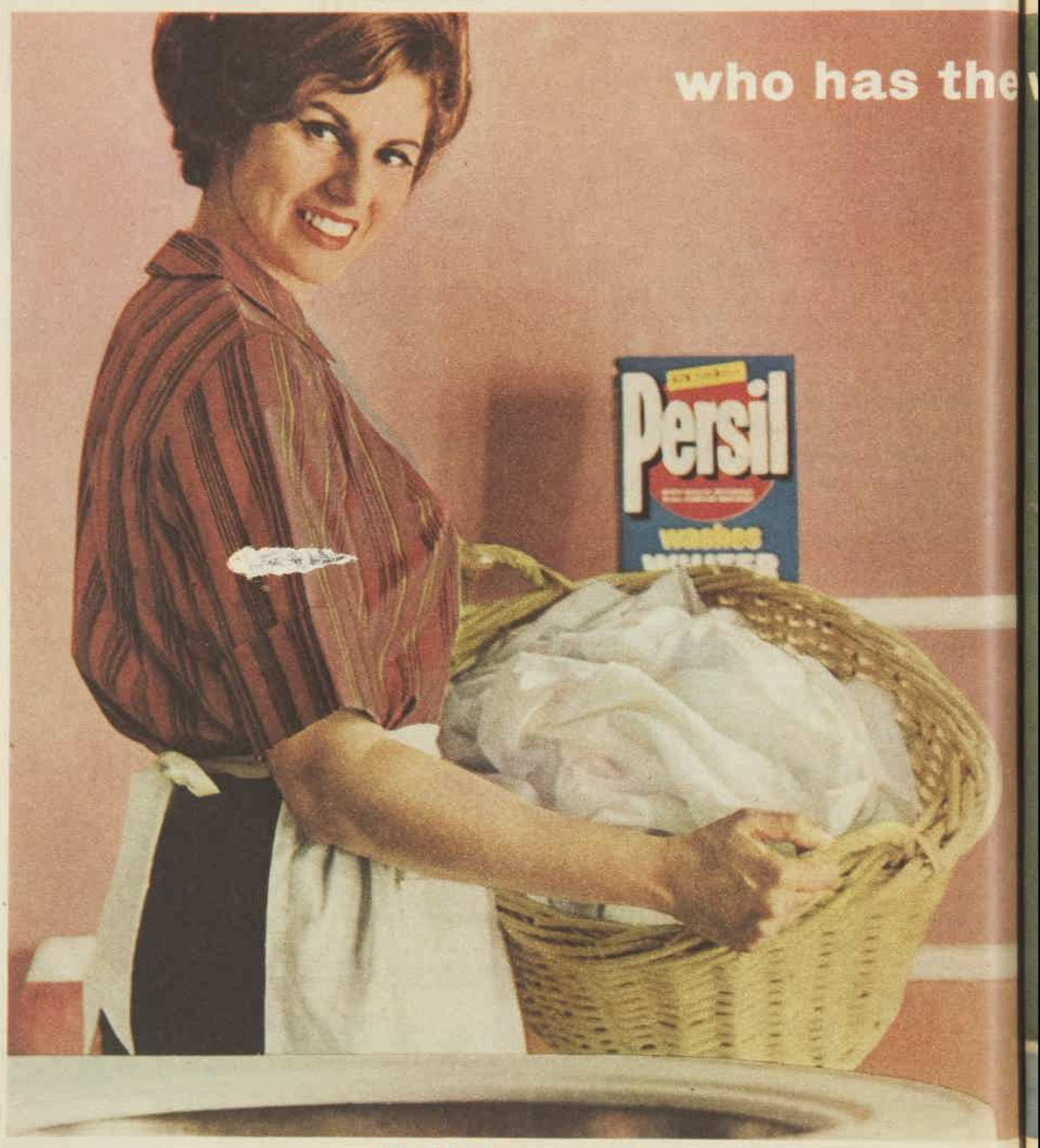
The car-hire bill ran to 500 dollars. Like everything else on the trip, it was charged to R.K.O.

When Frank originally moved out to California, he picked up his own bills. They ran high. He had a weakness for showering his friends and hangers-on with such trinkets as gold cigarette-lighters lovingly inscribed.

He imagined that every thousand dollars of salary was worth that much money in the bank, never realising that in his tax bracket, and with his agent's cuts, 1000 dollars probably gave him no more than 90 dollars to spend.

The more he made the more he owed the Government, until the total tab ran into many thousands. It took his switch from Columbia to Capitol Records to settle the tax score. That was part of the price Capitol paid out for him.

His first full-length picture,



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"Higher and Higher," for R.K.O. brought him to Hollywood to live in the Sunset Towers apartments as a grass widower, leading a life as respectable as a church warden's.

No fun and no drinking except an occasional beer. When his wife, Nancy, arrived and they bought the house on a lake that Mary Astor once owned, they kept up the same small-town ways.

Their wildest parties were devoted to gin rummy at half a cent a point. Frank was as happy with Nancy as he could be with anybody for long.

Fireworks usually start to sizzle in a marriage when the husband pulls himself ahead and the wife lags behind. But Nancy, the plasterer's daughter, kept pace with Frank's growth as an entertainer.

She has maintained her patience and her dignity over the years, saying not a malicious word about any of the people who've cluttered up Frank's life.

The woman who came within an ace of wrecking Frank Sinatra sat on my patio fresh from Smithfield, North Carolina.

"What do you do down there?" I asked Ava Gardner, as beautiful then as she was frank about how poor she'd been until Hollywood whistled at her.

"Oh, I just went around picking bugs off tobacco plants," she said.

The earliest matrimonial picking she made was Mickey Rooney. She was 20 and he was a year older when they married. He had what she wanted, which included his limousine, the first she ever rode in.

Though they were separated some frantic years later, they remained friends and he couldn't break old habits.

They were sitting side by side and directly behind me at a premiere after their divorce. I heard her whispering: "Don't do that. Stop it. People will see."

Costly romance

Frank's passion for Ava dragged him halfway around the world: to Mexico, Spain, Africa, England, France.

It broke up his marriage to Nancy in 1951; it plunged his spirits and his bank balance so low that in December, 1953, he had to borrow money to buy Ava a Christmas present.

Their jealousy of each other passed the raw edge of violence. At one point in their tooth-and-claw romance Frank was hired to sing at the Copacabana in New York, while the two of them stayed nearby.

While he worked nights, Ava got bored and started running around town with her friends. She strayed one evening into Bop City, where Artie Shaw, ex-husband number two, was starring with a jazz band.

The following afternoon, when Frank discovered where she'd been, the fur began to fly in his hotel bedroom.

When she screamed that she was sick of his jealousy and was going to leave him, he pulled out the .38 he carried and threatened to blow his brains out.

She stalked toward the door. He fired twice — into the mattress of the bed. Ava didn't turn her head; she kept right on walking.

David Selznick, in the suite next door, heard the shots and called the front desk. The clerk there telephoned the police.

Mannie Sachs, the king of talent scouts for R.C.A., who had a permanent suite down the hall, had also been startled by the explosions and came running.

He and Selznick hurried into Frank's room, listened to what had happened. Then they grabbed the mattress with the two holes in it and toted it down the hall, to exchange it for one on Mannie's bed.

Cool as a cat

When the police arrived to search Frank's suite, without finding a trace of bullets, Frank was as cool as a cat.

"You're dreaming," he told them. "You're crazy."

He had already applied to Columbia head Harry Cohn for the featured role of Maggio in "From Here to Eternity" when he flew to Africa in 1952 to be with Ava while she made "Mogambo" with Clark Gable and Grace Kelly.

Cohn had originally doused cold water on his ambition. "You're nuts. You're a song-and-dance man. Maggio's stage-actor kind of stuff."

Frank had been in Africa five days — days of sitting around with nothing to do but watch his wife work. He killed time by building an outside shower in the woods for her.

He rounded up 50 native singers and dancers for a party for cast and crew. He worked harder than on any sound stage to keep from going crazy.

Then his agent called him back to test for "Eternity." Frank told me the whole story later:

"I left Africa one Friday night," he said. "I had a copy of the scene and I sat up all night on the plane. Didn't sleep the whole trip. Monday morning I made the test. I finished at 3 p.m. and that night flew back to Africa.

To page 72

KIM NOVAK and Frank starred in "Pal Joey."

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AVA GARDNER—Frank had to borrow money to buy her a Christmas present.

The whole

from page 71

"My adrenalin was bubbling. I waited five days, ten, then got a letter they were testing five or six other guys, among them Eli Wallach.

"I'd seen him in 'Rose Tattoo' on Broadway, and I know he's a fine actor. So I thought: 'I'm dead.'

"Then I got a wire from my agent: 'Looks bad.' My chin was kicking my knees.

"But Ava was wonderful. She said: 'They haven't cast the picture yet. All you get is a stinking telegram, and you let it get you down.'

"Gable would say: 'Skipper, relax. Drink a little booze. Everything will be all right.' I left Africa and went to Boston for a nightclub date. I got a call another Monday morning that they'd made the deal.

"I told my agent: 'If you have to pay Harry Cohn, sign the contract; I'll pay him.' "

For Maggio, Frank's fee was 8000 dollars instead of the usual 150,000. He flew off to join Ava for a few days of fun and fury in Paris.

Then he got a cable from Harry Cohn: "Clift already proficient in army drill. Seeing as how you have same routine, suggest you get back a few days early."

Frank wired back: "Dear Harry — will comply with request. Drilling with French Army over weekend. Everything all right. Maggio."

Cohn's secretary said when she opened the wire she screamed with laughter. But Cohn didn't crack a smile. He had a sense of humor like an open grave.

An Oscar

Unpredictable as always, Frank went with his family to the Academy Awards show when he collected an Oscar for Maggio.

"The minute my name was read, I turned around and looked at the kids," he **told me. "Little Nancy had tears in her eyes.**

"For a second I didn't know whether to go up on stage and get it or stay there and comfort her. But I gave her a peck on the cheek and reached for young Frankie's hand.

"When I came back, it was late, so I got them home and sat with them for a while. Then I took the Oscar back to my place, where a few people dropped in.

"I got Nancy a little miniature thing for her charm bracelet, a small Oscar medallion. The kids gave me a St. Genesius medal before the Awards, engraved with, 'Dad, we will love you from here to eternity.'

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truth and nothing but

"Little Nancy gave me a medal and said. 'This is from me and St. Anthony.' That's her dear friend. She seems to get a lot done with St. Anthony. I guess she has a direct wire to him."

There's a show-business legend that Frank's career started going up like a skyrocket from that moment on.

It's a legend, nothing more. Turning the corner was slow going for him. He still had to play in such flops as "Suddenly" and be turned down for "Mr. Roberts" because producer Leland Hayward thought he was too old.

He still had nightclub tours to make under old arrangements. And he still had to work out the switch to Capitol which eventually made him a best-seller on records.

It took him a long time, too, to recover from Ava. She hasn't yet recovered from him. Holed up in Spain, she has been an outcast to most Spaniards, who don't tolerate her flouting of their social rules.

Recently she went back to work again, talking about making a comeback, as so many like her do. The proof, as always, lies in the performance they can deliver before the cameras.

ANITA EKBERG — her name was on the roll.

Frank came near the end of the road he'd travelled with her when he returned unexpectedly early one day to his Palm Springs house and overheard her talking with another woman star whom she'd invited down there while he was away.

The subject they were discussing, I understand, was Frank's love-making, which they were downgrading.

"Pack up your clothes and get out," Frank yelled. "I don't want to see either of you again."

I sat in his dressing-room at Paramount in December, 1956, when the Ava era finally ended for him. A Hollywood reporter had taken her out driving one night in the desert around Palm Springs, gotten her drunk, and recorded what she told him over a microphone hidden in his car.

The magazine story that resulted had appeared that day. Frank sat with a copy of it in his hand, cringing silently in his chair.

Ava was quoted as complaining: "Frank double-crossed me . . . made me the heavy . . . I paid many of the bills."

Even the ashes were cold after that.

We've heard a lot about Frank's much-publicised Clan, which consists of men with which this mixed-up, lonely talent has surrounded himself — Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Peter Lawford.

"I hate the name of Clan," Frank once said.

"Did you ever look the word up in a dictionary?" I said. "It means a family group that stick together, like the Kennedys you're so fond of.

"They're the most clannish family in America. I don't like Rat Pack, but there's nothing wrong with the name of Clan."

What is wrong with the Clan and the Leader, as his gang have christened Frank, is the pull they both have over young actors who would give their back teeth to be in. Membership dues include generally behaving like Mongols from the court of Genghis Khan.

I sometimes wonder about the Leader. His face lit up like a neon sign when he broke the news to me that he was going to marry Juliet Prowse, the South African dancer to whom he was engaged for a very brief period.

"I haven't seen that light in your eye for 10 years," I told him.

But I suspect the men around Frank went to work against Juliet. It's easy enough to work the trick if you're determined and unscrupulous.

A word dropped into the conversation here and there will plant the doubts.

"Do you think she really goes for you, Frank?" "She'll probably figure on keeping her career." "You should have met that family of hers—strictly nothing."

Frank was convinced eventually that Juliet wasn't for him.

With all his talents and power, I sometimes wonder who's the Leader and who's being led.

Next week: Marilyn Monroe

LAUREN BACALL wanted to marry Sinatra.

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

DS519.—Dress-jacket ensemble in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. lace and 6yds. 36in. lining. Price 5/-. Patterns may be obtained from BETTY KEEP, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● This lace dress-and-jacket ensemble is chosen for a reader attending a 6.30 p.m. wedding. Here is part of her letter and my reply:

"Would I be correctly dressed for a 6.30 p.m. wedding in a sleeveless lace frock and jacket? If so, please design and style a pattern. I want the frock plain but with a pleated skirt. Also is a veil sufficient head covering in the church?"

Yes to both queries. It may interest you to know that one of the most frequently asked fashion questions in my mail concerns the correct dress for a wedding taking place after 6 p.m. The design I have chosen is illustrated at left. The dress and jacket are both lined in silk. You can obtain a paper pattern for the ensemble in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Details and how to order are given under the picture.

"I have a sleeveless wool jersey frock in dark brown, and I find it rather chilly when it gets cold. I have no more of the fabric."

Add a fringed stole large enough to wrap well round the body of the dress. Choose jersey for the fabric, in orange or white. Either color is a new contrast for dark brown.

"I have a pair of gold kid shoes I wore last year with a short brocade evening frock. What else can I wear them with?"

Gold shoes can be worn after dark with any appropriate long- or short-skirted party dress.

"Do you think a uniform would look attractive in a color? White makes me look pallid."

There's no reason why the uniform should not be in a shade to flatter your own color. A pastel shade would be best.

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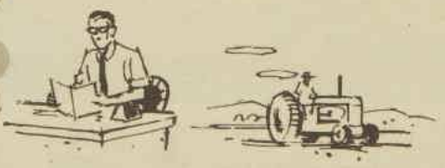

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COOKING AS HOBBY FOR ENGLISHMEN

But do they wash up?

RIVIERA holiday for U.K. Transport Minister Ernest Marples and his wife meant working 14 hours a day in a hotel kitchen.

THE shopping basket is taking its place with the bowler hat and furled umbrella as part of the stock-in-trade of the English gentleman.

Cooking has become a consuming hobby among London's prominent citizens.

Cabinet Ministers, knights, artists, and solid bourgeois citizens are finding that herbs are fun and garlic is culture. They talk knowledgeably about basting and garnishing, and swop recipes.

Ever since the publication of that pre-wedding picture of Lord Snowdon, then Tony Armstrong-Jones, slaving over hot spaghetti, cooking has been in vogue.

Minister of Transport Mr. Ernest Marples once did a catering course in the Army to catch cooks who gave implausible reasons for serving bad food.

"I returned to my unit a much wiser man," he says. "The first phony excuse resulted in the cook being put on a charge, and the food was better within 48 hours.

"I probably spend less time and effort preparing a dish than most women, and waste fewer raw materials," he claims.

In 1961 Mr. Marples and his wife took jobs as underchefs in a three-star hotel on the French Riviera. They peeled potatoes, cooked, and served in the dining-room.

George Carden, Australian film producer, claims that as a boy he cooked for shearers in the bush ("butchering and roasting a whole sheep was nothing"). But Britain has taught him the finer points of the haute cuisine.

"The way people insist on boiling vegetables is disgusting," he said with a shudder.

"I cook mine with oil or butter in a skillet. Color is terribly important and so is blending flavors."

Ben Lyon, of television fame, is another keen cook.

"I'm no snob," he said, waving a bottle of tomato sauce. "I'd probably tip most of this sauce into my homemade soup, and a few tins as well.

"Food must look good—a bit of parsley here, chopped green, red, and yellow peppers there, the odd stuffed olive . . ."

Many an English wife must surely be waiting for the day when she can put her feet up while "himself" gets dinner. But will he wash up afterwards?

LORD SNOWDON'S specialty — spaghetti.

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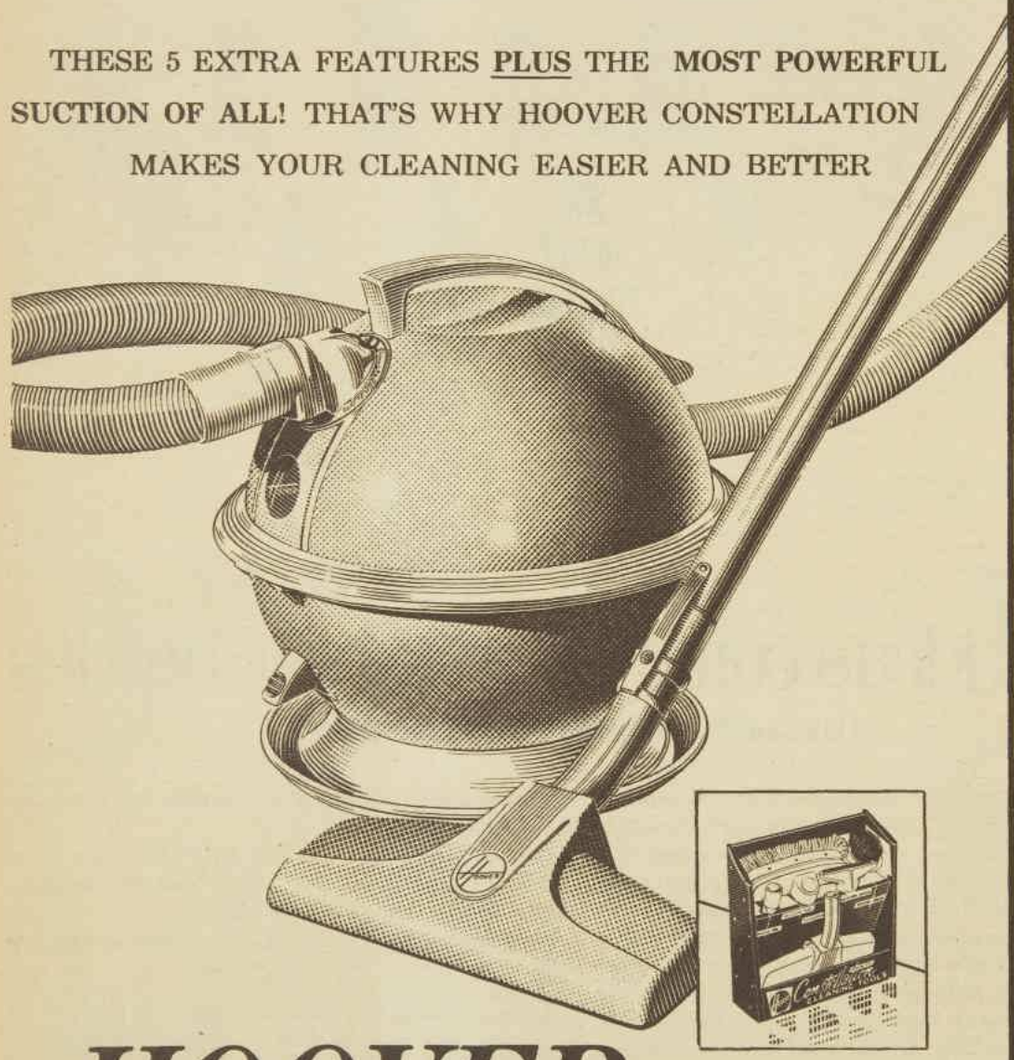

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Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7461.—One pattern of five pieces — overblouse, slacks, jacket, skirt, blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: overblouse, 1¼yds. 56in. or 2¼yds. 36in. material; slacks, 1¼yds. 56in. or 2 2-3rd yds. 36in. material; jacket, 1½yds. 56in. or 2¼yds. 36in. material; skirt, 1yd. 56in. or 1¾yds. 36in. material; blouse, 1½yds. 56in. or 1⅞yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-

F7601. — Slim-fitting dress with neck tie has short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: three-quarter sleeves (B), 4½yds. 36in. material or 2½yds. 54in.; short sleeves (A), 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9

F7478. — Graceful skirt, 24, 26, 28, or 30in. waist (36, 38, 40, or 42in. hips). Requires 1½yds. 54in. material, or 2yds. 36in. Price 3/-

F7623.—Two-piece suit, jacket has short or three-quarter length sleeves, view A has slim skirt, view B cone skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (A), three-quarter sleeves, 3¼yds. 54in. material, short sleeves, 4 1-3rd yds. 36 in. material; (B) three-quarter sleeves, 2 1-3rd yds. 54in. material, short sleeves, 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5278. — Overblouse with short or three-quarter length sleeves tops slim skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (A), three-quarter sleeves, 2¾yds. 54in. material; (B) short sleeves 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6

F9591.—Child's pyjamas with back waist-buttoning, short or long sleeves. Sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Requires (A), long sleeves, 1½ to 2yds. 36in. material; (B) short sleeves, 1 1-3rd to 1⅞yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 796.—CHILD'S OVERALLS

Child's overalls cut out to sew in grey or cinnamon melange. Sizes 1 to 2 years, 21/-; 3 to 4 years, 22/6. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

No. 797.—LUNCHEON SET

Pretty luncheon set comprises matching centre mat, place mats, and serviettes. Available cut out and traced to embroider on white or cream Irish linen. Centre mat 2/9 each, plus 6d. postage each; place mats, 3/6 each, plus 6d. postage each; serviettes, 2/- each, plus 6d. postage each.

No. 798.—ANGORA DRESS

Slim-fitting dress with three-quarter sleeves cut out to make in jade, cream, pink, or black angora. Instructions are included with all cut-out garments. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 75/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 77/6. Postage 4/- extra on all sizes.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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How do you rate as a guest?

THE VERDICT

16-20: No wonder you are so popular! You fit into situations, taking leadership when it is needed, but also being willing to let others have their share of the limelight. You are conscious of your responsibilities as a guest without being self-conscious about yourself.

11-15: You are a good guest and one whom any host or hostess will remember with pleasure.

6-10: Like most of us you are a pleasant average guest, not particularly the "life of the party" or the "belle of the ball," but you don't have to worry about your social I.Q.

1-5: Compare your answers with those given at right. They should tell you whether you are "hiding your light under a bushel," in which case you can start blossoming, or if you are the extrovert who needs to do more listening and less talking.

HOW TO SCORE

Give yourself one point for each correct answer: 1-A, 2-B, 3-B, 4-B, 5-A, 6-B, 7-C, 8-C, 9-B, 10-B, 11-B, 12-C, 13-B, 14-B, 15-B, 16-A, 17-B, 18-C, 19-B, 20-A.

● If you'd like to be a guest who rates among the best, answer the questions in this quiz and then see how your popularity rates according to the answers given at left.

1. Do you try to arrive at the appointed time of the party?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
2. Do you hope the party will be made up of only people you know?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
3. Do you tend to find a comfortable spot and stay there?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
4. Would you rather listen to a story or joke than tell one?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
5. Are you easily amused?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
6. Do you secretly hope the majority of the guests will be members of the opposite sex?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
7. Are you among the first to leave a party?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
8. Do you *insist* on helping the host or hostess?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
9. Do you believe the statement "all good parties end up in the kitchen"?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
10. Does it take you an hour or two to dress for a party?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
11. Do new parlor games frighten you?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
12. Do you volunteer to help with the entertainment?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
13. Do you have decided tastes in food?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
14. Would you rather attend a lecture than hear a debate on the same topic?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
15. Do you feel one sex is superior to the other?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
16. Do you phone or write a thank-you note after a party?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
17. Do you hope the entertainment will be chess or cards, rather than dancing, swimming, group games, or talking?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
18. Do you prefer an evening alone with a pal to a party?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
19. Do many people bore you?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....
20. Would you rather hear someone else's opinion than express your own?
   A. Yes .....
   B. No .....
   C. Sometimes .....

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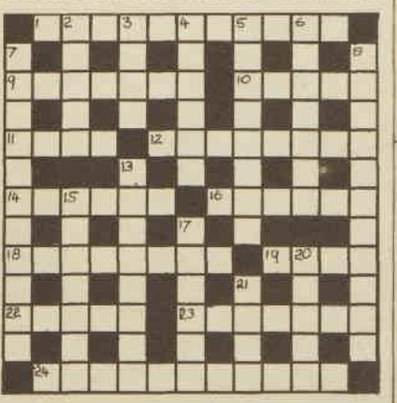
THE creatures from space are trying to sell their "suchi crystals." They change to their natural shapes and search the ocean for the "master race" on Earth. Mandrake hires a boat to follow. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Five hundred below the tops. They are dolts (11).
9. A lord in a number denoting order in a series (7).
10. Is able to be the division of a poem (5).
11. Omar Khayyam can show you one author of the New Testament (4).
12. Ten tries for special attention (8).
14. Severe headache with ghastly ending (6).
16. Position for a stroke with a brownish color inside (6).
18. Hurried hundred to hers for cattle farmers (8).
19. Incorrectly articled human beings end a prayer (4).
22. Hot to keep in your mouth (5).
23. An earl who made a jacket famous (7).
24. One's magnets produce these East Indian fruit trees (11).

DOWN

2. Below and the end of it turns red (5).
3. A lad in Teheran makes a blow (4).
4. Become less severe concerning the season of penitence (6).
5. Confiscates, but there is swindle in it (8).
6. For this type of sublime poetry you have to date Ann (7).
7. Keep in remembrance me and a backward gipsy boy in a comet (11).
8. They are from the top of the map (11).
13. A witch supposed to be abroad after sunset (5-3).
15. Boat in Venice (7).
17. Decisive moment is double at the end (6).
20. French town on the Saone (5).
21. He is venerable (4).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

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LAYETTE PATTERNS

A set of simple, practical patterns for a baby's first layette is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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